THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. XX.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. AND J. RIVINGTON; G. AND W. NICOL; T. EGERTON; A. STRAHAN; J. SCATCHERD; J. CUTHELL; J. NUNN; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME AND CO.; T. CADELL; J. AND W. T. CLARKE; J. CARPENTER AND SON; OTRIDGE AND RACKHAM; S. BAGSTER; J. AND A. ARCH; J. RICHARDSON; J. M. RICHARDSON; J. BOOKER; R. SCHOLEY; HATCHARD AND SON; J. MAWMAN; BALDWIN, CRADOCK AND JOY; C. CHAPPLE; R. H. EVANS; R. S. KIRBY; KINGSBURY, PARBURY AND ALLEN; G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER; SHERWOOD, JONES AND CO.; R. PHENEY; J. EBERS; HARDING, MAVOR AND LEPARD; A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.; SUTTABY, EVANCE AND FOX; T. TEGG; OGLE, DUNCAN AND CO.; J. F. MITCHELL; R. SAUNDERS; J. BOHN; RODWELL AND MARTIN; W. MASON; SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL; BLACK AND YOUNGS; G. COWIE AND CO.; HURST, ROBINSON AND CO.; S. HIGHLEY; J. LOWE; G. MACKIE; J. BUMPUS; C. ARNOULD; SMITH AND ELDER; AND C. TAYLOR: WILSON AND SONS, YORK: A. CONSTABLE AND CO.; A. BLACK; J. FAIRBAIRN; OLIVER AND BOYD; AND STIRLING AND SLADE, EDINBURGH: AND BRODIE AND DOWDING, SALISBURY.

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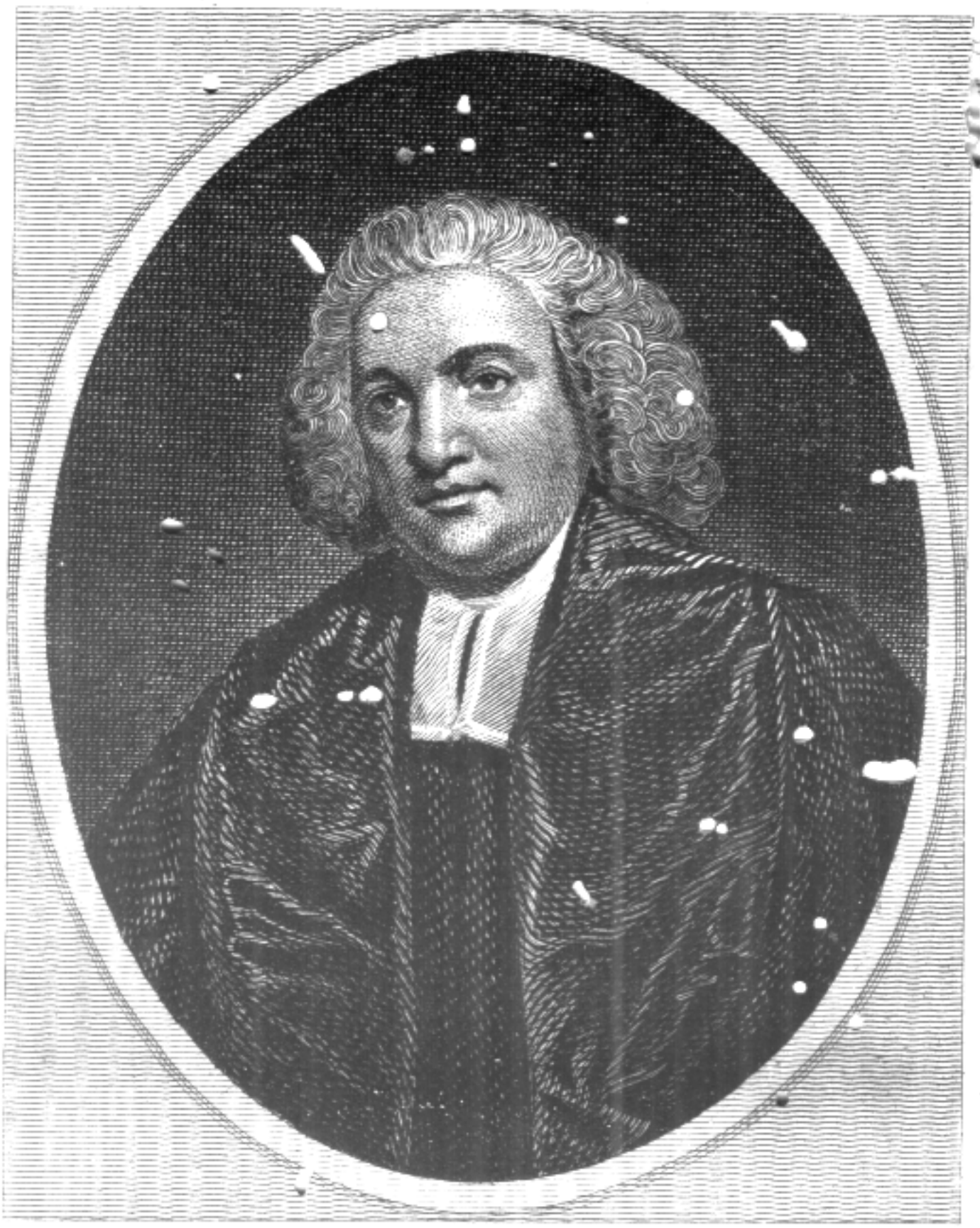
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JOSEPH WARTON L.L.D.

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ADVENTURER.

—Tentanda via est; quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

VIRG. GEORG. iii. 9.

On vent'rous wing in quest of praise I go,
And leave the gazing multitude below.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

No. 42. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1753.

— Sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido.
VIRG. ÆN. ix. 185.

Our lusts are gods, and what they will is fate.

I HAD the misfortune, some time ago, to be in company where a gentleman, who has the honour to be a principal speaker at a disputing society of the first class, was expected. Till this person came in, the conversation was carried on with the cheerful easy negligence of sensible good-humour: but we soon discovered that his discourse was a perpetual effort to betray the company into attempts to prove self-evident propositions; a practice in which he seems to have followed the example of that deep philosopher, who denied motion, 'because,' as he said, 'a body must move either where it is, or where it is not; and both suppositions are equally absurd.'

His attempt, however, was totally unsuccessful; till at last he affirmed, that a man had no more

power over his own actions, than a clock; and that the motions of the human machine were determined by irresistible propensities, as a clock is kept going by a weight. This proposition was answered with a loud laugh; every one treated it as an absurdity which it was impossible to believe; and, to expose him to the ridicule of the company, he was desired to prove what he had advanced, as a fit punishment of his design to engage others to prove the contrary, which, though for a different reason, was yet equally ridiculous. After a long harangue, in which he retailed all the sophistry that he remembered, and much more than he understood, he had the mortification to find, that he had made no proselyte, nor was yet become of sufficient consequence to provoke an antagonist.

I sat silent; and as I was indulging my speculations on the scene which chance had exhibited before me, I recollected several incidents which convinced me, that most of the persons who were present had lately professed the opinion which they now opposed; and acted upon that very principle which they derided as absurd, and appeared to detest as impious.

The company consisted of Mr. Traffic, a wealthy merchant; Mr. Courtly, a commissioner of a public office; Mr. Gay, a gentleman in whose conversation there is a higher strain of pleasantry and humour, than in any other person of my acqaintance; and Myrtilla, the wife of our friend at whose house we were assembled to dine, and who, during this interval, was engaged by some unexpected business in another room.

Those incidents which I then recollected, I will now relate: nor can any of the persons whom I have thus ventured to name, be justly offended; because

that which is declared not to be the effect of choice, cannot be considered as the object of censure.

With Mr. Traffic I had contracted an intimacy in our younger days, which, notwithstanding the disparity of our fortune, has continued till now. We had both been long acquainted with a gentleman, who, though his extensive trade had contributed to enrich his country, was himself by sudden and inevitable losses become poor: his credit, however, was still good, and by the risk of a certain sum, it was still possible to retrieve his fortune. With this gentleman we had spent many a social hour; we had habitually drank his health when he was absent, and always expressed our sentiments of his merit in the highest terms. In this exigency, therefore, he applied to me, and communicated the secret of his distress; a secret, which is always concealed by a generous mind till it is extorted by torture that can no longer be borne: he knew my circumstances too well, to expect the sum that he wanted from my purse; but he requested that I would, to save him from the pain and confusion of such a conversation, communicate his request, and a true state of his affairs, to Mr. Traffic: 'for,' says he, 'though I could raise double the sum upon my own personal security; yet I would no more borrow of a man without acquainting him at what risk he lends, than I would solicit the insurance of a ship at a common premium, when I knew, by private intelligence, that she could swim no longer than every pump was at work.'

I undertook this business with the utmost confidence of success. Mr. Traffic heard the account of our friend's misfortunes with great appearance of concern; he warmly commended his integrity, and lamented the precarious situation of a trader, whom

ties, which are brought upon others only by profusion and riot: but as to the money, he said, that I could not expect him to venture it without security: that my friend himself could not wonder that his request was refused, 'a request with which, indeed,' said he, 'I cannot possibly comply.' Whatever may be thought of the free agency of myself and my friend, which Mr. Traffic had made no scruple to deny in a very interesting particular; I believe every one will readily admit, that Mr. Traffic was neither free in speculation nor fact: for he can be little better than a machine actuated by avarice, who had not power to spare one thousand pounds from two hundred times the sum, to prevent the immediate ruin of a man, in whose behalf he had been so often liberal of praise, with whom his social enjoyments had been so long connected, and for whose misfortunes he was sensibly touched.

Soon after this disappointment, my unhappy friend became a bankrupt, and applied to me once more, to solicit Mr. Courtly for a place in his office. By Mr. Courtly I was received with great friendship: he was much affected with the distresses of my friend; he generously gave me a bank note, which he requested me to apply to his immediate relief in such a manner as would least wound his delicacy; and promised that the first vacancy he should be provided for: but when the vacancy happened, of which I had the earliest intelligence, he told me, with evident compunction and distress, that he could not possibly fulfil his promise, for that a very great man had recommended one of his domestics, whose solicitation for that reason it was not in his power to refuse. This gentleman, therefore, had also professed himself a machine; and indeed he appears to have been no less the instrument of ambition, than Mr.

Mr. Gay, the wit, besides that he has very much the air of a free agent is a man of deep penetration, great delicacy, and strong compassion: but in direct opposition to all these great and good qualities, he is continually entangled in difficulties, and precipitated not only into indecency and unkindness, but impiety, by his love of ridicule. I remembered, that I had lately expostulated with him about this strange perversion of his abilities, in these terms—'Dear Charles, it amazes me that you should rather affect the character of a merry fellow, than a wise man; that you should mortify a friend, whom you not only love but esteem; wantonly mangle a character which you reverence, betray a secret, violate truth, and sport with the doctrines and the practice of a religion which you believe, merely for the pleasure of being laughed at.' I remember too, that when he had heard me out, he shrugged up his shoulders, and, greatly extending the longitudinal dimensions of his countenance, 'All this,' said he, 'is very true; but if I was to be hanged I could not help it.' Here was another declaration in favour of fatality. Poor Gay professes himself a slave rather to vanity than to vice, and patiently submits to the most ridiculous drudgery without one struggle for freedom.

Of the lady I am unwilling to speak with equal plainness; but I hope Myrtilla will allow me to plead an irresistible impulse, when she reflects that I have heard her lament that she is herself urged by an irresistible impulse to play. I remembered, that I had at the request of my friend, taken an opportunity when we were alone, indirectly to represent the pernicious consequences of indulging so preposterous an inclination. She perceived my design; and immediately accused herself, with an honest sen-

me, 'that she was no more able to refrain from cards than to fly;' and a few nights afterward I observed her chairmen waiting at the door of a great lady, who seldom sees company but on a Sunday, and then has always the happiness of engaging a brilliant assembly at cards.

After I had recollected these incidents, I looked with less contempt upon our necessitarian; and, to confess a truth, with less esteem upon his present opponents. I took for granted, that this gentleman's opinion proceeded from a consciousness, that he was himself the slave of some or all of these vices and follies; and that he was prompted by something like benevolence, to communicate to others a discovery, by which alone he had been able to quiet his own mind, and to regard himself rather as an object of pity than contempt. And indeed no man, without great incongruity, can affirm that he has powers which he does not exert, when to exert them is evidently his highest interest; nor should he be permitted to arrogate the dignity of a free agent, who has once professed himself to be the mere instrument of necessity.

While I was making these reflections, the husband of Myrtilla came in; and to atone for any dishonour, which custom or prejudice may suppose to be reflected upon him by the unhappy fatality of his wife, I shall refer to him as an incontestible proof, that though there are some who 'have sold themselves to do evil, and become the bondmen of iniquity', yet there are others who preserve the birthright of beings that are placed 'but a little lower than the angels'; and who may without reproach deny the doctrine of necessity, by which they are degraded into an equality with brutes that perish. I acknowledge, indeed, that my friend has motives from which he acts; but his motives receive their force from rea-

son illuminated by revelation, and conscience invigorated by hope. I acknowledge, too, that he is under subjection to a master; but let it be remembered, that it is to Him only, 'whose service is perfect freedom.'

No. 43. TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1753.

Mobilitate viget. —

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 175.

Its life is motion.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"THE adulteration of the copper coin, as it is highly pernicious to trade in general, so it more immediately affects the itinerate branches of it. Among these, at present, are to be found the only circulators of base metal, and, perhaps, the only dealers, who are obliged to take in payment such counterfeits as will find a currency nowhere else: and yet they are not allowed to raise the price of their commodities, though they are abridged of so considerable a portion of their profits.

"A Tyburn execution, a duel, a most terrible fire, or a horrid, barbarous, bloody, cruel, and inhuman murder, was wont to bring in vast revenues to the lower class of pamphleteers, who get their livelihood by vending these diurnal records publicly in the streets; but since halfpence have been valued at no more than five-pence the pound weight, these occasional pieces will hardly answer the expenses of print-

ing and paper; and the servant-maid, who used to indulge her taste for polite literature, by purchasing fifty new playhouse songs, or a whole poetical sheet of the Yorkshire garland or Gloucestershire tragedy, for a halfpenny, can now scarcely procure more than one single slip of 'I love Sue, or the Lover's Complaint.'

"It is also observable, that the park no longer echoes with the shrill cry of 'Tooth-picks! Take you six, your honour, for a halfpenny,' as it did when halfpence were halfpence worth. The vender contents herself with silently presenting her little portable shop; and guards against the rapacity of the buyer, by exhibiting a very small parcel of her wares.

"But the greatest sufferers are undoubtedly the numerous fraternity of beggars; for as things are circumstanced, it would be almost as profitable to work as to beg, were it not that many more are now induced to deal out their charity in what is of no other use to themselves, in the hope of receiving seven-fold in return. Indeed, since the usual donation has been so much lessened in its value, the beggars have been observed to be more vociferous and importunate. One of these orators, who takes his stand at Spring-gardens, now enforces his piteous complaint, with 'Good Christians, one *good* halfpenny to the stone blind!' and another, who tells you he has lost the use of his precious limbs, addresses your compassion by showing a bad halfpenny, and declaring that he is ready to perish with hunger, having tried it in vain at twenty-three places to buy a bit of bread. Farthings, we are told, were formerly called in by the beggars, as they threatened the ruin of their community. I should not wonder, therefore, if this public-spirited people were also to put a stop to the circulation of bad halfpence, by melting them down from time to

ment is worth making; and I am assured, that, for some end or other, orders will be issued out from the king of the beggars, to bring all their adulterated copper to their mint in the Borough, or their foundry in Moorfields.

"I was led to the consideration of this subject by some halfpence I had just received in change: among which, one in particular attracted my regard, that seemed once to have borne the profile of King William, now scarcely visible, as it was very much battered, and, besides other marks of ill usage, had a hole through the middle. As it happened to be the evening of a day of some fatigue, my reflections did not much interrupt my propensity to sleep, and I insensibly fell into a kind of half-slumber; when, to imagination, the halfpenny which then laid before me upon the table, erected itself upon its rim, and from the royal lips stamped on its surface, articulately uttered the following narration:

"'Sir! I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction; and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported, with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew-pedlar in Duke's-place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We were soon after separately disposed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, chandler-shops and gin-shops.

"'I had not been long in the world, before an ingenious transmuter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quicksilver, exalted me into a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into

the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas-box of his god-mother.

"'A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early, that before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value: I lost, therefore, the very essence of my being, in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked at and admired; but a bigger boy, after a while, snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

"'I now underwent various hardships among his play-fellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed up, and chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me; but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancour, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of those passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent pastimes. At length, I was dismissed from their service, by a throw with a barrow-woman for an orange.

"'From her it is natural to conclude, I posted to the gin-shop; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot-soldier, had not wrested me from her, at the expense of a bloody nose, black eye, scratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James's park; where—I am ashamed to tell how I parted from him—Let it suffice that I was soon after safely deposited in a night-cellar.

"'From hence I got into the coat-pocket of a blood, and remained there with several of my brethren for some days unnoticed. But one evening, as he was

room of a tradesman, who, he remembered, had been so unmannerly to him the day before, as to desire payment of his bill. We reposed in soft ease on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid swept us up; and some of us were allotted to purchase tea, some to buy snuff, and I myself was immediately trucked away at the door for The Sweetheart's Delight.

"'It is not my design to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumstances, as is the practice of those important egotists, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As useless to the community as my single self may appear to be, I have been the instrument of much good and evil in the intercourse of mankind. I have contributed no small sum to the revenues of the crown, by my share in each newspaper; and in the consumption of tobacco, spirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery, or supported extravagance; I have also rewarded the labours of industry, and relieved the necessities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their constant friend; and the rich, though they affect to slight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to distresses which it is even in my power to relieve.

"'The present exact scrutiny into our constitution has, indeed, very much obstructed and embarrassed my travels; though I could not but rejoice in my condition last Tuesday, as I was debarred having any share in maiming, bruising, and destroying the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy in being confined to the mock-encounters with feathers and stuffed leather; a childish sport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in arts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exercise of inhumanity on helpless animals!

"'I shall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A choice spirit, a member of the Kill-Care Club, broke a linkboy's pate with me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the kennel. The lad wasted half his tar-flambeau in looking for me; but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parish girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's shop to purchase a roll. The master, who was church-warden, examined me with great attention, and then gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and fastened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipped me up again, and sending me away with others in change to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you.'

"When I awaked, I found myself so much invigorated by my nap, that I immediately wrote down the strange story which I have just heard; and as it is not totally destitute of use and entertainment, I have sent it to you, that by means of your paper it may be communicated to the public.

"I am, SIR,

T "Your humble servant,

"TIM. TURNPENNY."

"March 12, 1753."

No. 44. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1753.

Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam,

— Strive not
Your patron's bosom to explore;
And let not wine or anger wrest
Th' intrusted secret from your breast.

FRANCIS.

I OWE the following paper to an unknown correspondent, who sent it to Mr. Payne a few days ago, directed to the Adventurer. As I have no objection to the general principles upon which it is written, I have taken the first opportunity to communicate it to the public: the subject is unquestionably of great importance: and as I think it is far from being exhausted, it may possibly produce another lucubration.

Amongst all the beauties and excellencies of the ancient writers, of which I profess myself an admirer, there are none which strike me with more veneration, than the precepts they have delivered to us for our conduct in society. The fables of the poets, and the narrations of the historians, amaze and delight us with their respective qualifications; but we feel ourselves particularly concerned, when a moral virtue, or a social obligation is set before us, the practice of which is our indispensable duty: and, perhaps, we are more ready to observe these instructions, or at least acquiesce sooner in the propriety of them, as the authority of the teacher is unquestionable, the address not particularly confined or levelled, and the censure consequently less dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the ancients possessed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendships appear to me as the highest distinctions of their characters. Private persons, and particular affinities amongst them, have been long celebrated and admired; and if we examine their conduct as companions, we shall find, that the rites of their religion were not more sacred,

more strongly ratified, or more severely preserved, than their laws of society.

The table of friendship, and the altar of sacrifice, were equally uncontaminated: the mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres; and profanation of either deity excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men; the revealer was judged accursed, and impiety was thought to accompany his steps.

Without inveighing against the practice of the present times, or comparing it with that of the past, I shall only remark, that if we cannot meet together upon the honest principles of social beings, there is reason to fear, that we are placed in the most unfortunate and lamentable æra since the creation of mankind. It is not the increase of vices inseparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which by connecting individuals formed society, and without which society can no longer subsist.

Few men are calculated for that close connexion, which we distinguish by the appellation of friendship; and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance: the acquaintance is in a post of progression: and after having passed through a course of proper experience, and given sufficient evidence of his merit, takes a new title, and ranks himself higher. He must now be considered as in a place of consequence, in which all the ornaments of our nature are necessary to support him. But the great requisites, those without which all others are useless, are fidelity and taciturnity. He must not only be superior to loquacious

tacks of curiosity, and to resist those powerful engines that will be employed against him, wine and resentment. Such are the powers that he must constantly exert, after a trust is reposed in him: and that he may not overload himself, let him not add to his charge, by his own inquiries; let it be a devolved, not an acquired commission. Thus accoutred,

— Sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
Solvat phaselum.—

HOR. CAR. iii. 2. 27.

— They, who mysteries reveal,
Beneath my roof shall never live,
Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.

FRANCIS.

There are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wisely imagine he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth; and we receive his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt. Political exigences may require a ready reception of such private advices; but though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the wisdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name so odious to us, as that of an informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

Since these are the consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked, what are the inducements to the treachery. I do not suppose it always proceeds from the badness of the mind; and, indeed, I think it is impos-

nity propagates; till at last confirmation is required, with all the solemnity of proof, from the first author* of the report, who only designed to gratify his own loquacity, or the importunity of his companion. An idle vanity inclines us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship; and we believe our importance is increased, by a recapitulation of the discourse, of which we were such distinguished sharers; and to show that we were esteemed fit to be intrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we notably give in our detail of them.

There is, besides, a very general inclination amongst us to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, known or unknown to us, of whatever import, serious or trifling, so it be but a secret: the delight of telling it and of hearing it are nearly proportionate and equal. The possessor of the valuable treasure appears indeed rather to have the advantage; and he seems to claim his superiority. I have discovered at once in a large company, by an air and deportment that is assumed upon such occasions, who it is that is conscious of this happy charge; he appears restless and full of doubt for a considerable time; has frequent consultations with himself, like a bee undetermined where to settle in a variety of sweets; till at last, one happy ear attracts him more forcibly than the rest, and there he fixes, 'stealing and giving odours.'

In a little time it becomes a matter of great amazement, that the whole town is as well acquainted with the story, as the two who were so busily engaged; and the consternation is greater, as each reporter is confident that he only communicated it to one person. 'A report,' says Strada, 'thus transmitted from one to one, is like a drop of water at the top of a house; it descends but from tile to tile, yet at

volved in the general stream.' And if I may add to the comparison, the drop of water, after its progress through all the channels of the streets, is not more contaminated with filth and dirt, than a simple story, after it has passed through the mouths of a few modern tale-bearers.

No. 45. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1753.

Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas
Impatiens consortis erit.—

LUCAN.

No faith of partnership dominion owns;
Still discord hovers o'er divided thrones.

It is well known, that many things appear plausible in speculation, which can never be reduced to practice; and that of the numberless projects that have flattered mankind with theoretical speciousness, few have served any other purpose than to show the ingenuity of their contrivers. A voyage to the moon, however romantic and absurd the scheme may now appear, since the properties of air have been better understood, seemed highly probable to many of the aspiring wits in the last century, who began to dote upon their glossy plumes, and fluttered with impatience for the hour of their departure:

— Pereant vestigia mille
Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd;
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

POPE.

Among the fallacies which only experience can detect, there are some, of which scarcely experience itself can destroy the influence; some which, by a captivating show of indubitable certainty, are perpetually gaining upon the human mind; and which, though every trial ends in disappointment, obtain new credit as the sense of miscarriage wears gradually away, persuade us to try again what we have *tried* already, and expose us by the same failure to double vexation.

Of this tempting, this delusive kind, is the expectation of great performances by confederated strength. The speculatist, when he has carefully observed how much may be performed by a single hand, calculates by a very easy operation the force of thousands, and goes on accumulating power till resistance vanishes before it; then rejoices in the success of his new scheme, and wonders at the folly or idleness of former ages, who have lived in want of what might so readily be procured, and suffered themselves to be debarred from happiness by obstacles which one united effort would have so easily surmounted.

But this gigantic phantom of collective power vanishes at once into air and emptiness, at the first attempt to put it into action. The different apprehensions, the discordant passions, the jarring interests of men will scarcely permit that many should unite in one undertaking.

Of a great and complicated design, some will never be brought to discern the end; and of the several means by which it may be accomplished, the choice will be a perpetual subject of debate, as every man is swayed in his determination by his own knowledge or convenience. In a long series of action, some will languish with fatigue, and some be drawn off by present gratifications; some will loiter because

others loiter; and if once they come within prospect of success and profit, some will be greedy and others envious; some will undertake more than they can perform, to enlarge their claims of advantage; some will perform less than they undertake, lest their labours should chiefly turn to the benefit of others.

The history of mankind informs us that a single power is very seldom broken by a confederacy. States of different interests, and aspects malevolent to each other, may be united for a time by common distress, and in the ardour of self-preservation fall unanimously upon an enemy, by whom they are all equally endangered. But if their first attack can be withstood, time will never fail to dissolve their union: success and miscarriage will be equally destructive: after the conquest of a province they will quarrel in the division; after the loss of a battle, all will be endeavouring to secure themselves by abandoning the rest.

From the impossibility of confining numbers to the constant and uniform prosecution of a common interest, arises the difficulty of securing subjects against the encroachment of governors. Power is always gradually stealing away from the many to the few, because the few are more vigilant and consistent; it still contracts to a smaller number, till in time it centres in a single person.

Thus all the forms of government instituted among mankind, perpetually tend towards monarchy; and power, however diffused through the whole community, is, by negligence or corruption, commotion or distress, reposed at last in the chief magistrate.

'There never appear,' says Swift, 'more than five or six men of genius in an age; but if they were united, the world could not stand before them.' It is happy, therefore, for mankind, that of this union there is no probability. As men take in a wider com-

pass of intellectual survey, they are more likely to choose different objects of pursuit; as they see more ways to the same end, they will be less easily persuaded to travel together; as each is better qualified to form an independent scheme of private greatness, he will reject with greater obstinacy the project of another: as each is more able to distinguish himself as the head of a party, he will less readily be made a follower or an associate.

The reigning philosophy informs us, that the vast bodies which constitute the universe, are regulated in their progress through the ethereal spaces, by the perpetual agency of contrary forces; by one of which they are restrained from deserting their orbits, and losing themselves in the immensity of heaven; and held off by the other from rushing together, and clustering round their centre with everlasting cohesion.

The same contrariety of impulse may be perhaps discovered in the motions of men: we are formed for society, not for combination; we are equally unqualified to live in a close connexion with our fellow-beings, and in total separation from them; we are attracted towards each other by general sympathy, but kept back from contact by private interests.

Some philosophers have been foolish enough to imagine, that improvements might be made in the system of the universe, by a different arrangement of the orbs of heaven; and politicians equally ignorant and equally presumptuous may easily be led to suppose, that the happiness of our world would be promoted by a different tendency of the human mind. It appears, indeed, to a slight and superficial observer, that many things impracticable in our present state, might be easily effected, if mankind were

little reflection will discover, that if confederacies were easily formed, they would lose their efficacy, since numbers would be opposed to numbers, and unanimity to unanimity; and instead of the present petty competitions of individuals or single families, multitudes would be supplanting multitudes, and thousands plotting against thousands.

There is no class of the human species, of which the union seems to have been more expected, than of the learned: the rest of the world have almost always agreed to shut scholars up together in colleges and cloisters; surely not without hope, that they would look for that happiness in concord, which they were debarred from finding in variety; and that such conjunctions of intellect would recompense the munificence of founders and patrons, by performances above the reach of any single mind.

But Discord, who found means to roll her apple into the banquetting chamber of the goddesses, has had the address to scatter her laurels in the seminaries of learning. The friendship of students and of beauties is for the most part equally sincere, and equally durable; as both depend for happiness on the regard of others, on that of which the value arises merely from comparison, they are both exposed to perpetual jealousies, and both incessantly employed in schemes to intercept the praises of each other.

I am, however, far from intending to inculcate, that this confinement of the studious to studious companions, has been wholly without advantage to the public: neighbourhood, where it does not conciliate friendship, incites competition; and he that would contentedly rest in a lower degree of excellence, where he had no rival to dread, will be urged by his impatience of inferiority to incessant endeavours after great attainments.

These stimulations of honest rivalry are, perhaps,

the chief effects of academies and societies; for whatever be the bulk of their joint labours, every single piece is always the production of an individual that owes nothing to his colleagues but the contagion of diligence, a resolution to write because the rest are writing, and the scorn of obscurity while the rest are illustrious.

T

No. 46. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1753.

Μισῶ μνήμονα Συμπότην.

PROV. GR.

Far from my table be the tell-tale guest.

It has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is said even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt and expresses greater malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasantry and good humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices, which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because, by detraction, that is not gained which is taken away; 'he who filches from me my good name,' says Shakespeare, 'enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed:' as nothing, therefore, degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest

moral character, reflects greater dishonour upon his company than the hangman; and he, whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided than he who is scandalous only by his office.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending, that the report by which they injured an absent character was true; this, however, amounts to no more, than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and if this practice was universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship, would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villany by which the law is evaded, than in those by which it is violated and defied. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for prostitution; but the injustice of cowardice is universally abhorred, and, like the lewdness of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution; and, while they perpetrate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach: they do not say that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lysander but they say that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports, frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case; because no man who spreads detraction, would have scrupled to produce it; and he who should diffuse poison in a brook, would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should al-

lege, that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature, should indeed be excluded from our conversation; as companions, not only that which we owe to ourselves, but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the presence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt and insensible to infamy.

Reverence thyself, is one of the sublime precepts of that amiable philosopher, whose humanity alone was an incontestable proof of the dignity of his mind. Pythagoras, in his idea of virtue, comprehended intellectual purity; and he supposed, that by him who reverenced himself, those thoughts would be suppressed by which a being capable of virtue is degraded: this divine precept evidently presupposes a reverence of others, by which men are restrained from more gross immoralities; and with which he hoped a reverence of self would also co-operate as an auxiliary motive.

The great duke of Marlborough, who was perhaps the most accomplished gentleman of his age, would never suffer any approaches to obscenity in his presence; and it was said by the late lord Cobham, that he did not reprove it as an immorality in the speaker, but resented it as an indignity to himself; and it is evident, that to speak evil of the absent, to utter lewdness, blasphemy, or treason, must degrade, not only him who speaks, but those who hear; for surely that dignity of character which a man ought always to sustain, is in danger, when he is made the confidant of treachery, detraction, impiety, or lust: for he, who in conversation displays his own vices, imputes them; as he who boasts to another of a robbery, pre-supposes that he is a thief.

It should be a general rule, never to utter any thing in conversation which would justly dishonour us, if it should be reported to the world: if this rule could be always kept, we should be secure in our own innocence against the craft of knaves and parasites, the stratagems of cunning, and the vigilance of envy.

But after all the bounty of nature, and all the labour of virtue, many imperfections will be still discerned in human beings, even by those who do not see with all the perspicacity of human wisdom: and he is guilty of the most aggravated detraction, who reports the weakness of a good mind discovered in an unguarded hour; something which is rather the effect of negligence than design; rather a folly than a fault; a sally of vanity, rather than an eruption of malevolence. It has, therefore, been a maxim, inviolably sacred among good men, never to disclose the secrets of private conversation; a maxim, which, though it seems to arise from the breach of some other, does yet imply that general rectitude, which is produced by a consciousness of virtuous dignity, and a regard to that reverence which is due to ourselves and others: for to conceal any immoral purpose, which to disclose is to disappoint; any crime, which to hide is to countenance; or any character, which to avoid is to be safe; as it is incompatible with virtue, and injurious to society, can be a law only among those who are enemies to both.

Among such, indeed, it is a law which there is some degree of obligation to fulfil; and the secrets even of their conversation are, perhaps, seldom disclosed, without an aggravation of their guilt; it is the interest of society, that the veil of taciturnity should be drawn over the mysteries of drunkenness and lewdness; and to hide even the machinations of envy, ambition, or revenge, if they happen to mingle in these orgies among the rites of Bacchus,

seems to be the duty of the initiated, though not of the profane.

If he who has associated with robbers, who has reposed and accepted a trust, and whose guilt is a pledge of his fidelity, should betray his associates for hire; if he is urged to secure himself, by the anxiety of suspicion, or the terrors of cowardice, or to punish others by the importunity of resentment and revenge; though the public receives benefit from his conduct, and may think it expedient to reward him, yet he has only added to every other species of guilt, that of treachery to his friends: he has demonstrated, that he is so destitute of virtue, as not to possess even those vices which resemble it; and that he ought to be cut off as totally unfit for human society, but that, as poison is an antidote to poison, his crimes are a security against the crimes of others.

It is, however, true, that if such an offender is stung with remorse, if he feels the force of higher obligations than those of an iniquitous compact, and if, urged by a desire to atone for the injury which he has done to society, he gives in his information, and delivers up his associates, with whatever reluctance, to the laws: by this sacrifice he ratifies his repentance, he becomes again the friend of his country, and deserves not only protection but esteem: for the same action may be either virtuous or vicious, and may deserve either honour or infamy, as it may be performed upon different principles; and, indeed, no action can be morally classed or estimated, without some knowledge of the motive by which it is produced.

But as there is seldom any other clue to the motives of particular actions, than the general tenor of his life by whom they are performed; and as the lives of those who serve their country by bringing its enemies to punishment, are commonly flagitious to the highest degree; the ideas of this service, and the most

sordid villany, are so connected, that they always recur together: if only this part of a character is known, we immediately infer that the whole is infamous; and it is, therefore, no wonder, that the name by which it is expressed, especially when it is used to denominate a profession, should be odious; or that a good man should not always have sufficient fortitude, to strike away the mask of dissimulation, and direct the sword of justice.

But, whatever may be thought of those, who discharge their obligations to the public by treachery to their companions; it cannot be pretended, that he, to whom an immoral design is communicated by inadvertence or mistake, is under any private obligation to conceal it: the charge which devolves upon him, he must instantly renounce: for while he hesitates, his virtue is suspended: and he who communicates such design to another, not by inadvertence or mistake, but upon presumption of concurrence, commits an outrage upon his honour, and defies his resentment.

Let none, therefore, be encouraged to profane the rites of conversation, much less of friendship, by supposing there is any law, which ought to restrain the indignation of virtue, or deter repentance from reparation.

No. 47. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1753.

— Multi
Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato,
Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.

JUV. SAT. xiii. 103.

— Every age relates,
That equal crimes unequal fates have found;
And whilst one villain swings, another's crown'd.
CREECH.

MAN, though as a rational being he has thought fit to style himself the lord of the creation, is yet frequently the voluntary slave of prejudice and custom; the most general opinions are often absurd, and the prevailing principles of action ridiculous.

It may, however, be allowed, that if in these instances reason always appeared to be overborne by the importunity of appetite; if the future was sacrificed to the present, and hope renounced only for possession; there would not be much cause for wonder: but that man should draw absurd conclusions, contrary to his immediate interest; that he should, even at the risk of life, gratify those vices in some, which in others he punishes with a gibbet or a wheel, is in the highest degree astonishing; and is such an instance of the weakness of our reason, and the fallibility of our judgement, as should incline us to accept with gratitude of that guidance which is from above.

But if it is strange, that one man has been immortalized as a god, and another put to death as a felon, for actions which have the same motive and the same tendency, merely because they were circumstantially different; it is yet more strange, that this difference has always been such as increases the absurdity; and that the action which exposes a man to infamy and death, wants only greater aggravation of guilt, and more extensive and pernicious effects, to render him the object of veneration and applause.

Bagshot, the robber, having lost the booty of a week among his associates at hazard, loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and took the Kentish road,

his purse. Within a few miles of London, just as he heard a village-clock strike nine, he met two gentlemen in a post-chaise, which he stopped. One of the gentlemen immediately presented a pistol, and at the same time a servant rode up armed with a blunderbuss. The robber, perceiving that he should be vigorously opposed, turned off from the chaise, and discharged a pistol at the servant, who instantly fell dead from his horse. The gentlemen had now leaped from the chaise: but the foremost receiving a blow on his head with the stock of the pistol that had been just fired, reeled back a few paces: the other having fired at the murderer without success, attempted to dismount him, and succeeded; but while they were grappling with each other, the villain drew a knife, and stabbed his antagonist to the heart. He then, with the calm intrepidity of a hero who is familiar with danger, proceeded to rifle the pockets of the dead; and the survivor having recovered from the blow, and being imperiously commanded to deliver, was now obliged to comply. When the victor had thus obtained the pecuniary reward of his prowess, he determined to lose no part of the glory, which, as conqueror, was now in his power: turning, therefore, to the unhappy gentleman whom he had plundered, he condescended to insult him with the applause of conscious superiority; he told him, he had never robbed any persons who behaved better; and, as a tribute due to the merit of the dead, and as a token of his esteem for the living, he generously threw him back a shilling to prevent his being stopped at the turnpike.

He now remounted his horse, and set off towards London: but at the turnpike, a coach that was paying the toll obstructed his way; and, by the light of the flambeau that was behind it, he discovered that his coat was much stained with blood; this discovery

threw him into such confusion, that he attempted to rush by; he was, however, prevented; and his appearance giving great reason to suspect his motive, he was seized and detained.

In the coach were two ladies, and a little boy about five years old. The ladies were greatly alarmed, when they heard that a person was taken who was supposed to have just committed a robbery and a murder: they asked many questions with great eagerness; but their inquiries were little regarded, till a gentleman rode up, who seeing their distress, offered his assistance. The elder of the two ladies acquainted him, that her husband, Sir Harry Freeman, was upon the road, in his return from Gravesend, where he had been to receive an only son upon his arrival from India, after an absence of near six years; that herself and her daughter-in-law, were come out to meet them, but were terrified with the apprehension that they might have been stopped by the man who had just been taken into custody. Their attention was now suddenly called to the other side of the coach by the child, who cried out, in a transport of joy, 'There is my grand-papa.' This was, indeed, the survivor of the three who had been attacked by Bagshot; he was mounted on his servant's horse, and rode slowly by the side of the chaise, in which he had just placed the body of his son, whose countenance was disfigured with blood, and whose features were still impressed with the agonies of death. Who can express the grief, horror, and despair with which a father exhibited this spectacle to a mother and a wife, who expected a son and a husband, with all the tenderness and ardour of conjugal and parental affection! who had long regretted his absence, who had anticipated the joy of his return, and were impatient to put into his arms a pledge of his love which he had never

I will not attempt to describe that distress, which tears would not have suffered me to behold: let it suffice, that such was its effect upon those who were present, that the murderer was not, without difficulty, conducted alive to the prison: and I am confident, that few who read this story would have heard with regret that he was torn to pieces by the way.

But before they congratulate themselves upon a sense, which always distinguishes right and wrong by spontaneous approbation and censures, let them tell me, with what sentiments they read of a youthful monarch, who at the head of an army in which every man became a hero by his example, passed over mountains and deserts, in search of new territories to invade, and new potentates to conquer; who routed armies which could scarce be numbered, and took cities which were deemed impregnable. Do they not follow him in the path of slaughter with horrid complacency? and when they see him deluge the peaceful fields of industrious simplicity with blood, and leave them desolate to the widow and the orphan of the possessor, do they not grow frantic in his praise, and concur to deify the mortal who could conquer only for glory, and return the kingdoms that he won?

To these questions, I am confident the greater part of mankind must answer in the affirmative: and yet nothing can be more absurd than their different apprehensions of the hero and the thief.

The conduct of Bagshot and Alexander had in general the same motives, and the same tendency; they both sought a private gratification at the expense of others; and every circumstance in which they differ, is greatly in favour of Bagshot.

Bagshot, when he had lost his last shilling, had

criminal or innocent; and the recovery of this power was the object of his expedition.

Alexander, when he set out to conquer the world, possessed all that Bagshot hoped to acquire, and more; all his appetites and passions were gratified, so far as the gratification of them was possible: and as the force of temptation is always supposed proportionably to extenuate guilt, Alexander's guilt was evidently greater than Bagshot's, because it cannot be pretended that his temptation was equal.

But though Alexander could not equally increase the means of his own happiness, yet he produced much more dreadful and extensive evil to society in the attempt. Bagshot killed two men; and I have related the murder and its consequences, with such particulars as usually rouse that sensibility, which often lies torpid during narratives of general calamity. Alexander, perhaps, destroyed a million: and whoever reflects, that each individual of this number had some tender attachments which were broken by his death; some parent or wife, with whom he mingled tears in the parting embrace, and who longed with fond solicitude for his return; or, perhaps, some infant whom his labour was to feed, and his vigilance protect; will see, that Alexander was more the pest of society than Bagshot, and more deserved a gibbet in the proportion of a million to one.

It may, perhaps, be thought absurd, to inquire into the virtues of Bagshot's character; and yet virtue has never been thought incompatible with that of Alexander. Alexander, we are told, gave proof of his greatness of mind, by his contempt of danger; but as Bagshot's danger was equally voluntary and imminent, there ought to be no doubt but that his

back the kingdoms that he won; but after the conquest of a kingdom, what remained for Alexander to give? To a prince, whose country he had invaded with unprovoked hostility, and from whom he had violently wrested the blessings of peace, he gave a dominion over the widows and orphans of those he had slain, the tinsel of dependent greatness, and the badge of royal subjection. And does not Bagshot deserve equal honour, for throwing back a shilling to the man, whose person he had insulted, and whose son he had stabbed to the heart? Alexander did not ravish or massacre the women he found in the tent of Darius: neither did honest Bagshot kill the gentleman whom he had plundered, when he was no longer able to resist.

If Bagshot, then, is justly dragged to prison, amidst the tumult of rage, menaces, and execrations; let Alexander, whom the lords of reason have extolled for ages, be no longer thought worthy of a triumph.

As the acquisition of honour is frequently a motive to the risk of life, it is of great importance to confer it only upon virtue; and as honour is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to strip those vices of their disguise which have been mistaken for virtue. The wretches who compose the army of a tyrant, are associated by folly in the service of rapine and murder; and that men should imagine they were deserving honour by the massacre of each other merely to flatter ambition with a new title, is, perhaps, as inscrutable a mystery as any that has perplexed reason, and as gross an absurdity as any that has disgraced it. It is not, indeed, so much to punish vice, as to prevent misery, that I wish to see it always branded with infamy: for even the successes of vice terminate in the anguish of

conquests was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify intemperate wishes, will labour to as little purpose, as he who should attempt to fill a sieve with water.

I was accidentally led to pursue my subject in this train, by the sight of an historical chart in which the rise, the progress, the declension, and duration of empire, are represented by the arrangement of different colours; and in which, not only extent, but duration is rendered a sensible object. The Grecian empire, which is distinguished by a deep red, is a long but narrow line; because though Alexander marked the world with his colour from Macedonia to Egypt, yet the colours peculiar to the hereditary potentates whom he dispossessed, again took place upon his death: and indeed, the question, whose name shall be connected with a particular country as its king, is, to those who hazard life in the decision, as trifling, as whether a small spot in a chart shall be stained with red or yellow. That man should be permitted to decide such questions by means so dreadful, is a reflection under which he only can rejoice, who believes that God only reigns; and can appropriate the promise, that 'all things shall work together for good.'

No. 48. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1753.

Ibat triumphans Virgo —
Sunt qui rogatam retulerint preces
Tulisse Christo, redderet ut reo

As rescued from intended wrong,
The modest virgin paced along,
By blasting Heaven deprived of day
Beneath her feet th' accuser lay:
She marked, and soon the prayer arose
To Him who bade us love our foes;
By faith enforced, the pious call
Again relumed the sightless ball.

To love an enemy, is the distinguishing characteristic of a religion, which is not of man but of God. It could be delivered as a precept only by Him, who lived and died to establish it by his example.

At the close of that season, in which human frailty has commemorated sufferings which it could not sustain, a season in which the most zealous devotion can only substitute a change of food for a total abstinence of forty days; it cannot, surely, be incongruous to consider, what approaches we can make to that divine love which these sufferings expressed, and how far man, in imitation of his Saviour, can bless those who curse him, and return good for evil.

We cannot, indeed, behold the example but at a distance; nor consider it without being struck with a sense of our own debility: every man who compares his life with this divine rule, instead of exulting in his own excellence, will smite his breast like the publican, and cry out, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner!' Thus to acquaint us with ourselves, may, perhaps, be one use of the precept; but the precept cannot, surely, be considered as having no other.

I know it will be said, that our passions are not in our power; and that, therefore, a precept to love or to hate, is impossible; for if the gratification of all our wishes was offered us to love a stranger as we love a child, we could not fulfil the condition, however we might desire the reward.

But admitting this to be true, and that we can-

not love an enemy as we love a friend; it is yet equally certain, that we may perform those actions which are produced by love, from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reason instead of indulging a passion. If our enemy hungers we may feed him, and if he thirsts we may give him drink: this, if we could love him, would be our conduct; and this may still be our conduct, though to love him is impossible. The Christian will be prompted to relieve the necessities of his enemy, by his love to God: he will rejoice in an opportunity to express the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the same time that he appropriates the promises and anticipates his reward.

But though he who is beneficent upon these principles, may in the Scripture sense be said to love his enemy; yet something more may still be effected: the passion itself in some degree is in our power: we may rise to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveness, we may think as well as act with kindness, and be sanctified as well in heart as in life.

Though love and hatred are necessarily produced in the human breast, when the proper objects of these passions occur, as the colour of material substances is necessarily perceived by an eye before which they they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the passion, and to cause either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the same object in different circumstances; as a changeable silk of blue and yellow may be held so as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or resented with greater acrimony, than the marriage of a child, especially of a daughter, without the consent of a parent: it is frequently considered as a breach of the strongest and tenderest obligations; as folly and ingratitude, treachery and rebellion. By the imputation of these

vices, a child becomes the object of indignation and resentment: indignation and resentment in the breast, therefore, of the parent, are necessarily excited; and there can be no doubt, but that these are species of hatred. But if the child is still considered as retaining the endearing softness of filial affection, as still longing for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears; as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of passions which none have always resisted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the same object that before excited indignation and resentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a species of love.

Those, indeed, who resent this breach of filial duty with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonstrate that they are without natural affection; and that they would have prostituted their offspring, if not to lust, yet to affections which are equally vile and sordid, the thirst of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be sincerely interested in the felicity of his child, who, when some of the means of happiness are lost by indiscretion, suffers his resentment to take away the rest.

Among friends, sallies of quick resentment are extremely frequent. Friendship is a constant reciprocation of benefits to which the sacrifice of private interest is sometimes necessary: it is common for each to set too much value upon those which he bestows, and too little upon those which he receives; this mutual mistake in so an important an estimation, produces mutual charges of unkindness and ingratitude; each, perhaps, professes himself ready to forgive, but neither will condescend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, still increases the enmity which it began; the friend is considered as selfish, assuming,

injurious, and revengeful; he consequently becomes an object of hatred; and while he is thus considered, to love him is impossible. But thus to consider him, is at once a folly and a fault: each ought to reflect, that he is, at least in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a mistake; and that this mistake is the effect of weakness or or vanity, which is common to all mankind: the character of both would then assume a very different aspect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgements, and recover the felicity which was so near being lost.

But if, after we have admitted an acquaintance to our bosom as a friend, it should appear that we had mistaken his character; if he should betray our confidence, and use the knowledge of our affairs, which perhaps he obtained by offers of service, to effect our ruin: if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falsehood; if he violates the chastity of a wife, or seduces a daughter to prostitution; we may still consider him in such circumstances as will incline us to fulfil the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deserve punishment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, should be considered as having ultimately intended, not evil to us, but good to himself. It should also be remembered that he has mistaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendship of Him 'whose favour is better than life', by the same conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he sacrificed our temporal interest, to that also he sacrificed his own hope of immortality;

that he is now seeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring punishment that will last for ever. And how much better than this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity? Surely if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of cold water?

On the contrary, he whom God has forgiven must necessarily become amiable to man: to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to consider it, is not only our duty but our interest.

Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature of which pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a Christian, to treat others with coldness, neglect, and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindness, and the menaces of oppression, should be far from those who profess themselves to be followers of Him who in his life 'went about doing good'; who instantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when He was fainting in his last agony, and treated with mockery and derision, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murders; 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do.'

No. 49. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1753.

—Flumina libant
Summa leves.—

—They lightly skim,
And gently sip the dimply river's brim.

THE character of the scholars of the present age will not be much injured or misrepresented by saying, that they seem to be superficially acquainted with a multitude of subjects, but to go to the bottom of very few. This appears in criticism and polite learning, as well as in the abstruser sciences: by the diffusion of knowledge its depth is abated.

Eutyches harangues with wonderful plausibility on the distinct merits of all the Greek and Roman classics, without having thoroughly and attentively perused, or entered into the spirit and scope of one of them. But Eutyches has diligently digested the dissertations of Rapin, Bouhours, Felton, Blackwall, and Rollin; treatises that administer great consolation to the indolent and incurious, to those who can tamely rest satisfied with second-hand knowledge, as they give concise accounts of all the great heroes of ancient literature, and enable them to speak of their several characters, without the tedious drudgery of perusing the originals. But the characters of writers, as of men, are of a very mixed and complicated nature, and are not to be comprehended in so small a compass: such objects do not admit of being drawn in miniature, with accuracy and distinctness.

To the present prevailing passion for French moralists and French critics, may be imputed the superficial show of learning and abilities of which I am complaining. And since these alluring authors are become not only so fashionable an amusement of those who call themseves the polite world, but also engross the attention of academical students, I am tempted to inquire into the merits of the most celebrated among them of both kinds.

That Montaigne abounds in native wit, in quick

penetration, in a perfect knowledge of the human heart, and the various vanities and vices that lurk in it, cannot justly be denied. But a man who undertakes to transmit his thoughts on life and manners to posterity, with the hopes of entertaining and amending future ages, must be either exceedingly vain or exceedingly careless, if he expects either of these effects can be produced by wanton sallies of the imagination, by useless and impertinent digressions, by never forming or following any regular plan, never classing or confining his thoughts, never changing or rejecting any sentiment that occurs to him. Yet this appears to have been the conduct of our celebrated essayist; and it has produced many awkward imitators, who, under the notion of writing with the fire and freedom of this lively old Gascon, have fallen into confused rhapsodies and uninteresting egotisms.

But these blemishes of Montaigne are trifling and unimportant, compared with his vanity, his indecency, and his scepticism. That man must totally have suppressed the natural love of honest reputation, which is so powerfully felt by the truly wise and good, who can calmly sit down to give a catalogue of his private vices, and publish his most secret infirmities, with the pretence of exhibiting a faithful picture of himself, and of exactly portraying the minutest features of his mind. Surely he deserves the censure Quintilian bestows on Demetrius, a celebrated Grecian statuary, that he was *nimius in veritate, et similitudinis quam pulchritudinis amantior;* more studious of likeness than of beauty.

Though the maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucault, another fashionable philosopher, are written with expressive elegance, and with nervous brevity; yet I must be pardoned for affirming, that he who labours to lessen the dignity of human nature, de-

stroys many efficacious motives for practising worthy actions, and deserves ill of his fellow-creatures, whom he paints in dark and disagreeable colours. As the opinions of men usually contract a tincture from the circumstances and conditions of their lives, it is easy to discern the chagrined courtier, in the satire which this polite misanthrope has composed on his own species. According to his gloomy and uncomfortable system, virtue is merely the result of temper and constitution, of chance or of vanity, of fashion or the fear of losing reputation. Thus humanity is brutalized; and every high and generous principle is represented as imaginary, romantic, and chimerical; reason, which by some is too much aggrandized and almost deified, is here degraded into an abject slave of appetite and passion, and deprived even of her just and indisputable authority. As a Christian, and as a man, I despise, I detest such debasing principles.

Rochefoucault, to give a smartness and shortness to his sentences, frequently makes use of the antithesis, a mode of speaking the most tiresome and disgusting of any, by the sameness and similarity of the periods. And sometimes, in order to keep up the point, he neglects the propriety and justness of the sentiment, and grossly contradicts himself. 'Happiness,' says he, 'consists in the taste, and not in the things: and it is by enjoying what a man loves, that he becomes happy; not by having what others think desirable.' The obvious doctrine contained in this reflection, is the great power of imagination with regard to felicity: but, adds the reflector in a following maxim, 'We are never so happy or so miserable as we imagine ourselves to be'; which is certainly a plain and palpable contradiction of the foregoing opinion. And of such contradictions many

instances might be alleged in this admired writer, which evidently show that he had not digested his thoughts with philosophical exactness and precision.

But the characters of La Bruyere deserve to be spoken of in far different terms. They are drawn with spirit and propriety, without a total departure from nature and resemblance, as sometimes is the case in pretended pictures of life. In a few instances only he has failed, by overcharging his portraits with many ridiculous features that cannot exist together in one subject: as in the character of Menalcas the absent man, which, though applauded by one of my predecessors, is surely absurd, and false to nature. This author appears to be a warm admirer of virtue, and a steady promoter of her interest: he was neither ashamed of Christianity, nor afraid to defend it: accordingly, few have exposed the folly and absurdity of modish infidels, of infidels made by vanity and not by want of conviction, with so much solidity and pleasantry united: he disdained to sacrifice truth to levity and licentiousness. Many of his characters are personal, and contain allusions which cannot now be understood. It is, indeed, the fate of personal satire to perish with the generation in which it is written: many artful strokes in Theophrastus himself, perhaps, appear coarse or insipid, which the Athenians looked upon with admiration. A different age and different nation render us incapable of relishing several beauties in the Alchymist of Jonson, and in the Don Quixote of Cervantes.

Saint Evremond is a florid and verbose trifler, without novelty or solidity in his reflections. What more can be expected from one who proposed the dissolute and affected Petronius for his model in writing and living?

As the corruption of our taste is not of equal consequence with the depravation of our virtue, I shall not spend so much time on the critics, as I have done on the moralists of France.

How admirably Rapin, the most popular among them, was qualified to sit in judgement upon Homer and Thucydides, Demosthenes and Plato, may be gathered from an anecdote preserved by Menage, who affirms upon his own knowledge, that Le Fevre of Saumer furnished his assuming critic with the Greek passages he had occasion to cite, Rapin himself being totally ignorant of that language. The censures and the commendations this writer bestows, are general and indiscriminate; without specifying the reasons of his approbation or dislike, and without alleging the passages that may support his opinion: whereas just criticism demands, not only that every beauty or blemish be minutely pointed out in its different degree and kind, but also that the reason and foundation of excellences and faults be accurately ascertained.

Bossu is usually and justly placed at the head of the commentators on Aristotle's Poetics, which certainly he understood and explained in a more masterly manner than either Beni or Castelvetro: but in one or two instances he has indulged a love of subtilty and groundless refinement. That I may not be accused of affecting a kind of hatred against all the French critics, I would observe, that this learned writer merits the attention and diligent perusal of the true scholar. What I principally admire in Bossu, is the regularity of his plan, and the exactness of his method; which add utility as well as beauty to his work.

Brumoy has displayed the excellencies of the Greek Tragedy, in a judicious and comprehensive

manner. His translations are faithful and elegant; and the analysis of those plays, which, on account of some circumstances in ancient manners, would shock the readers of this age, and would not therefore bear an entire version, is perspicuous and full. Of all the French critics, he and the judicious Fenelon have had the justice to confess, or perhaps the penetration to perceive, in what instances Corneille and Racine have falsified and modernised the characters, and overloaded with unnecessary intrigues the simple plots of the ancients.

Let no one, however, deceive himself in thinking, that he can gain a competent knowledge either of Aristotle or Sophocles, from Bossu or Brumoy, how excellent soever these two commentators may be. To contemplate these exalted geniuses through such mediums, is like beholding the orb of the sun, during an eclipse, in a vessel of water. But let him eagerly press forward to the great originals: *juvet integros accedere fontes*; 'his be the joy t' approach th' untasted springs.' Let him remember, that the Grecian writers alone, both critics and poets, are the best masters to teach, in Milton's emphatical style, 'What the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric; what decorum is; which is the grand master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive, what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-wrights be; and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.'

No. 50. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1753.

Quicunque turpi fraude semel innotuit,
Etiamsi verum dicit, amittit fidem.

PHÆD.

The wretch that often has deceived,
Though truth he speaks, is ne'er believed.

When Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods; he replied, 'Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth.'

The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applause and association: the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women: the drunkard may easily unite with beings, devoted like himself to noisy merriment or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowess, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave: even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers, who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned, and disowned: he has no domestic consolations which he can oppose to the censure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues;

but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend and without apologist. It is the peculiar condition of falsehood, to be equally detested by the good and bad: 'The devils,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'do not tell lies to one another; for truth is necessary to all societies: nor can the society of hell subsist without it.'

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally detested should be generally avoided; at least that none should expose himself to unabated and unpitied infamy, without an adequate temptation; and that to guilt so easily detected, and so severely punished, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

Yet so it is, that in defiance of censure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and scarcely the most vigilant and unremitted circumspection will secure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can scarcely be imagined that they mean any injury to him or profit to themselves; even where the subject of conversation could not have been expected to put the passions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, sufficient to induce any man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

The casuists have very diligently distinguished lies into their several classes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is most common, and, perhaps, not least mischievous; which, since the moralists have not given it a name, I shall distinguish as the Lie of Vanity.

To vanity may justly be imputed most of the falschoods, which every man perceives hourly play-

are propagated with success. To the lie of commerce, and the lie of malice, the motive is so apparent, that they are seldom negligently or implicitly received: suspicion is always watchful over the practices of interest; and whatever the hope of gain, or desire of mischief, can prompt one man to assert, another is by reasons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleases herself with such light gratification, and looks forward to pleasure so remotely consequential, that her practices raise no alarm, and her stratagems are not easily discovered.

Vanity is, indeed, often suffered to pass unpursued by suspicion: because he that would watch her motions can never be at rest: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence: some opportunity of time and place is necessary to their agency; but scarce any man is abstracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to seek them in falsehoods.

It is remarked by sir Kenelm Digby, 'that every man has a desire to appear superior to others, though it were only in having seen what they have not seen.' Such an accidental advantage, since it neither implies merit, nor confers dignity, one would think should not be desired so much as to be counterfeited; yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally false; but more or less credible in proportion to the skill or confidence of the relater. How many may a man of diffusive conversation count among his acquaintances, whose lives have been signalized by numberless escapes; who never cross the river but in a storm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than befell the knight-errants of ancient times in pathless forests or enchanted castles!

prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders invisible to every other eye, only to supply them with subjects of conversation!

Others there are that amuse themselves with the dissemination of falsehood, at greater hazard of detection and disgrace; men marked out by some lucky planet for universal confidence and friendship, who have been consulted in every difficulty, intrusted with every secret, and summoned to every transaction: it is the supreme felicity of these men, to stun all companies with noisy information; to still doubt, and overbear opposition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind, with a strong memory or brisk imagination, is often the oracle of an obscure club, and, till time discovers his impostures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrolled authority: for if a public question be started, he was present at the debate; if a new fashion be mentioned, he was at court the first day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patronized the author, and seen his work in manuscript; if a criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation; and who that lives at a distance from the scene of action will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all persons and affairs are thus intimately known?

This kind of falsehood is generally successful for a time, because it is practised at first with timidity and caution; but the prosperity of the liar is of short duration; the reception of one story is always an incitement to the forgery of another less probable: and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reason rises up against him, and his com-

panions will no longer endure to see him wiser than themselves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all these fictions intend some exaltation of themselves, and are led off by the pursuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply some consequence in favour of their courage, their sagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the present pleasure of seeing themselves superior to those that surround them, and receiving the homage of silent attention and envious admiration.

But vanity is sometimes excited to fiction by less visible gratifications: the present age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the consciousness of falsehood, and whose pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themselves. Of this tribe it is the supreme pleasure to remark a lady in the play-house or the park, and to publish, under the character of a man suddenly enamoured, an advertisement in the news of the next day, containing a minute description of her person and her dress. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbations which the writer can never see, and conjectures of which he can never be informed: some mischief, however, he hopes he has done: and to have done mischief, is of some importance. He sets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery or a murder, with all the circumstances of time and place accurately adjusted. This is a jest of greater effect and longer duration; if he fixes his scene at a proper distance, he may for several days keep a wife in terror for her husband, or a mother for her son; and please himself with reflecting, that by his abilities and address some addition is made to the miseries of life.

There is, I think, an ancient law in Scotland, by which leasing-making was capitally punished. I am, indeed, far from desiring to increase in this kingdom the number of executions; yet I cannot but think, that they who destroy the confidence of society, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the security of life; harass the delicate with shame, and perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a sense of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping-post or pillory: since many are so insensible of right and wrong, that they have no standard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread punishment.

T

No. 51. TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1753.

Si quid ex Pindari Flaccive dictis fuerit interjectum splendet oratio; et sordescit, si quid è sacris Psalmis aptè fuerit attextum? An libri Spiritûs cœlestis afflatû prodîti sordent nobis præ scriptis Homeri, Euripidis, aut Enni? ERASMUS.

Is a discourse beautified by a quotation from Pindar and Horace; and shall we think it blemished by a passage from the sacred Psalms aptly interwoven? Do we despise the books which were dictated by the Spirit of God, in comparison of Homer, Euripides, and Ennius?

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"IN the library of the Benedictine monks at Lyons, has lately been discovered a most curious manuscript of the celebrated Longinus. As I know you will

eagerly embrace every opportunity of contributing to promote, or rather revive, a reverence and love for the Sacred Writings, I send you the following extract translated from this extraordinary work."

'MY DEAR TERENTIANUS,

'You may remember that in my treatise on the Sublime, I quoted a striking example of it from Moses, the Jewish lawgiver: 'Let there be light, and there was light.' I have since met with a large volume translated into Greek by the order of Ptolemy, containing all the religious opinions, the civil laws and customs of that singular and unaccountable people. And to confess the truth, I am greatly astonished at the incomparable elevation of its style, and the supreme grandeur of its images; many of which excel the utmost efforts of the most exalted genius of Greece.

'At the appearance of God, the mountains and the forests do not only tremble as in Homer, but 'are melted down like wax at his presence.' He rides not on a swift chariot over the level waves like Neptune, but 'comes flying upon the wings of the wind: while the floods clap their hands, and the hills and forests, and earth and heaven, all exult together before their Lord.' And how dost thou conceive, my friend, the exalted idea of the universal presence of the Infinite Mind can be expressed, adequately to the dignity of the subject, but in the following manner?—'Whither shall I go from thy presence? If I climb up into heaven, Thou art there! If I go down to hell, lo, Thou art there also! If I take wings and fly toward the morning, or remain in the uttermost parts of the western ocean; even there also'—the poet does not say, 'I shall find thee,' but, far more forcibly and emphatically,—'Thy right-hand shall hold

me.' With what majesty and magnificence is the Creator of the world, before whom the whole universe is represented as nothing, nay, less than nothing, and vanity, introduced making the following sublime inquiry! 'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?' Produce me, Terentianus, any image or description in Plato himself, so truly elevated and divine! Where did these barbarians learn to speak of God, in terms that alone appear worthy of him? How contemptible and vile are the deities of Homer and Hesiod, in comparison of this Jehovah of the illiterate Jews! before whom, to use this poet's own words, all other gods are 'as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance.'

'Had I been aquainted with this wonderful volume, while I was writing my treatise on the Pathetic, I could have enriched my work with many strokes of eloquence, more irresistibly moving than any I have borrowed from our three great tragedians, or even from the tender Simonides himself. The same Moses I formerly mentioned, relates the history of a youth sold into captivity by his brethren, in a manner so deeply interesting, with so many little strokes of nature and passion, with such penetrating knowledge of the human heart, with such various and unexpected changes of fortune, and with such a striking and important discovery, as cannot be read without astonishment and tears; and which I am almost confident Aristotle would have preferred to the story of his admired (Edipus, for the artificial manner in which the recognition, ἀναγνώρισις, is effected, emerging gradually from the incidents and

circumstances of the story itself, and not from things extrinsical and unessential to the fable.

'In another part we are presented with the picture of a man most virtuous and upright, who, for the trial and exercise of his fortitude and patience, is hurried down from the summits of felicity, into the lowest depths of distress and despair. Were ever sorrow, and misery, and compassion, expressed more forcibly and feelingly, than by the behaviour of his friends, who, when they first discovered him in this altered condition, destitute, afflicted, tormented, 'sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights; and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great.' Let us candidly confess, that this noble passage is equal, if not superior, to that celebrated description of parental sorrow in Æschylus; where that venerable father of tragedy, whose fire and enthusiam sometimes force him forwards to the very borders of improbability, has in this instance justly represented Niobe sitting disconsolately three days together upon the tomb of her children, covered with a veil, and observing a profound silence. Such silences have something more affecting and more strongly expressive of passion, than the most artful speeches. In Sophocles, when the unfortunate Deianira discovers her mistake in having sent a poisoned vestment to her husband Hercules, her surprise and sorrow are unspeakable, and she answers not her son who acquaints her with the disaster, but goes off the stage without uttering a syllable. A writer unacquainted with nature and the heart, would have put into her mouth twenty horid Iambics, in which she would bitterly have bewailed her misfortnnes, and informed the spectators that she was going to die.

'In representing likewise the desolation and de-

struction of the cities of Babylon and Tyre, these Jewish writers have afforded many instances of true pathos. One of them expresses the extreme distress occasioned by a famine, by this moving circumstance: 'The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst; the young children ask bread, and no man breaketh it unto them; the hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children.' Which tender and affecting stroke reminds me of the picture of a sacked city by Aristides the Theban, on which we have so often gazed with inexpressible delight; that great artist has expressed the concern of a bleeding and dying mother, lest her infant who is creeping to her side, should lick the blood that flows from her breast, and mistake it for her milk.

'In the ninth book of the Iliad, Homer represents the horrors of a conquered city, by saying, that her heroes should be slain, her palaces overthrown, her matrons ravished, and her whole race enslaved. But one of these Jewish poets, by a single circumstance, has far more emphatically pointed out the utter desolation of Babylon: 'I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a single person than the golden wedge of Ophir.'

'What seems to be particularly excellent in these writers, is their selection of such adjuncts and circumstances upon each subject, as are best calculated to strike the imagination and embellish their descriptions. Thus, they think it not enough to say, that Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, shall never more be inhabited;' but they add a picturesque stroke—'neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there; the wild beasts of the island shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant places.'

'You have heard me frequently observe, how much visions, or images, by which a writer seems to

behold objects that are absent, or even non-existent, contribute to the true sublime. For this reason, I have ever admired Minerva's speech in the fifth book of the Iliad, where she tells her favourite Diomede, 'that she will purge his eyes from the mists of mortality, and give him power clearly to discern the gods that were at that time assisting the Trojans, that he might not be guilty of the impiety of wounding any of the celestial beings, Venus excepted.' Observe the superior strength and liveliness of the following image: 'Jehovah,' the tutelar God of the Jews, 'opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses, and chariots of fire round about him!'

'Do we start, and tremble, and turn pale when Orestes exclaims that the furies are rushing forward to seize him? and shall we be less affected with the writer, who breaks out into the following questions: 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra; this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?'—It is the avenging God of the oppressed Jews, whom the poet imagines he beholds, and whose answer follows,—'I that am mighty to save.' 'Wherefore,' resumes the poet, 'art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?' 'I have trodden the wine-press alone,' answers the God; 'and of the people there were none with me; for I will tread them in mine anger and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.' Another writer, full of the idea of that destruction with which his country was threatened, cries out, 'How long shall I see the standard, and hear the sound of the trumpet?' And to represent total desolation, he

tive chaos: 'I beheld the earth, and lo! it was without form and void; and the heavens, and they had no light.'

'Above all, I am marvellously struck with the beauty and boldness of the prosopopœias, and the rich variety of comparisons, with which every page of these extraordinary writings abound. When I shall have pointed out out a few of these to your view, I shall think your curiosity will be sufficiently excited to peruse the book itself from which they are drawn. And do not suffer yourself to be prejudiced against it, by the reproaches, raillery, and satire, which I know my friend and disciple Porphyry is perpetually pouring upon the Jews. Farewell.'

No. 52. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1753.

—Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum.—

HOR. ARS POET. 451.

—Trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead.

FRANCIS.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"THOUGH there are many calamities to which all men are equally exposed, yet some species of intellectual distress are thought to be peculiar to the vicious. The various evils of disease and poverty, pain and sorrow, are frequently derived from others; but

shame and confusion are supposed to proceed from ourselves, and to be incurred only by the misconduct which they punish. This supposition is indeed specious; but I am convinced by the strongest evidence that it is not true: I can oppose experience to theory; and as it will appear that I suffer considerable loss by my testimony, it must be allowed to have the most distinguishing characteristic of sincerity.

"That every man is happy in proportion as he is virtuous, was once my favourite principle; I advanced and defended it in all companies; and as the last effort of my genius in its behalf, I contrived a series of events by which it was illustrated and established: and, that I might substitute action for narrative, and decorate sentiment with the beauties of poetry, I regulated my story by the rules of the drama, and with great application and labour wrought it into a tragedy.

"When it was finished, I sat down, like Hercules after his labours, exulting in the past, and enjoying the future by anticipation. I read it to every friend who favoured me with a visit, and when I went abroad I always put it into my pocket. Thus it became known to a circle that was always increasing; and was at length mentioned with such commendation to a very great lady, that she was pleased to favour me with a message, by which I was invited to breakfast at nine the next morning, and acquainted that a select company would then expect the pleasure of hearing me read my play.

"The delight that I received from the contemplation of my performance, the encomium of my friends, and especially this message, was in my opinion an experimental proof of my principles, and a reward of my merit. I reflected with great self-complacence, upon the general complaint that genius was without patronage, and concluded, that all who had been

neglected were unworthy of notice. I believed that my own elevation was not only certain but near; and that the representation of my play would be secured by a message to the manager, which would render the mortifying drudgery of solicitation and attendance unnecessary.

"Elated with these expectations, I rose early in the morning, and being dressed long before it was time to set out, I amused myself by repeating the favourite passages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite answers to the compliments that should be made me, and adjusting the ceremony of my visit.

"I observed the time appointed with such punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was striking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwise engaged, it happened that the servant whose place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his stead, and upon hearing my name, advanced directly before me into the room; so that no discovery was made of an enormous queue of brown paper, which some mischievous brat had, with a crooked pin, hung between the two locks of my major periwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment, where, after I had got within a very large Indian screen, I found five ladies and a gentleman.

"I was a little disconcerted in my first address, by the respect that was shown me, and the curiosity with which I was regarded: however, I made my general obeisance, and addressing myself in particular to the elder of the ladies, whom I considered as my patroness, I expressed my sense of the honour she had done me, in a short speech which I had preconceived for the purpose; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whose favour I had acknowledged was not yet come down: this mistake increased my confusion; for as I could not again re-

peat the same words, I reflected, that I should be at last unprepared for the occasion on which they were to have been used. The company all this while continued standing; I therefore hastily turned about, to reconnoitre my chair; but the moment I was seated, I perceived every one labouring to stifle a laugh. I instantly suspected that I had committed some ridiculous indecorum, and I attempted to apologize for I knew not what offence; but after some hesitation, my extreme sensibility struck me speechless. The gentleman, however, kindly discovered the cause of their merriment, by exclaiming against the rude licentiousness of the vulgar, and at the same time taking from behind me the pendulous reproach to the honours of my head. This discovery afforded me inexpressible relief; my paper ramillie was thrown into the fire, and I joined in the laugh which it produced; but I was still embarrassed by the consequences of my mistake, and expected the lady, by whom I had been invited, with solicitude and apprehension.

"When she came in, the deference with which she was treated by persons who were so much my superiors, struck me with awe; my powers of recollection were suspended, and I resolved to express my sentiments only by the lowness of my bow and the distance of my behaviour: I therefore hastily retreated backward; and at the same time bowing with the most profound reverence, unhappily overturned the screen, which in its fall threw down the breakfast table, broke all the china, and crippled the lapdog. In the midst of this ruin I stood torpid in silence and amazement, stunned with the shrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the dog, and the clattering of the china: and while I considered myself as the author of such complicated mischief, I believe I felt as keen anguish as he, who with a halter about his

neck looks up, while the other end of it is fastening to the gibbet.

"The screen, however, was soon replaced, and the broken china removed; and though the dog was the principal object of attention, yet the lady sometimes adverted to me: she politely desired that I would consider the accident as of no consequence; the china, she said, was a trifle, and she hoped Pompey was more frightened than hurt. I made some apology, but with great confusion and incoherence: at length, however, we were again seated, and breakfast was brought in.

"I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the discourse turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey, and the consequences of his hurt: it was examined with great attention and solicitude, and found to be a razure of the skin the whole length of one of his fore legs. After some topical application, his cushion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteously.

"I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had just made an attempt to introduce a new subject of conversation, when, casting my eye downward, I was again thrown into extreme confusion, by seeing something hang from the fore-part of my chair, which I imagined to be a portion of my shirt; though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I sat, and which, during the confusion produced by the fall of the screen, had been left in the chair.

"My embarrassment was soon discovered, though the cause was mistaken; and the lady, hoping to remove it, by giving me an opportunity to display my abilities without the restraint of ceremony, requested that I would now give her the pleasure which she had impatiently expected, and read my play.

"My play, therefore, I was obliged to produce,

and having found an opportunity hastily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuscript lay open in my lap, I began to read; and though my voice was at first languid, tremulous, and irresolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my situation to my subject; I pronounced with greater emphasis and propriety, and I began to watch for the effects which I expected to produce upon my auditors; but I was extremely mortified to find, that whenever I paused to give room for a remark or an encomium, the interval was filled with an ejaculation of pity for the dog, who still continued to whine upon his cushion, and was lamented in these affectionate and pathetic terms—'Ah! poor, dear, pretty, little creature.'

"It happened, however, that by some incidents in the fourth act the passions were apparently interested, and I was just exulting in my success, when the lady who sat next me unhappily opening her snuff-box, which was not effected without some difficulty, the dust that flew up threw me into a fit of sneezing, which instantly caused my upper lip to put me again out of countenance: I therefore hastily felt for my handkerchief, and it was not with less emotion than if I had seen a ghost, that I discovered it had been picked out of my pocket. In the mean time the opprobrious effusion descended like an icicle to my chin; and the eyes of the company, which this accident had drawn upon me, were now turned away, with looks which showed that their pity was not proof against the ridicule of my distress. What I suffered at this moment, can neither be expressed nor conceived; I turned my head this way and that in the anguish of my mind, without knowing what I sought; and at last holding up my manuscript before my face, I was compelled to make use of the end of my neckcloth, which I again buttoned into

my bosom. After many painful efforts I proceeded in my lecture, and again fixed the attention of my hearers. The fourth act was finished and they expressed great impatience to hear the catastrophe: I therefore began the fifth with fresh confidence and vigour; but before I had read a page, I was interrupted by two gentlemen of great quality, professors of buckism, who came with a design to wait upon the ladies to an auction.

"I rose up with the rest of the company when they came in; but what was my astonishment, to perceive the napkin, which I had unfortunately secured by one corner, hang down from my waist to the ground! From this dilemma, however, I was delivered by the noble buck, who stood nearest to me; who swearing an oath of astonishment, twitched the napkin from me, and throwing it the servant, told him that he had redeemed it from the rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a place where he would never have looked for it. The young ladies were scarce less confounded at this accident than I; and the noble matron herself was somewhat disconcerted: she saw my extreme confusion; and thought fit to apologize for her cousin's behaviour,—'He is a wild boy, sir,' says she, 'he plays these tricks with every body; but it is his way, and nobody minds him.' When we were once more seated, the bucks, upon the peremptory refusal of the ladies to go out, declared they would stay and hear the last act of my tragedy; I was therefore requested to go on. But my spirits were quite exhausted by the violent agitation of mind; and I was intimidated by the presence of two persons who appeared to consider me and my performance as objects only of merriment and sport. I would gladly have renounced all that in the morning had been the object of my hope, to

own estimation; and had scarce any wish but to return without further disgrace into the quiet shade of obscurity. The ladies, however, would take no denial, and I was at length obliged to comply.

"I was much pleased and surprised at the attention with which my new auditors seemed to listen as I went on: the dog was now silent; I increased the pathos of my voice in proportion as I ascended the climax of distress; and flattered myself that poetry and truth would be still victorious; but just at this crisis, the gentleman who had disengaged me from the napkin, desired me to stop half a moment: something, he said, had just started into his mind, which, if he did not communicate he might forget: then turning to his companion, 'Jack,' says he, 'there was sold in Smithfield no longer ago than last Saturday, the largest ox that ever I beheld in my life.' The ridicule of this malicious apostrophe was so striking, that pity and decorum gave way, and my patronness herself burst into laughter: upon me, indeed, it produced a very different effect; for if I had been detected in an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, I could not have felt more shame, confusion and anguish. The laughter into which the company had been surprised, was, however, immediately suppressed, and a severe censure passed upon the person who produced it. To atone for the mortification which I had suffered, the ladies expressed the utmost impatience to hear the conclusion, and I was encouraged by repeated encomiums to proceed; but though I once more attempted to recollect myself, and again began the speech in which I had been interrupted, yet my thoughts were still distracted, my voice faltered, and I had scarce breath to finish the first period.

"This was remarked by my tormentor the buck

hands, declared that I did not do my play justice, and that he would finish it himself. He then began to read; but the affected gravity of his countenance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and the remembrance of his late anecdote of the ox, excited sensations that were incompatible both with pity and terror, and rendered me extremely wretched by keeping the company perpetually on the brink of laughter.

"In the action of my play, virtue had been sustained by her own dignity, and exulted in the enjoyment of intellectual and independent happiness, during a series of external calamities that terminated in death; and vice, by the success of her own projects, had been betrayed into shame, perplexity, and confusion. These events were indeed natural; and therefore I poetically inferred, with all the confidence of demonstration, that 'the torments of Tartarus, and the felicity of Elysium, were not necessary to the justification of the gods; since whatever inequality might be pretended in the distribution of externals, peace is still the prerogative of virtue, and intellectual misery can be inflicted only by guilt.'

"But the intellectual misery which I suffered at the very moment when this favourite sentiment was read, produced an irresistible conviction that it was false; because, except the dread of that punishment which I had indirectly denied, I felt all the torment that could be inflicted by guilt. In the prosecution of an undertaking which I believed to be virtuous, peace had been driven from my heart by the concurrence of accident with the vices of others; and the misery that I suffered, suddenly propagated itself; for not only enjoyment, but hope was now at an end; my play, upon which both had depended, was overturned from its foundation; and I was so much affected, that I took my leave with the abrupt haste of distress and perplexity. I had no concern about

what should be said of me when I was departed: and perhaps, at the moment when I went out of the house, there was not in the world any human being more wretched than myself. The next morning, when I reflected coolly upon these events, I would willingly have reconciled my experience with my principles, even at the expense of my morals. I would have supposed that my desire of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuous indifference about the opinion of others would have prevented all my distress; but I was compelled to acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference was not possible, and that no man becomes vicious by not effecting impossibilities: there may be heights of virtue beyond our reach; but to be vicious, we must either do something from which we have power to abstain, or neglect something which we have power to do: there remained, therefore, no expedient to recover any part of the credit I had lost, but setting a truth, which I had newly discovered by means so extraordinary, in a new light; and with this view I am a candidate for a place in the Adventurer.

"I am, SIR, yours, &c.

"DRAMATICUS."

No. 53. TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1753.

Quisque suos patimur Manes.—

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 743.

Each has his lot, and bears the fate he drew.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"IN consequence of my engagements, I address you once more from the habitations of misery. In this

place, from which business and pleasure are equally excluded, and in which our only employment and diversion is to hear the narratives of each other, I might much sooner have gathered materials for a letter, had I not hoped to have been reminded of my promise: but since I find myself placed in the regions of oblivion, where I am no less neglected by you than by the rest of mankind, I resolved no longer to wait for solicitation, but stole early this evening from between gloomy sullenness and riotous merriment, to give you an account of part of my companions.

"One of the most eminent members of our club is Mr. Edward Scamper, a man of whose name the Olympic heroes would not have been ashamed. Ned was born to a small estate, which he determined to improve; and, therefore, as soon as he became of age, mortgaged part of his land to buy a mare and stallion, and bred horses for the course. He was, at first, very successful, and gained several of the king's plates, as he is now every day boasting, at the expense of very little more than ten times their value. At last, however, he discovered, that victory brought him more honour than profit; resolving, therefore, to be rich as well as illustrious, he replenished his pockets by another mortgage, became on a sudden a daring bettor, and resolving not to trust a jockey with his fortune, rode his horse himself, distanced two of his competitors the first heat, and at last won the race, by forcing his horse, on a descent, to full speed, at the hazard of his neck. His estate was thus repaired, and some friends that had no souls advised him to give over; but Ned now knew the way to riches, and therefore, without caution, increased his expenses. From this hour he talked and dreamed of nothing but a horse-race; and rising soon to the summit of equestrian reputation, he was constantly expected on every course, divided all his time between

lords and jockeys, and, as the unexperienced regulated their bets by his example, gained a great deal of money, by laying openly on one horse, and secretly on the other. Ned was now so sure of growing rich, that he involved his estate in a third mortgage, borrowed money of all his friends, and risked his whole fortune upon Bay Lincoln. He mounted with beating heart, started fair, and won the first heat; but, in the second, as he was pushing against the foremost of his rivals, his girth broke, his shoulder was dislocated, and before he was dismissed by the surgeon, two bailiffs fastened upon him, and he saw Newmarket no more. His daily amusement, for four years, has been to blow the signal for starting, to make imaginary matches, to repeat the pedigree of Bay Lincoln, and to form resolutions against trusting another groom with the choice of his girth.

"The next in seniority is Mr. Timothy Snug, a man of deep contrivance, and impenetrable secrecy. His father died with the reputation of more wealth than he possessed: Tim, therefore, entered the world with a reputed fortune of ten thousand pounds. Of this he very well knew that eight thousand was imaginary; but being a man of refined policy, and knowing how much honour is annexed to riches, he resolved never to detect his own poverty; but furnished his house with elegance, scattered his money with profusion, encouraged every scheme of costly pleasure, spoke of petty losses with negligence, and on the day before an execution entered his doors, had proclaimed at a public table, his resolution to be jolted no longer in a hackney-coach.

"Another of my companions is the magnanimous Jack Scatter, the son of a country-gentleman, who, having no other care than to leave him rich, considered that literature could not be had without ex-

a book was bought and read, it would sell for little. Jack was, therefore, taught to read and write by the butler; and when this acquisition was made, was left to pass his days in the kitchen and the stable, where he heard no crime censured but covetousness and distrust of poor honest servants, and where all the praise was bestowed on good housekeeping, and a free heart. At the death of his father, Jack set himself to retrieve the honour of his family: he abandoned his cellar to the butler, ordered his groom to provide hay and corn at discretion, took his housekeeper's word for the expenses of the kitchen, allowed all his servants to do their work by deputies, permitted his domestics to keep his house open to their relations and acquaintance, and in ten years was conveyed hither, without having purchased, by the loss of his patrimony, either honour or pleasure, or obtained any other gratification than that of having corrupted the neighbouring villages by luxury and idleness.

"Dick Serge was a draper in Cornhill, and passed eight years in prosperous diligence, without any care but to keep his books, or any ambition but to be in time an alderman; but then, by some unaccountable revolution in his understanding, he became enamoured of wit and humour, despised the conversation of pedlars and stock-jobbers, and rambled every night to the regions of gaiety, in quest of company suited to his taste. The wits at first flocked about him for sport, and afterwards for interest; some found their way into his books, and some into his pockets; the man of adventure was equipped from his shop for the pursuit of a fortune; and he had sometimes the honour to have his security accepted when his friends were in distress. Elated with these associations, he soon learned to neglect his shop; and having drawn

his money out of the funds, to avoid the necessity of teazing men of honour for trifling debts, he has been forced at last to retire hither, till his friends can procure him a post at court.

"Another that joins in the same mess is Bob Cornice, whose life has been spent in fitting up a house. About ten years ago, Bob purchased the country habitation of a bankrupt: the mere shell of a building, Bob holds no great matter; the inside is the test of elegance. Of this house he was no sooner master, than he summoned twenty workmen to his assistance, tore up the floors and laid them anew, stripped off the wainscot, drew the windows from their frames, altered the disposition of doors and fire-places, and cast the whole fabric into a new form: his next care was to have his ceilings painted, his pannels gilt, and his chimney-pieces carved: every thing was executed by the ablest hands. Bob's business was to follow the workmen with a microscope, and call them to retouch their performances, and heighten excellence to perfection. The reputation of his house now brings round him a daily confluence of visitants, and every one tells him of some elegance which he has hitherto overlooked, some convenience not yet procured, or some new mode in ornament or furniture. Bob, who had no wish but to be admired, nor any guide but the fashion, thought every thing beautiful in proportion as it was new, and considered his work as unfinished, while any observer could suggest an addition; some alteration was therefore every day made, without any other motive than the charms of novelty. A traveller at last suggested to him the convenience of a grotto: Bob immediately ordered the mount of his garden to be excavated; and having laid out a large sum in shells and minerals, was busy in regulating the disposition of the colours and lustres, when two gentlemen, who

had asked permission to see his gardens, presented him a writ, and led him off to less elegant apartments.

"I know not, Sir, whether among this fraternity of sorrow you will think any much to be pitied; nor indeed do many of them appear to solicit compassion, for they generally applaud their own conduct, and despise those whom want of taste or spirit suffers to grow rich. It were happy if the prisons of the kingdom were filled only with characters like these, men whom prosperity could not make useful, and whom ruin cannot make wise: but there are among us many who raise different sensations, many that owe their present misery to the seductions of treachery, the strokes of casualty, or the tenderness of pity; many whose sufferings disgrace society, and whose virtues would adorn it: of these, when familiarity shall have enabled me to recount their stories without horror, you may expect another narrative from,

"SIR,

"Your most humble servant,

"Fleet, May 6." "MISARGYRUS."

T

No. 54. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1753.

—Sensim labefacta cadebat
Religio.—

CLAUD.

—His confidence in Heaven
Sunk by degrees.—

IF a recluse moralist, who speculates in a cloister, should suppose every practice to be infamous in proportion as it is allowed to be criminal, no man would

wonder; but every man who is acquainted with life, and is able to substitute the discoveries of experience for the deductions of reason, knows that he would be mistaken.

Lying is generally allowed to be less criminal than adultery; and yet it is known to render a man much more infamous and contemptible; for he who would modestly acquiesce in an imputation of adultery as a compliment, would resent that of a lie as an insult for which life only could atone. Thus are men tamely led hoodwinked by custom, the creature of their own folly; and while imaginary light flashes under the bandage which excludes the reality, they fondly believe that they behold the sun.

Lying, however, does not incur more infamy than it deserves, though other vices incur less. I have before remarked, that there are some practices, which, though they degrade a man to the lowest class of moral characters, do yet imply some natural superiority; but lying is, on the contrary, always an implication of weakness and defect. Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence; lying boasts are the stigma of impotent ambition, of obscurity without merit, and pride totally destitute of intellectual dignity: and even lies of apology imply indiscretion or rusticity, ignorance, folly, or indecorum.

But there is equal turpitude, and yet greater meanness, in those forms of speech which deceive without direct falsehood. The crime is committed with greater deliberation, as it requires more contrivance; and by the offenders the use of language is totally perverted: they conceal a meaning opposite to that which they express; their speech is a kind of riddle propounded for an evil purpose; and as they may, therefore, be properly distinguished by the name of Sphinxes, there would not

for regret, if, like the first monster of the name, they should break their necks upon the solution of their enigmas.

Indirect lies more effectually than others destroy that mutual confidence, which is said to be the band of society: they are more frequently repeated, because they are not prevented by the dread of detection: and he who has obtained a virtuous character is not always believed, because we know not but that he may have been persuaded by the sophistry of folly, that to deceive is not to lie, and that there is a certain manner in which truth may be violated without incurring either guilt or shame.

But lying, however practised, does, like every other vice, ultimately disappoint its own purpose: 'A lying tongue is but for a moment.' Detraction, when it is discovered to be false, confers honour, and dissimulation provokes resentment; the false boast incurs contempt, and the false apology aggravates the offence.

Is it not, therefore, astonishing, that a practice, for whatever reason, so universally infamous and unsuccessful, should not be more generally and scrupulously avoided? To think, is to renounce it: and that I may fix the attention of my readers a little longer upon the subject, I shall relate a story, which, perhaps, by those who have much sensibility, will not soon be forgotten.

Charlotte and Maria were educated together at an eminent boarding-school near London: there was little difference in their age, and their personal accomplishments were equal: but though their families were of the same rank, yet, as Charlotte was an only child, she was considerably superior in fortune.

Soon after they were taken home, Charlotte was addressed by Captain Freeman, who, besides his commission in the guards, had a small paternal estate;

but as her friends hoped for a more advantageous match, the captain was desired to forbear his visits, and the lady to think of him no more. After some fruitless struggles they acquiesced; but the discontent of both was so apparent, that it was thought expedient to remove Miss into the country. She was sent to her aunt the lady Meadows, who, with her daughter, lived retired at the family-seat, more than one hundred miles distant from the metropolis. After she had repined in this dreary solitude from April to August, she was surprised with a visit from her father, who brought with him Sir James Forrest, a young gentleman who had just succeeded to a baronet's title, and a very large estate in the same county. Sir James had good nature and good sense, an agreeable person, and an easy address; Miss was insensibly pleased with his company; her vanity, if not her love, had a new object; a desire to be delivered from a state of dependence and obscurity, had almost absorbed all the rest; and it is no wonder that this desire was gratified, when scarce any other was felt; or that, in compliance with the united solicitations of her friends and her lover, she suffered herself within a few weeks to become a lady and a wife. They continued in the country till the beginning of October, and then came up to London, having prevailed upon her aunt to accompany them, that Miss Meadows, with whom the bride had contracted an intimate friendship, might be gratified with the diversions of the town during the winter.

Captain Freeman, when he heard that Miss Charlotte was married, immediately made proposals of marriage to Maria, with whom he became acquainted during his visits to her friend, and soon after married her.

riage; they were always of the same party both in the private and public diversions of the season, and visited each other without the formalities of messages and dress.

But neither Sir James nor Mrs. Freeman could reflect without uneasiness upon the frequent interviews which this familiarity and confidence produced between a lover and his mistress, whom force only had divided; and though of these interviews they were themselves witnesses, yet Sir James insensibly became jealous of his lady, and Mrs. Freeman of her husband.

It happened in the May following, that Sir James went about ten miles out of town to be present at the election of a member of parliament for the county, and was not expected to return till the next day. In the evening his lady took a chair, and visited Mrs. Freeman: the rest of the company went away early, the captain was upon guard, Sir James was out of town, and the two ladies, after supper sat down to piquet, and continued the game without once reflecting upon the hour till three in the morning. Lady Forrest would then have gone home; but Mrs. Freeman, perhaps chiefly to conceal a contrary desire, importuned her to stay till the captain came in, and at length with some reluctance she consented.

About five the captain came home, and lady Forrest immediately sent out for a chair; a chair, as it happened, could not be procured; but a hackney-coach being brought in its stead, the captain insisted upon waiting on her ladyship home. This she refused with some emotion; it is probable that she still regarded the captain with less indifference than she wished, and was therefore more sensible of the impropriety of his offer: but her reasons for rejecting it, however forcible, being such as she could not

allege, he persisted, and her resolution was overborne. By this importunate complaisance the captain had not only thrown lady Forrest into confusion but displeased his wife; she could not, however, without unpoliteness, oppose it; and lest her uneasiness should be discovered, she affected a negligence which in some degree revenged it: she desired that when he came back he would not disturb her, for that she should go directly to bed; and added, with a kind of drowsy insensibility, 'I am more than half asleep already.'

Lady Forrest and the captain were to go from the Hay-market to Grosvenor square. It was about half an hour after five when they got into the coach; the morning was remarkably fine, the late contest had shaken off all disposition to sleep, and lady Forrest could not help saying, that she had much rather take a walk in the Park than go home to bed. The captain zealously expressed the same sentiment, and proposed that the coach should set them down at St. James's Gate. The lady, however, had nearly the same objections against being seen in the Mall without any other company than the captain, that she had against its being known that they were alone together in a hackney-coach: she, therefore, to extricate herself from this second difficulty, proposed that they should call at her father's in Bond Street, and take her cousin Meadows, whom she knew to be an early riser, with them. This project was immediately put in execution; but lady Forrest found her cousin indisposed with a cold. When she had communicated the design of this early visit, Miss Meadows entreated her to give up her walk in the Park, to stay till the family rose, and go home after breakfast; 'No,' replied lady Forrest, 'I am determined upon a walk; but as I must first get rid of

take your advice.' A servant was accordingly despatched to acquaint the captain, who was waiting below, that Miss Meadows was indisposed, and had engaged lady Forrest to breakfast.

No. 55. TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1753.

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.—

HOR. CAR. ii. 13. 13.

While dangers hourly round us rise,
No caution guards us from surprise.

FRANCIS.

THE captain discharged the coach; but being piqued at the behaviour of his wife, and feeling that flow of spirits which usually returns with the morning, even to those who have not slept in the night, he had no desire to go home, and therefore resolved to enjoy the fine morning in the Park alone.

Lady Forrest, not doubting but that the captain would immediately return home, congratulated herself upon her deliverance; but at the same time to indulge her desire of a walk, followed him into the Park.

The captain had reached the top of the Mall, and turning back met her before she had advanced two hundred yards beyond the palace. The moment she perceived him, the remembrance of her message, the motives that produced it, the detection of its falsehood, and discovery of its design, her disappointment and consciousness of that very situation which she had so much reason to avoid, all concurred to

cover her with confusion which it was impossible to hide: pride and good breeding were, however, still predominant over truth and prudence; she was still zealous to remove from the captain's mind any suspicion of a design to shun him; and therefore, with an effort perhaps equal to that of a hero who smiles upon the rack, she affected an air of gaiety, said she was glad to see him; and as an excuse for her message and her conduct, prattled something about the ficklencss of a woman's mind; and concluded with observing, that she changed hers too often ever to be mad. By this conduct a retreat was rendered impossible, and they walked together till between eight and nine: but the clouds having insensibly gathered, and a sudden shower falling just as they reached Spring-Gardens, they went out instead of going back: and the captain having put the lady into a chair, took his leave.

It happened that Sir James, contrary to his first purpose, had returned from his journey at night. He learned from the servants, that his lady was gone to Captain Freeman's, and was secretly displeased that she had made this visit when he was absent; an incident, which, however trifling in itself, was by the magic of jealousy swelled into importance: yet upon recollection he reproved himself for this displeasure, since the presence of the captain's lady would sufficiently secure the honour of his own. While he was struggling with these suspicions, they increased both in number and strength in proportion as the night wore away. At one he went to bed; but he passed the night in agonies of terror and resentment, doubting whether the absence of his lady was the effect of accident or design, listening to every noise, and bewildering himself in a multitude of extravagant suppositions. He rose again at break of

lution, whether to wait the issue, or go out for intelligence, the restlessness of curiosity prevailed, and about eight he set out for Captain Freeman's; but left word with his servants, that he was gone to a neighbouring coffee-house.

Mrs. Freeman, whose affected indifference and dissimulation of a design to go immediately to bed, contributed to prevent the captain's return, had during his absence suffered inexpressible disquiet; she had, indeed, neither intention to go to bed, nor inclination to sleep; she walked backward and forward in her chamber, distracted with jealousy and suspense, till she was informed that Sir James was below, and desired to see her. When she came down, he discovered that she had been in tears; his fear was now more alarmed than his jealousy, and he concluded that some fatal accident had befallen his wife; but he soon learned that she and the captain had gone from thence at five in the morning, and that he was not yet returned. Mrs. Freeman, by Sir James's inquiry, knew that his lady had not been at home: her suspicions, therefore, were confirmed; and in her jealousy, which to prevent a duel she laboured to conceal, Sir James found new cause for his own. He determined, however, to wait with as much decency as possible, till the captain came in; and perhaps two persons were never more embarrassed by the presence of each other. While breakfast was getting ready, Dr. Tattle came to pay Mrs. Freeman a morning visit; and to the unspeakable relief both of the lady and her guest was immediately admitted. Doctor Tattle is one of those male gossips who, in the common opinion, are the most diverting company in the world. The doctor saw that Mrs. Freeman was low-spirited, and made several efforts to divert her, but without success: at last he declared with

such news as would make her look grave for something. 'The captain,' says he, 'has just huddled a lady into a chair, at the door of a bagnio near Spring Gardens.' He soon perceived, that this speech was received with emotions very different from those he intended to produce; and, therefore, added, 'that she need not, however, be jealous; for notwithstanding the manner in which he had related the incident, the lady was certainly a woman of character, as he instantly discovered by her mien and appearance.' This particular confirmed the suspicion it was intended to remove; and the doctor finding that he was not so good company as usual, took his leave, but was met at the door by the captain, who brought him back. His presence, however insignificant, imposed some restraint upon the rest of the company; and Sir James, with as good an appearance of jocularity as he could assume, asked the captain, 'what he had done with his wife.' The captain, with some irresolution, replied, that 'he had left her early in the morning at her father's; and that having made a point of waiting on her home, she sent word down that her cousin Meadows was indisposed, and had engaged her to breakfast.' The captain, who knew nothing of the anecdote that had been communicated by the doctor, judged by appearances that it was prudent thus indirectly to lie, by concealing the truth both from Sir James and his wife: he supposed, indeed, that Sir James would immediately inquire after his wife at her father's, and learn that she did not stay there to breakfast; but as it would not follow that they had been together, he left her to account for her absence as she thought fit, taking for granted that what he had concealed she also would conceal, for the same reasons; or if she did not, as he had affirmed nothing contrary to truth, he might pretend to have concealed it in jest. Sir James, as

soon as he had received this intelligence, took his leave with some appearance of satisfaction, and was followed by the doctor.

As soon as Mrs. Freeman and the captain were alone, she questioned him with great earnestness about the lady whom he had been seen to put into a chair. When he had heard that this incident had been related in the presence of Sir James, he was greatly alarmed lest Lady Forrest should increase his suspicions, by attempting to conceal that which, by a series of inquiry to which he was now stimulated, he would probably discover: he condemned this conduct in himself, and, as the most effectual means at once to quiet the mind of his wife and obtain her assistance, he told her all that had happened, and his apprehension of the consequences: he also urged her to go directly to Miss Meadows, by whom his account would be confirmed, and of whom she might learn further intelligence of Sir James; and to find some way to acquaint Lady Forrest with her danger, and admonish her to conceal nothing.

Mrs. Freeman was convinced of the captain's sincerity, not only by the advice which he urged her to give to Lady Forrest, by the consistency of the story and the manner in which he was affected. Her jealousy was changed into pity for her friend, and apprehension for her husband. She hasted to Miss Meadows, and learned that Sir James had inquired of the servant for his lady, and was told that she had been there early with Captain Freeman, but went away soon after him: she related to Miss Meadows all that had happened, and, thinking it at least possible that Sir James might not go directly home, she wrote the following letter to his lady:

'MY DEAR LADY FORREST,

has suspicions which truth only can remove, and of which my indiscretion is the cause. If I had not concealed my desire of the captain's return, your design to disengage yourself from him, which I learn from Miss Meadows, would have been effected. Sir James breakfasted with me in the Haymarket; and has since called at your father's, from whence I write: he knows that your stay here was short, and has reason to believe the captain put you into a chair some hours afterwards at Spring-Gardens. I hope, therefore, my dear lady, that this will reach your hands time enough to prevent your concealing any thing. It would have been better if Sir James had known nothing, for then you would not have been suspected; but now he must know all, or you cannot be justified. Forgive the freedom with which I write, and believe me most affectionately

'Yours,

'MARIA FREEMAN.

'P. S. I have ordered the bearer to say he came from Mrs. Fashion, the milliner.'

This letter was given to a chairman, and he was ordered to say he brought it from the milliner's; because, if it should be known to come from Mrs. Freeman, and should fall by accident into Sir James's hands, his curiosity might prompt him to read it, and his jealousy to question the lady, without communicating the contents.



No. 56. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1753.

—*Multos in summa pericula misit*
Venturi timor ipse mali.— LUCAN.

How oft the fear of ill to ill betrays!

Sir James being convinced that his lady and the captain had passed the morning at a bagnio, by the answer which he received at her father's, went directly home. His lady was just arrived before him, and had not recovered from the confusion and dread which seized her when she heard that Sir James came to town the night before, and at the same instant anticipated the consequences of her own indiscretion. She was told he was then at the coffee-house, and in a few minutes was thrown into an universal tremor upon hearing him knock at the door. He perceived her distress not with compassion but rage, because he believed it to proceed from the consciousness of guilt: he turned pale, and his lips quivered; but he so far restrained his passion as to ask her, without invective, 'Where, and how she had passed the night?' She replied, 'At Captain Freeman's; that the captain was upon guard, that she sat up with his lady till he came in, and that then, insisting to see her home, she would suffer the coach to go no further than her father's, where he left her early in the morning:' she had not fortitude to relate the sequel, but stopped with some appearance of irresolution and terror. Sir James then asked, 'If she came directly from her father's home.' This question, and the manner in which it was asked, increased her confusion: to appear to have stopped short in her narra-

tive, she thought would be an implication of guilt, as it would betray a desire of concealment: but the past could not be recalled, and she was impelled by equivocation to falsehood, from which, however, she would have been kept back by fear, if Sir James had not deceived her into a belief that he had been no further than the neigbourhood. After these tumultuous reflections, which passed in a moment, she ventured to affirm, that 'she stayed with Miss Meadows till eight, and then came home:' but she uttered this falsehood with such marks of guilt and shame, which she had indeed no otherwise than by this falsehood incurred or deserved, that Sir James no more doubted her infidelity than her existence. As her story was the same with that of the captain's, and as one had concealed the truth and the other denied it, he concluded there was a confederacy between them; and, determining first to bring the captain to account, he turned from her abruptly, and immediately left the house.

At the door he met the chairman who had been despatched by Mrs. Freeman to his lady, and fiercely interrogated him what was his business: the man produced the letter, and saying, as he had been ordered, that he brought it from Mrs. Fashion, Sir James snatched it from him, and muttering some expressions of contempt and resentment, thrust it into his pocket.

It happened that Sir James did not find the captain at home: he, therefore, left a billet, in which he requested to see him at a neighbouring tavern, and added that he had put on his sword.

In the mean time, his lady, dreading a discovery of the falsehood which she had asserted, despatched a billet to Captain Freeman; in which she conjured him as a man of honour, for particular reasons, not to own to Sir James, or any other person,

that he had seen her after he had left her at her father's: she also wrote to her cousin Meadows, entreating, that if she was questioned by Sir James, he might be told that she stayed with her till eight o'clock, an hour at which only herself and the servants were up.

The billet to Miss Meadows came soon after the chairman had returned with an account of what had happened to the letter; and Mrs. Freeman was just gone in great haste to relate the accident to the captain, as it was of importance that he should know it before his next interview with Sir James: but the captain had been at home before her, and had received both Sir James's billet and that of his lady. He went immediately to the tavern, and, inquiring for Sir James Forrest, was shown into a back-room one pair of stairs: Sir James received his salutation without reply, and instantly bolted the door. His jealousy was complicated with that indignation and contempt, which a sense of injury from a person of inferior rank never fails to produce; he, therefore, demanded of the captain in a haughty tone, 'Whether he had not that morning been in company with his wife, after he had left her at her father's?' The captain, who was incensed at Sir James's manner, and deemed himself engaged in honour to keep the lady's secret, answered, that 'after what he had said in the morning, no man had a right to suppose he had seen the lady afterwards; that to insinuate the contrary, was obliquely to charge him with a falsehood; that he was bound to answer no such questions, till they were properly explained; and that as a gentleman he was prepared to vindicate his honour.' Sir James justly deemed this reply an equivocation and an insult; and being no longer able to restrain his rage, he cursed the captain as a liar and a scoundrel, and at the same time striking him a

violent blow with his fist, drew his sword and put himself in a posture of defence. Whatever design the captain might have had to bring his friend to temper, and reconcile him to his wife, when he first entered the room, he was now equally enraged, and indeed had suffered equal indignity; he, therefore, drew at the same instant, and after a few desperate passes on both sides, he received a wound in his breast, and reeling backward a few paces fell down.

The noise had brought many people to the door of the room, and it was forced open just as the captain received his wound: Sir James was secured, and a messenger was despatched for a surgeon. In the mean time, the captain perceived himself to be dying: and whatever might before have been his opinion of right and wrong, and honour and shame, he now thought all dissimulation criminal, and that his murderer had a right to that truth which he thought it meritorious to deny him when he was his friend: he, therefore, earnestly desired to speak a few words to him in private. This request was immediately granted: the persons who had rushed in withdrew, contenting themselves to keep guard at the door; and the captain beckoning to Sir James to kneel down by him, then told him, that 'however his lady might have been surprised or betrayed by pride or fear into dissimulation or falsehood, she was innocent of the crime which he supposed her solicitous to conceal:' he then briefly related all the events as they had happened; and at last, grasping his hand, urged him to escape from the window, that he might be a friend to his widow and to his child, if its birth should not be prevented by the death of its father. Sir James yielded to the force of this motive, and

the chairman, and the next post enclosed it in the following to his lady:

'MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

'I AM the most wretched of all men; but I do not upbraid you as the cause: would to God that I were not more guilty than you! We are the martyrs of dissimulation. By dissimulation dear Captain Freeman was induced to waste those hours with you, which he would otherwise have enjoyed with the poor unhappy dissembler his wife. Trusting in the success of dissimulation, you was tempted to venture into the Park, where you met him whom you wished to shun. By detecting dissimulation in the captain, my suspicions were increased; and by dissimulation and falsehood you confirmed them. But your dissimulation and falsehood were the effects of mine; yours were ineffectual, mine succeeded: for I left word that I was gone no further than the coffee-house, that you might not suspect I had learned too much to be deceived. By the success of a lie put into the mouth of a chairman, I was prevented from reading a letter which at last would have undeceived me; and by persisting in dissimulation, the captain has made his friend a fugitive, and his wife a widow. Thus does insincerity terminate in misery and confusion, whether in its immediate purpose it succeeds or is disappointed. O my dear Charlotte! if ever we meet again,——to meet again in peace is impossible ——but if ever we meet again, let us resolve to be sincere: to be sincere is to be wise, innocent, and safe. We venture to commit faults which shame or fear would prevent, if we did not hope to conceal them by a lie. But in the labyrinth of falsehood, men meet those evils which they seek to avoid; and as in the straight path of truth alone they can see

can pursue felicity with success. Adieu! I am ——dreadful!—I can subscribe nothing that does not reproach and torment me. Adieu!'

Within a few weeks after the receipt of this letter, the unhappy lady heard that her husband was cast away in his passage to France.

No. 57. TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1753.

—Nec vox hominem sonat.—

VIRG. ÆN. i. 328.

—O more than human voice!

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"LONGINUS proceeds to address his friend Terentianus in the following manner:

'It is the peculiar privilege of poetry, not only to place material objects in the most amiable attitudes, and to clothe them in the most graceful dress, but also to give life and motion to immaterial beings; and form, and colour, and action, even to abstract ideas; to embody the virtues, the vices, and the passions; and to bring before our eyes, as on a stage, every faculty of the human mind.

'Prosopopœia, therefore, or personification, conducted with dignity and propriety, may be justly esteemed one of the greatest efforts of the creative power of a warm and lively imagination. Of this

from the Jewish writers I have been so earnestly recommending to your perusal; among whom, every part and object of nature is animated, and endowed with sense, with passion, and with language.

'To say that the lightning obeyed the commands of God, would of itself be sufficiently sublime; but a Hebrew bard expresses this idea with far greater energy and life: 'Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are!' And again, God sendeth forth light, and it goeth; He calleth it again, and it obeyeth Him with fear.' How animated, how emphatical, is this unexpected answer, 'Here we are!'

'Plato, with a divine boldness, introduces in his Crito, the Laws of Athens pleading with Socrates, and dissuading him from an attempt to escape from the prison in which he was confined; and the Roman rival of Domesthenes, has made his country tenderly expostulate with Catiline, on the dreadful miseries, which his rebellion would devolve on her head. But will a candid critic prefer either of these admired personifications, to those passages in the Jewish poets, where Babylon, or Jerusalem, or Tyre, are represented as sitting in the dust, covered with sackcloth, stretching out their hands in vain, and loudly lamenting their desolation? Nay, further, will he reckon them even equal to the following fictions? Wisdom is introduced, saying of herself: 'When God prepared the heavens, I was there; when he set a circle upon the face of the deep, when he gave to the sea his decree that the waters should not pass his commandments, when he appointed the foundations of the earth, then was I by him as one brought up with him; and I was daily his delight, playing always before him.' Where, Terentianus, shall we find our Minerva, speaking with such dig-

nity and elevation? The goddess of the Hebrew bard, is not only the patroness and inventress of arts and learning, the parent of felicity and fame, the guardian and conductress of human life; but she is painted as immortal and eternal, the constant companion of the great Creator himself, and the partaker of his counsels and designs. Still bolder is the other prosopopœia: 'Destruction and death say of wisdom, we have heard the fame thereof with our ears.' If pretenders to taste and judgement censure such a fiction as extravagant and wild, I despise their frigidity and gross insensibility.

'When Jehovah is represented as descending to punish the earth in his just anger, it is added, 'Before him went the pestilence.' When the Babylonian tyrant is destroyed, the fir-trees rejoice at his fall, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, 'Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us'? And at the captivity of Jerusalem the very ramparts and the walls lament, They languish together. Read likewise the following address, and tell me what emotion you feel at the time of perusal: 'O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest and be silent.' Art thou not amazed and delighted, my friend, to behold joy and anguish, and revenge ascribed to the tress of the forest, to walls, and warlike instruments.

'Before I conclúde these observations, I cannot forbear taking notice of two remarkable passages in the Hebrew writers, because they bear a close resemblance with two in our own tragedians.

'Sophocles, by a noble prosopopœia, thus aggravates the misery of the Thebans, visited by a dreadful plague——'Hell is enriched with groans and lamentations.' This image is heightened by a Jewish

mous monster, who hath extended and enlarged himself, and opened his insatiable mouth without measure.'

'Cassandra, in Æschylus, struck with the treachery and barbarity of Clytemnestra, who is murdering her husband Agamemnon, suddenly exclaims in a prophetic fury, 'Shall I call her the direful mother of Hell!' To represent the most terrible species of destruction, the Jewish poet says, 'The first-born of Death shall devour his strength.'

'Besides the attribution of person and action to objects immaterial or inanimate, there is still another species of the prosopopœia no less lively and beautiful than the former, when a real person is introduced speaking with propriety and decorum. The speeches which the Jewish poets have put into the mouth of their Jehovah, are worthy the greatness and incomprehensible majesty of the all-perfect Being. Hear him asking one of his creatures, with a lofty kind of irony, 'Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereon are the foundations thereof fastened, or who laid the corner-stone? when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth as if it had issued out of the womb? When I brake it up for my decreed place, and set bars, and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall the pride of thy waves be stayed.' How can we reply to these sublime inquiries, but in the words that follow? 'Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.'

'I have in a former treatise observed to you, that

quate and indecent representations, but have made the great Creator act and speak in a manner suitable to the supreme dignity of his nature, as far as the grossness of mortal conceptions will permit. From the sublimity and spirituality of their notions, so different in degree and kind from those of the most exalted philosophers, one may, perhaps, be inclined to think their claim to a divine inspiration reasonable and just, since God alone can describe himself to man.

'I had written thus far, when I received despatches from the empress Zenobia, with orders to attend her instantly at Palmyra; but am resolved, before I set out, to add to this letter a few remarks on the beautiful comparisons of the Hebrew poets.

'The use of similes in general consists in the illustration or amplification of any subject, or in presenting pleasing pictures to the mind by the suggestion of new images. Homer and the Hebrew bards disdain minute resemblances, and seek not an exact correspondence with every feature of the object they introduce. Provided a general likeness appear, they think it sufficient. Not solicitous for exactness, which in every work is the sure criterion of a cold and creeping genius, they introduce many circumstances that perhaps have no direct affinity to the subject, but taken all together contribute to the variety and beauty of the piece.

'The pleasures of friendship and benevolence are compared to the perfumes that flow from the ointments usually poured on the priest's head, which run down to his beard and even to the skirts of his clothing. The sun rising and breaking in upon the shades of night, is compared to a bridegroom issuing out of his chamber; in allusion to the Jewish custom of ushering the bridegroom from his chamber at mid-

amiably is the tenderness and solicitude of God for his favourites expressed! 'As the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead them!' On the other hand, how dreadfully is his indignation described! 'I will be unto them as a lion, as a leopard by the way will I observe them. I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and I will rent the caul of their heart.' A little afterwards the scene suddenly changes, and divine favour is painted by the following similitudes: 'I will be as the dew unto Judea; he shall grow as the lily; his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell like Mount Libanus.' Menander himself, that just characterizer of human life, has not given us a more apt and lively comparison than the following: 'As the climbing a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man.' Nor has one of our Grecian poets spoken so feelingly, so eloquently, or so elegantly of beauty, as the emperor Solomon of his mistress, or bride, in images perfectly original and new: 'Thy hair,' says he, 'is as a flock of goats that appear upon Mount Gilead; thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, that come up from the washing:' by which similitude their exact equality, evenness, and whiteness are justly represented. 'Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men:' that is, straight and tall, adorned with golden chains and the richest jewels of the East. 'Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies;' the exquisite elegance and propriety of which similitude need not be pointed out, and cannot be excelled.

conclusion, not only for the sake of its beauty and justness, but because it describes a friendship so different from the constancy which I hope will ever be the character of yours and mine. 'My brethren,' says the writer, 'have dealt deceitfully with me. They are like torrents which, when swollen and increased with winter showers, and the meltings of ice, promise great and unfailing plenty of waters; but in the times of violent heats, suddenly are parched up and disappear. The traveller, in the deserts of Arabia, seeks for them in vain; the troops of Sheba looked, the caravans of Tema waited for them: they came to the accustomed springs for relief; they were confounded, they perished with thirst.'

'In giving you these short specimens of Jewish poesy, I think I may compare myself to those spies which the abovementioned Moses despatched, to discover the country he intended to conquer; and who brought from thence, as evidences of its fruitfulness, the most delicious figs and pomegranates, and a branch with one cluster of grapes, 'so large and weighty,' says the historian, 'that they bare it between two, upon a staff.' Farewell."

Z

No. 58. SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1753.

Damnant quod non intelligunt.

CIC.

They condemn what they do not understand.

EURIPIDES, having presented Socrates with the writings of Heraclitus, a philosopher famed for involu-

tion and obscurity, inquired afterwards his opinion of their merit. 'What I understand,' said Socrates, 'I find to be excellent; and, therefore, believe that to be of equal value which I cannot understand.'

The reflection of every man who reads this passage will suggest to him the difference between the practice of Socrates, and that of modern critics. Socrates, who had, by long observation upon himself and others, discovered the weakness of the strongest, and the dimness of the most enlightened intellect, was afraid to decide hastily in his own favour, or to conclude that an author hath written without meaning, because he could not immediately catch his ideas; he knew that the faults of books are often more justly imputable to the reader, who sometimes wants attention, and sometimes penetration; whose understanding is often obstructed by prejudice, and often dissipated by remissness; who comes sometimes to a new study, unfurnished with the knowledge previously necessary, and finds difficulties insuperable, for want of ardour sufficient to encounter them.

Obscurity and clearness are relative terms: to some readers scarce any book is easy, to others not many are difficult; and surely they, whom neither any exuberant praise bestowed by others, nor any eminent conquests over stubborn problems, have entitled to exalt themselves above the common orders of mankind, might condescend to imitate the candour of Socrates; and where they find incontestable proofs of superior genius, be content to think that there is justness in the connexion which they cannot trace, and cogency in the reasoning which they cannot comprehend.

This diffidence is never more reasonable, than in the perusal of the authors of antiquity; of those whose works have been the delight of ages, and transmitted as the great inheritance of mankind from one genera-

tion to another: surely, no man can, without the utmost arrogance, imagine, that he brings any superiority of understanding to the perusal of these books which have been preserved in the devastation of cities, and snatched up from the wreck of nations; which those who fled before barbarians have been careful to carry off in the hurry of migration, and of which barbarians have repented the destruction. If in books thus made venerable by the uniform attestation of successive ages, any passages shall appear unworthy of that praise which they have formerly received; let us not immediately determine, that they owed their reputation to dullness or bigotry; but suspect, at least, that our ancestors had some reasons for their opinions, and that our ignorance of those reasons makes us differ from them.

It often happens, that an author's reputation is endangered in succeeding times, by that which raised the loudest applause among his contemporaries: nothing is read with greater pleasure than allusions to recent facts, reigning opinions, or present controversies; but when facts are forgotten, and controversies extinguished, these favourite touches lose all their graces; and the author, in his descent to posterity, must be left to the mercy of chance, without any power of ascertaining the memory of those things to which he owed his luckiest thoughts, and his kindest reception.

On such occasions, every reader should remember the diffidence of Socrates, and repair, by his candour, the injuries of time; he should impute the seeming defects of his author to some chasm of intelligence, and suppose, that the sense which is now weak was once forcible, and the expression which is now dubious formerly determinate.

How much the mutilation of ancient history has

may be conjectured from the light which a lucky commentator sometimes effuses, by the recovery of an incident that had been long forgotten: thus, in the third book of Horace, Juno's denunciations against those that should presume to raise again the walls of Troy, could for many ages please only by splendid images and swelling language, of which no man discovered the use or propriety, till Le Fevre, by showing on what occasion the Ode was written, changed wonder to rational delight. Many passages yet, undoubtedly, remain in the same author, which an exacter knowledge of the incidents of his time would clear from objections. Among these, I have always numbered the following lines:

Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit auguris
Argivi domus ob lucrum,
Demersa exitio. Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, et subruit æmulos
Reges muneribus. Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.

CAR. iii. 16. 9.

Stronger than thunder's winged force,
All-powerful gold can speed its course,
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break:
From gold the overwhelming woes,
That crush'd the Grecian augur, rose:
Philip with gold through cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke.
Captains of ships to gold are slaves,
Though fierce as their own winds and waves.

FRANCIS.

The close of this passage, by which every reader is now disappointed and offended, was probably the delight of the Roman court: it cannot be imagined that

der, and told of its power to storm cities and to conquer kings, would have concluded his account of its efficacy with its influence over naval commanders, had he not alluded to some fact then current in the mouths of men, and therefore more interesting, for a time, than the conquests of Philip. Of the like kind may be reckoned another stanza in the same book:

—Jussa coràm non sine conscio
Surgit marito, seu vocat institor,
Seu navis Hispanæ magister,
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor. CAR. iii. 6. 29.

The conscious husband bids her rise,
When some rich factor courts her charms,
And calls the wanton to his arms;
And, prodigal of wealth and fame,
Profusely buys the costly shame. FRANCIS.

He has little knowledge of Horace who imagines that the factor, or the Spanish merchant, are mentioned by chance: there was, undoubtedly, some popular story of an intrigue, which those names recalled to the memory of his reader.

The flame of his genius in other parts, though somewhat dimmed by time, is not totally eclipsed; his address and judgement yet appear, though much of the spirit and vigour of his sentiment is lost: this has happened to the twentieth Ode of the first book.

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græcâ quod ego ipse testâ
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
Cùm tibi plausus,
Care Mæcenas eques: ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.

A poet's beverage humbly cheap,
Should great Mæcenas be my guest,
The vintage of the Sabine grape,
But yet in sober cups, shall crown the feast:

'Twas rack'd into a Grecian cask,
Its rougher juice to melt away;
I seal'd it too——a pleasing task!
With annual joy to mark the glorious day,

When in applausive shouts thy name
Spread from the theatre around,
Floating on thine own Tiber's stream,
And Echo, playful nymph, return'd the sound.

FRANCIS.

We here easily remark the intertexture of a happy compliment with a humble invitation; but certainly are less delighted than those, to whom the mention of the applause bestowed upon Mæcenas, gave occasion to recount the actions or words that produced it.

Two lines which have exercised the ingenuity of modern critics, may, I think, be reconciled to the judgement, by an easy supposition: Horace thus addresses Agrippa:

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium
Victor, Mæonii carmini alite.

CAR. i. 6.

Varius, a swan of Homer's wing,
Shall brave Agrippa's conquests sing.

That Varius should be called 'a bird of Homeric song,' appears so harsh to modern ears, that an emendation of the text has been proposed; but surely the learning of the ancients had been long ago obliterated, had every man thought himself at liberty to corrupt the lines which he did not understand. If we imagine that Varius had been by any of his contemporaries celebrated under the appellation of Musarum Ales, the swan of the Muses, the language of Horace becomes graceful and familiar; and that such a compliment was at least possible, we know from the

The most elegant compliment that was paid to Addison, is of this obscure and perishable kind.

> When panting Virtue her last efforts made,
> You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

These lines must please as long as they are understood; but can be understood only by those that have observed Addison's signatures in the Spectator.

The nicety of these minute allusions I shall exemplify by another instance, which I take this occasion to mention, because, as I am told, the commentators have omitted it. Tibullus addresses Cynthia in this manner:

> *Te spectem, suprema mihi cùm venerit hora,*
> *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*
>
> Before my closing eyes, dear Cynthia, stand,
> Held weakly by my fainting trembling hand.

To these lines Ovid thus refers in his elegy on the death of Tibullus:

> Cynthia *decedens, Felicius, inquit, amata*
> *Sum tibi; vixisti dum tuus ignis eram.*
> *Cui Nemesis, Quid, ait, tibi sunt mea damna dolori?*
> *Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.*
>
> AMOR. iii. 9. 55.

> Blest was my reign, retiring Cynthia cried:
> Nor till he left my breast, Tibullus died.
> Forbear, said Nemesis, my loss to moan,
> The fainting trembling hand was mine alone.

The beauty of this passage, which consists in the application made by Nemesis of the line originally directed to Cynthia, had been wholly imperceptible to succeeding ages, had chance, which has destroyed so many greater volumes, deprived us likewise of the poems of Tibullus.

No. 59. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1753.

—*Si Piriâ quadrans tibi nullus in umbrâ*
Ostendatur, ames nomen victumque Machæræ;
Et vendas potiùs, commissa quod auctio vendit
Stantibus, œnophorum, tripodes, armaria, cistas,
Halcyonem Bacchi, Thebas, et Terea Fausti.

JUV. SAT. vii. 8.

If not a souse in thy lank purse appear,
Go mount the rostrum and turn auctioneer;
With china crack'd the greedy crowd trepan,
With spurious pictures and with false japan;
Sell the collected stores of misers dead,
Or English peers for debts to Gallia fled.

THE indigence of authors, and particularly of poets, has long been the object of lamentation and ridicule, of compassion and contempt.

It has been observed, that not one favourite of the Muses has ever been able to build a house since the days of Amphion, whose art it would be fortunate for them if they possessed: and that the greatest punishment that can possibly be inflicted on them, is to oblige them to sup in their own lodgings.

—*Molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ.*

JUV. SAT. iii. 202.

Where pigeons lay their eggs.

Boileau introduces Damon, whose writings entertained and instructed the city and the court, as having passed the summer without a shirt, and the winter without a cloak; and resolving at last to forsake Paris,

—*où la vertu n'a plus ni feu ni lieu ;*
Where shivering worth no longer finds a home;

and to find out a retreat in some distant grotto,

D' où jamais ni l'huissier ni le sergent n' approche ;
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest.

POPE.

'The rich comedian,' says Bruyere, 'lolling in his gilt chariot, bespatters the face of Corneille walking afoot:' and Juvenal remarks that his contemporary bards generally qualified themselves by their diet, to make excellent bustos; that they were compelled sometimes to hire lodgings at a baker's, in order to warm themselves for nothing; and that it was the common fate of the fraternity,

Pallere, et vinum toto nescire Decembri.

SAT. vii. 97.

—To pine,
Look pale, and all December taste no wine.

DRYDEN.

Virgil himself is strongly suspected to have lain in the streets, or in some Roman bulk, when he speaks so feelingly of a rainy and tempestuous night in his well-known epigram.

'There ought to be an hospital founded for decayed wits,' said a lively Frenchman, 'and it might be called an hospital of incurables.'

Few, perhaps, wander among the laurels of Parnassus, but who have reason ardently to wish and to exclaim with Æneas, but without the hero's good fortune,

Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
Ostendat nemore in tanto!

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 187.

O! in this ample grove could I behold

The patronage of Lælius and Scipio did not enable Terence to rent a house. Tasso, in a humorous sonnet addressed to his favourite cat, earnestly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight studies, not being himself able to purchase a candle to write by. Dante, the Homer of Italy, and Camoens of Portugal, were both banished and imprisoned. Cervantes, perhaps, the most original genius the world ever beheld, perished by want in the streets of Madrid, as did our own Spenser at Dublin. And a writer, little inferior to the Spaniard in the exquisiteness of his humour and raillery, I mean Erasmus, after the tedious wanderings of many years, from city to city, and from patron to patron, praised and promised, and deceived by all, obtained no settlement but with his printer. 'At last,' says he, in one of his epistles 'I should have been advanced to a cardinalship, if there had not been a decree in my way, by which those are secluded from this honour, whose income amounts not to three thousand ducats.'

I remember to have read a satire in Latin prose entitled, 'A Poet hath bought a house.' The poet having purchased a house, the matter was immediately laid before the parliament of poets, assembled on that important occasion, as a thing unheard of, as a very bad precedent, and of most pernicious consequence; and accordingly a very severe sentence was pronounced against the buyer. When the members came to give their votes, it appeared there was not a single person in the assembly, who, through the favour of powerful patrons, or their own happy genius, was worth so much as to be proprietor of a house, either by inheritance or purchase; all of them neglecting their private fortunes, confessed and boasted, that they lived in lodgings. The poet was, therefore, ordered to sell his house immediately, to

buy wine with the money for their entertainment, in order to make some expiation for his enormous crime, and to teach him to live unsettled and without care, like a true poet.

Such are the ridiculous and such the pitiable stories related, to expose the poverty of poets in different ages and nations; but which, I am inclined to think are rather the boundless exaggerations of satire and fancy, than the sober result of experience, and the determination of truth and judgement; for the general position may be contradicted by numerous examples; and it may, perhaps, appear on reflection and examination, that the art is not chargeable with the faults and failings of its peculiar professors; that it has no peculiar tendency to make men either rakes or spendthrifts, and that those who are indigent poets would have been indigent merchants and mechanics.

The neglect of economy, in which great geniuses are supposed to have indulged themselves, has unfortunately given so much authority and justification to carelessness and extravagance, that many a minute rhymer has fallen into dissipation and drunkenness, because Butler and Otway lived and died in an alehouse. As a certain blockhead wore his gown on one shoulder to mimic the negligence of Sir Thomas More, so these servile imitators follow their masters in all that disgraced them; contract immoderate debts, because Dryden died insolvent; and neglect to change their linen, because Smith was a sloven. 'If I should happen to look pale,' says Horace, 'all the hackney-writers in Rome would immediately drink cummin to gain the same complexion.' And I myself am acquainted with a witling who uses a glass, only because Pope was near-sighted.

overwhelmed with the weight and immensity of its own conceptions, 'glancing' with astonishing rapidity 'from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven,' cannot willingly submit to the dull drudgery of examining the justness and accuracy of a butcher's bill. To descend from the widest and most comprehensive views of nature, and weigh out hops for a brewing, must be invincibly disgusting to a true genius: to be able to build imaginary palaces of the most exquisite architecture, but yet not to pay a carpenter's bill, is a cutting mortification and disgrace: to be ruined by pursuing the precepts of Virgilian agriculture, and by ploughing classically, without attending to the wholesome monitions of low British farmers, is a circumstance that aggravates the failure of a crop, to a man who wishes to have lived in the Augustan age, and despises the system of modern husbandry.

Many poets, however, may be found, who have condescended to the cares of economy, and who have conducted their families with all the parsimony and regularity of an alderman of the last century; who have not superciliously disdained to enter into the concerns of common life, and to subscribe to and study certain necessary dogmas of the vulgar, convinced of their utility and expediency, and well knowing that because they are vulgar, they are, therefore, both important and true.

If we look backwards on antiquity, or survey ages nearer our own, we shall find several of the greatest geniuses so far from being sunk in indigence, that many of them enjoyed splendour, and honours, or at least were secured against the anxieties of poverty, by a decent competence and plenty of the conveniences of life.

Indeed, to pursue riches further than to attain a [illegible] competence, is too low and illiberal an occu-

pation for a real genius to descend to; and Horace wisely ascribes the manifest inferiority of the Roman literature to the Grecian, to an immoderate love of money, which necessarily contracts and rusts the mind, and disqualifies it for noble and generous undertakings.

Æschylus was an officer of no small rank in the Athenian army at the celebrated battle of Marathon; and Sophocles was an accomplished general, who commanded his countrymen in several most important expeditions: Theocritus was caressed and enriched by Ptolemy; and the gaiety of Anacreon was the result of ease and plenty: Pindar was better rewarded for many of his odes, than any other bard ancient or modern, except, perhaps, Boileau, for his celebrated piece of flattery on the taking of Namur: Virgil at last possessed a fine house at Rome, and a villa at Naples: 'Horace,' says Swift in one of his lectures on economy to Gay, 'I am sure kept his coach:' Lucan and Silius Italicus dwelt in marble palaces, and had their gardens adorned with the most exquisite capital statues of Greece: Milton was fond of a domestic life, and lived with exemplary frugality and order: Corneille and Racine were both admirable masters of their families, faithful husbands, and prudent economists: Boileau, by the liberalities of Lewis, was enabled to purchase a delightful privacy at Auteuil, was eminently skilled in the management of his finances, and despised that affectation which arrogantly aims to place itself above the necessary decorums and rules of civil life; in all which particulars they were equalled by Addison, Swift, and Pope.

It ought not, therefore, to be concluded, from a few examples to the contrary, that poetry and prudence are incompatible; a conclusion that seems to

haviour of the despicable debauchees, that disgraced the Muses, and the court of Charles the Second, by their lives and by their writings. Let those who are blessed with genius recollect, that economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; and the beauteous sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health: and that profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts; that is, fetters them with 'irons that enter into ther souls.'

Z

No. 60. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1753.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri.

—Our foes may teach; the wise by foes are taught.

To have delayed the publication of the following letter would have been surely inexcusable; as it is subscribed by the name of a very great personage, who has been long celebrated for his superiority of genius and knowledge; and whose abilities will not appear to have been exaggerated by servility or faction, when his genuine productions shall be better known. He has, indeed, been suspected of some attempts against Revealed Religion; but the letter which I have the honour to publish, will do justice to his character, and set his principles in a new light.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

will naturally conclude, that your views and mine are directly opposite: and my attempt to show, that it is your interest to admit my correspondence, will therefore be considered as a proof of the contrary. You will, however, soon discover, that by promoting your interest, I seek my own; and when you have read my letter, you will be far from suspecting, that under a specious show of concurrence in your undertaking, I have concealed an attempt to render it ineffectual.

"Never to give up the present for the future, is a maxim which I have always taught both by precept and example: I consider the NOW, as the whole of my existence; and, therefore, to improve it, is the whole of my study. And, indeed, happiness, like virtue, consists not in rest but in action; it is found rather in the pursuit than the attainment of an end: for though the death of the stag is the purpose of the chase; yet the moment this purpose is accomplished, the sport is at an end. Virtue and religion alone can afford me employment: without them, I must inevitably be idle; and to be idle is to be wretched. I should therefore, instead of attempting to destroy the principles upon which I was resisted, have been content to surmount them: for he who should hamstring the game, lest any of them should escape, would be justly disappointed of the pleasure of running them down. Such, indeed, is my present condition: and as it will at once answer your purpose and mine, I shall exhibit an account of my conduct, and show how my disappointment was produced.

"My principal business has always been to counterwork the effects of Revealed Religion: I have, therefore, had little to do, except among Jews and Christians. In the early ages of the world, when revelation was frequently repeated with sensible and miraculous circumstances, I was far from being idle;

and still think it an incontestable proof of my abilities, that even then my labour was not always unsuccessful. I applied not so much to the understanding as to the senses, till after the promulgation of Christianity; but I soon discovered that Christianity afforded motives to virtue and piety, which were scarce to be overpowered by temptation: I was, therefore, obliged now to exert my power, not upon the senses but the understanding. As I could not suspend the force of these motives, I laboured to direct them towards other objects: and, in the eighth century I had so far succeeded, as to produce a prevailing opinion, that 'the worship of images was of more moment than moral rectitude:' it was decreed by a pope and council, that to speak of them with irreverence was a forfeit of salvation, and that the offender should, therefore, be excommunicated: those who opposed this decree, were persecuted with fire and sword; and I had the satisfaction not only of supplanting virtue, but of propagating misery, by a zeal for religion. I must not, however, arrogate all the honour of an event which so much exceeded my hopes; for many arguments in favour of images were drawn from a book, entitled 'Pratum Spirituale:' in which it is affirmed, that having long tempted a hermit to incontinence, I offered to desist if he would cease to worship an image of the Virgin; and that the hermit having consulted an abbot, whether to accept or refuse the condition, was told, that it was more eligible to commit incontinence, than to neglect the worship of images: and I declare upon my honour, that the facts, as far as they relate to me, did never happen, but are wholly invented by the ingenious author. That salvation had very little connexion with virtue, was, indeed, an opinion which I propagated

nefit of sacraments to depend upon the qualifications of those by whom they were administered; and that a Bavarian monk having ignorantly baptized in these words, *Baptizo te in nomine patria, filia, et spiritua sancta*, all such baptisms were invalid. Against knowledge, however, I never failed to oppose zeal; and when Virgilius asserted that, the earth being a sphere, there were people upon it the soles of whose feet were directly opposite to each other, the same father Boniface represented him to the pope as a corrupter of the Christian faith; and the pope, concurring with Boniface, soon after excommunicated a bishop for adopting so dangerous an opinion, declaring him a heretic, and a blasphemer against God and his own soul. In these instances, my success was the more remarkable, as I verily believe Boniface himself intended well, because he died a martyr with great constancy.

"I found, however, that while the Gospels were publicly read, the superstructure which I had built upon them was in perpetual danger: I therefore exerted all my influence to discontinue the practice, and at length succeeded, though Aristotle's Ethics were substituted for them in some northern churches; but against Aristotle's Ethics I had not equal objections.

"During this period, therefore, my powers were neither dissipated by unsuccessful labour, nor rendered useless by necessary idleness: I had perplexed and confounded the most simple and salutary doctrines with absurd subtilties and extravagant conceits: and I had armed, with the weapons of superstition, and disguised with the tinsel of ceremony, that religion which comprehended every precept in love to God and to man; which gave no direction about divine worship, but that it should be performed in spirit and in truth; or about social virtue, but

that love of self should be the measure of bounty to others. But there was still personal sanctity, though the doctrine and the discipline of the church were become corrupt and ridiculous: zeal was still animated by integrity, though it was no longer directed by knowledge; the service and the honour of God were still intended, though the means were mistaken. Many, indeed, gladly substituted gain for godliness; and committed every species of wickedness, because they hoped to appropriate works of supererogation that were performed by others: but there were some who practised all the severities of erroneous piety, and suffered the mortification which they recommended: so that I had still something to do, and was still encouraged to diligence by success.

"But all these advantages depended upon ignorance; for the security of ignorance, therefore, I affirmed, that she was the mother of devotion; a lie so successful, that it passed into a proverb.

"The period, however, arrived, when knowledge could be no longer suppressed; and I was under the most dreadful apprehensions that all the absurdities, by which I had diminished the influence and the beauty of Christianity, would now be removed: I could not conceive that those motives which had produced abstinence and solitude, vigils, scourgings, and the mortification of every appetite and every passion, would fail to produce a more reasonable service; or become ineffectual, when the paths of duty appeared to be not only peaceful but pleasant. I did not, however, sit down in despair; but the knowledge which I could not repress, I laboured to pervert. As the human intellect is finite, and can comprehend only finite objects, I knew that if all was rejected as incredible which was not comprehended, I should have

fection, and connected with revelations which an Infinite Being had vouchsafed of himself. I, therefore, immediately opposed reason to faith: I threw out subjects of debate which I knew could never be discussed; the assent of many was suspended, in expectation that impossibilities would be effected; and at last refused in the fretfulness of disappointment. Thus infidelity gradually succeeded to superstition: the hope, and fear, the love, reverence, and gratitude, which had been excited by Christianity, and produced such astonishing effects, were now felt no more; and as the most forcible motives to piety and virtue were again wanting, piety was wholly neglected and virtue rendered more easy and commodious: the bounds of moral obligation included every day less and less; and crimes were committed without compunction, because they were not supposed to incur punishment.

"These evils, Mr. Adventurer, evils both in your estimation and mine, I am afraid will continue if they cannot increase; disputation and scepticism flourish without my influence, and have left no principle for me to counteract: the number of my vassals is indeed greatly increased by the unsolicited wickedness of the present time; but this increase is not equivalent to the pleasure of seduction.

"If the importance, therefore, of Christianity to mankind shall appear from its having busied me to subvert it, and from the misery which I suffer in idleness, now my purpose is unhappily effected; I hope they are not yet so obdurate in ill, as to persist in rejecting it merely in spite to me: and destroy themselves, only that I may not be amused by attempting their destruction. You see, that I have sufficient benevolence to request, that they would regard their own interest, at least as far as it is consistent with mine; and if they refuse me, I am

confident you will think they treat me with more severity than I deserve.

" I have the honour to be, SIR,

" Your most obedient and very humble servant,

" SATAN."

No. 61. TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1753.

Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis.— HOR. EPIST. ii. 1. 9.

Each, inly murmuring at th'unequal meed,
Repines that merit should reward exceed.

PERHAPS there is not any word in the language less understood than honour; and but few that might not have been equally mistaken, without producing equal mischief.

Honour is both a motive and an end: as a principle of action it differs from virtue only in degree, and, therefore, necessarily includes it, as generosity includes justice: and as a reward, it can be deserved only by those actions which no other principle can produce. To say of another, that he is a man of honour, is at once to attribute the principle and to confer the reward. But in the common acceptation of the word, honour, as a principle, does not include virtue; and, therefore, as a reward, is frequently bestowed upon vice. Such, indeed, is the blindness and vassalage of human reason, that men are discouraged from virtue by the fear of shame, and incited to vice by the hope of honour.

Honour, indeed, is always claimed in specious terms; but the facts upon which the claim is founded are often flagitiously wicked. Lotharia arrogates

the character of a man of honour, for having defended a lady, who had put herself under his protection, from insult at the risk of life; and Aleator for fulfilling an engagement, to which the law would not have obliged him, at the expense of liberty. But the champion of the lady had first seduced her to adultery; and, to preserve her from the resentment of her husband, had killed him in a duel: and the martyr to his promise had paid a sum, which should have discharged the bill of a necessitous tradesman, to a gamester of quality who had given him credit at cards.

Such, in the common opinion, are men of honour; and he who, in certain circumstances, should abstain from murder, perfidy, or ingratitude, would be avoided as reflecting infamy upon his company.

In these speculations, I exhausted my waking powers a few nights ago; and at length, sinking into slumber, I was immediately transported into the regions of fancy.

As I was sitting pensive and alone at the foot of a hill, a man, whose appearance was extremely venerable, advanced towards me with great speed; and, beckoning me to follow him, began hastily to climb the hill. My mind suddenly suggested, that this was the Genius of Instruction: I, therefore, instantly rose up, and obeyed the silent intimation of his will: but not being able to ascend with equal rapidity, he caught hold of my hand: 'Linger not,' said he, 'lest the hour of illumination be at an end.' We now ascended together, and when we had gained the summit, he stood still. 'Survey the prospect,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'To the right,' replied I, 'is a long valley, and on the left a boundless plain: at the end of the valley is a mountain that reaches to the clouds; and on the summit a brightness which I cannot yet stedfastly behold.' 'In that

valley,' said he, 'the disciples of Virtue press forward; and the votaries of Vice wander on the plain. In the path of Virtue are many asperities: the foot is sometimes wounded by thorns, and sometimes bruised against a stone; but the sky over it is always serene; the traveller is refreshed by the breezes of health, and invigorated by the ray of cheerfulness. The plain is adorned with flowers, which gratify the sense with fragrance and beauty, but the beauty is transient, and the fragrance hurtful; the ground is soft and level; and the paths are so various, that the turf is no way worn away; but above is perpetual gloom; the sun is not seen, nor the breeze felt; the air stagnates, and pestilential vapours diffuse drowsiness, lassitude, and anxiety. At the foot of the mountain are the bowers of Peace, and on the summit is the temple of Honour.

'But all the disciples of Virtue do not ascend the mountain: her path, indeed, is continued beyond the bowers: and the last stage is the ascent of the precipice: to climb, is the voluntary labour of the vigorous and the bold: to desist, is the irreproachable repose of the timid and the weary. To those, however, who have surmounted the difficulties of the way, the gates of the temple have not always been opened; nor against those by whom it has never been trodden, have they always been shut: the declivity of the mountain on the other side, is gradual and easy; and, by the appointment of fate, the entrance of the temple of Honour has been always kept by Opinion. Opinion, indeed, ought to have acted under the influence of Truth; but was soon perverted by Prejudice and Custom: she admitted many who ascended the mountain without labour from the plain, and rejected some who had toiled up the precipice in the path of Virtue. These, however, were not clamorous for admittance; but either repined in silence, or, ex-

ulting with honest pride in the consciousness of their own dignity, turned from Opinion with contempt and disdain; and smiled upon the world which they had left beneath them, the witness of that labour of which they had been refused the reward.

But the crowd within the temple became discontented and tumultuous: the disciples of Virtue, jealous of an eminence which they had obtained by the utmost eminence of human power, made some attempts to expel those who had strolled negligently up the slope, and been admitted by Opinion to pollute the temple and disgrace the assembly: those whose right was disputed, were, however, all ready to decide the controversy by the sword; and as they dreaded scarce any imputation but cowardice, they treated those with great insolence who declined this decision, and yet would not admit their claim.

'This confusion and uproar was beheld by the goddess with indignation and regret: she flew to the throne of Jupiter, and casting herself at his feet, 'Great ruler of the world,' said she, 'if I have erected a temple to fulfil the purposes of thy wisdom and thy love, to allure mortals up the steep of Virtue, and animate them to communicate happiness at the expense of life; let it not be perverted to render Vice presumptuous, nor possessed by those who dare to perish in the violation of thy laws, and the diffusion of calamity.' Jupiter graciously touched the goddess with his sceptre, and replied, 'that the appointment of fate he could not reverse; that admission to her temple must still depend upon Opinion; but that he would depute Reason to examine her conduct, and, if possible, put her again under the influence of Truth.'

'Reason, therefore, in obedience to the command of Jupiter, descended upon the mountain of Honour, and entered the temple. At the first appearance of

Reason, contention was suspended, and the whole assembly became silent with expectation: but the moment she revealed her commission, the tumult was renewed with yet greater violence. All were equally confident that Reason would establish the determination of Opinion in their favour; and he that spoke loudest hoped to be first heard. Reason knew, that those only had a right to enter the temple, who ascended by the path of Virtue; to determine, therefore, who should be expelled or received, nothing more seemed necessary, than to discover by which avenue they had access: but Reason herself found this discovery, however easy in speculation, very difficult in effect.

'The most flagitious affirmed, that if they had not walked the whole length of the valley, they came into it at the foot of the mountain; and that at least the path by which they had ascended it, was the path of Virtue. This was eagerly contradicted by others; and, to prevent the tedious labour of deducing truth from a great variety of circumstances, Opinion was called to decide the question.

'But it soon appeared, that Opinion scarce knew one path from the other; and that she neither determined to admit or refuse upon certain principles, or with discriminating knowledge. Reason, however, still continued to examine her; and, that she might judge of the credibility of her evidence by the account she would give of a known character, asked her, which side of the mountain was ascended by the Macedonian who deluged the world with blood: she answered without hesitation, 'The side of Virtue; that she knew she was not mistaken, because she saw him in the path at a great distance, and remarked that no man had ever ascended with such impetuous speed.' As Reason knew this account to be false, she ordered Opinion to be dismissed, and

proceeded to a more particular examination of the parties themselves.

'Reason found the accounts of many to be in the highest degree extravagant and absurd: some, as a proof of their having climbed the path of Virtue, described prospects that appeared from the opposite side of the mountain; and others affirmed, that the path was smooth and level, and that many had walked it without stumbling when they were scarce awake, and others when they were intoxicated with wine.

'Upon the foreheads of all these Reason impressed a mark of reprobation: and as she could not expel them without the concurrence of Opinion, she delivered them over to Time, to whom she knew Opinion had always paid great deference, and who had generally been a friend to Truth.

'Time was commanded to use his influence to procure their expulsion, and to persuade Opinion to regulate her determinations by the judgement of Truth. Justice also decreed, that if she persisted to execute her office with negligence and caprice, under the influence of Prejudice, and in concurrence with the absurdities of Custom, she should be given up to Ridicule, a remorseless being who rejoices in the anguish which he inflicts: by him alone Opinion can be punished; at the sound of his scourge, she trembles with apprehension; and whenever it has been applied by the direction of Justice, Opinion has always become obedient to Truth.

'Time,' continued my instructor, 'still labours to fulfil the command of Reason: but though he has procured many to be expelled who had been admitted, yet he has gained admission for but few who had been rejected; and Opinion still continues negligent and perverse; for as she has often felt the scourge of Ridicule when it has not been deserved,

the dread of it has no otherwise influenced her conduct, than by throwing her into such confusion, that the purposes of Reason are sometimes involuntarily defeated.

'How then,' said I, 'shall Honour distinguish those whom she wishes to reward?' 'They shall be distinguished,' replied the visionary sage, 'in the regions of Immortality; to which they will at length be conducted by Time, who will not suffer them to be finally disappointed.'

While I was listening to this reply, with my eyes fixed steadfastly upon the temple, it suddenly disappeared; the black clouds that hovered over the plain of Vice burst in thunder; the hill on which I stood began to sink under me; and the start of sudden terror, as I descended, awaked me.

No. 62. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1753.

O fortuna viris invida fortibus,
Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis!

SENECA.

Capricious Fortune ever joys
With partial hand to deal the prize,
To crush the brave and cheat the wise.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"To the account of such of my companions as are imprisoned without being miserable, or are miserable without any claim to compassion; I promised to

add the histories of those, whose virtue has made them unhappy, or whose misfortunes are at least without a crime. That this catalogue should be very numerous, neither you nor your readers ought to expect; *rari quippe boni*; 'the good are few.' Virtue is uncommon in all the classes of humanity; and I suppose it will scarcely be imagined more frequent in a prison than in other places.

"Yet in these gloomy regions is to be found the tenderness, the generosity, the philanthrophy of Serenus, who might have lived in competence and ease, if he could have looked without emotion on the miseries of another. Serenus was one of those exalted minds, whom knowledge and sagacity could not make suspicious; who poured out his soul in boundless intimacy, and thought community of possessions the law of friendship. The friend of Serenus was arrested for debt, and, after many endeavours to soften his creditor, sent his wife to solicit that assistance which never was refused. The tears and importunity of female distress were more than was necessary to move the heart of Serenus; he hasted immediately away, and conferring a long time with his friend, found him confident that if the present pressure was taken off, he should soon be able to re-establish his affairs. Serenus accustomed to believe, and afraid to aggravate distress, did not attempt to detect the fallacies of hope, nor reflect that every man overwhelmed with calamity believes, that if that was removed he shall immediately be happy: he, therefore, with little hesitation offered himself as surety.

"In the first raptures of escape all was joy, gratitude, and confidence; the friend of Serenus displayed his prospects, and counted over the sums of which he should infallibly be master before the day of payment. Serenus in a short time began to find

pent of beneficence, and therefore suffered himself still to be amused with projects which he durst not consider, for fear of finding them impracticable. The debtor, after he had tried every method of raising money which art or indigence could prompt, wanted either fidelity or resolution to surrender himself to prison, and left Serenus to take his place.

"Serenus has often proposed to the creditor, to pay him whatever he shall appear to have lost by the flight of his friend; but, however reasonable this proposal may be thought, avarice and brutality have been hitherto inexorable, and Serenus still continues to languish in prison.

"In this place, however, where want makes almost every man selfish, or desperation gloomy, it is the good fortune of Serenus not to live without a friend: he passes most of his hours in the conversation of Candidus, a man whom the same virtuous ductility has, with some difference of circumstances, made equally unhappy. Candidus, when he was young, helpless, and ignorant, found a patron that educated, protected, and supported him: his patron being more vigilant for others than himself, left at his death an only son, destitute and friendless. Candidus was eager to repay the benefits he had received; and having maintained the youth for a few years at his own house, afterwards placed him with a merchant of eminence, and gave bonds to a great value as a security for his conduct.

"The young man, removed too early from the only eye of which he dreaded the observation, and deprived of the only instruction which he heard with reverence, soon learned to consider virtue as restraint, and restraint as oppression; and to look with a longing eye at every expense to which he could not reach, and every pleasure which he could not partake: by

happily mingling among young men busy in dissipating the gains of their fathers' industry, he forgot the precepts of Candidus, spent the evening in parties of pleasure, and the morning in expedients to support his riots. He was, however, dexterous and active in business; and his master being secured against any consequences of dishonesty, was very little solicitous to inspect his manners, or to inquire how he passed those houfs which were not immediately devoted to the business of his profession: when he was informed of the young man's extravagance or debauchery, 'Let his bondsman look to that,' said he, 'I have taken care of myself.'

"Thus the unhappy spendthrift proceeded from folly to folly, and from vice to vice, with the connivance, if not the encouragement of his master: till in the heat of a nocturnal revel he committed such violences in the street as drew upon him a criminal prosecution. Guilty and unexperienced, he knew not what course to take; to confess his crime to Candidus, and solicit his interposition, was little less dreadful than to stand before the frown of a court of justice. Having, therefore, passed the day with anguish in his heart and distraction in his looks, he seized at night a very large sum of money in the counting-house, and setting out he knew not whither, was heard of no more.

"The consequence of his flight was the ruin of Candidus: ruin surely undeserved and irreproachable, and such as the laws of a just government ought either to prevent or repair: nothing is more inequitable than that one man should suffer for the crimes of another, for crimes which he neither prompted nor permitted, which he could neither foresee nor prevent. When we consider the weakness of human resolutions, and the inconsistency of human conduct, it must appear absurd that one man

should engage for another, that he will not change his opinions or alter his conduct.

"It is, I think, worthy of consideration, whether, since no wager is binding without a possibility of loss on each side, it is not equally reasonable, that no contract should be valid without reciprocal stipulations: but in this case, and others of the same kind, what is stipulated on his side to whom the bond is given? he takes advantage of the security, neglects his affairs, omits his duty, suffers timorous wickedness to grow daring by degrees, permits appetite to call for new gratifications, and, perhaps, secretly longs for the time in which he shall have power to seize the forfeiture: and if virtue or gratitude should prove too strong for temptation, and a young man persist in honesty, however instigated by his passions, what can secure him at last against a false accusation? I for my part always shall suspect, that he who can by such methods secure his property, will go one step further to increase it; nor can I think that man safely trusted with the means of mischief, who, by his desire to have them in his hands, gives an evident proof how much less he values his neighbour's happiness than his own.

"Another of our companions is Lentulus, a man whose dignity of birth was very ill supported by his fortune. As some of the first offices in the kingdom were filled by his relations, he was early invited to court, and encouraged by caresses and promises to attendance and solicitation: a constant appearance in splendid company necessarily required magnificence of dress: and a frequent participation of fashionable amusements forced him into expense: but these measures were requisite to his success: since every body knows, that to be lost to sight is to be lost to remembrance, and that he who de-

some man of greater vigilance should step in before him.

"By this course of life his little fortune was every day made less: but he received so many distinctions in public, and was known to resort so familiarly to the houses of the great, that every man looked on his preferment as certain, and believed that its value would compensate for its slowness: he, therefore, found no difficulty in obtaining credit for all that his rank or his vanity made necessary; and as ready payment was not expected, the bills were proportionably enlarged, and the value of the hazard or delay were adjusted solely by the equity of the creditor. At length death deprived Lentulus of one of his patrons, and a revolution in the ministry of another; so that all his prospects vanished at once, and those that had before encouraged his expenses, began to perceive that their money was in danger: there was now no other contention but who should first seize upon his person, and, by forcing immediate payment, deliver him up naked to the vengeance of the rest. In pursuance of this scheme, one of them invited him to a tavern, and procured him to be arrested at the door; but Lentulus, instead of endeavouring secretly to pacify him by payment, gave notice to the rest, and offered to divide amongst them the remnant of his fortune: they feasted six hours at his expense, to deliberate on his proposal; and at last determined, that, as he could not offer more than five shillings in the pound, it would be more prudent to keep him in prison till he could procure from his relations the payment of his debts.

"Lentulus is not the only man confined within these walls on the same account: the like procedure, upon the like motives, is common among men whom yet the law allows to partake the use of fire and wa-

quent the assemblies of commerce in open day, and talk with detestation and contempt of highwaymen or house-breakers; but, surely, that man must be confessedly robbed, who is compelled, by whatever means, to pay the debts which he does not owe; nor can I look with equal hatred upon him, who, at the hazard of his life, holds out his pistol and demands my purse, as on him who plunders under shelter of the law, and, by detaining my son or my friend in prison, extorts from me the price of their liberty. No man can be more an enemy to society than he, by whose machinations our virtues are turned to our disadvantage; he is less destructive to mankind that plunders cowardice, than he that preys upon compassion.

"I believe, Mr. Adventurer, you will readily confess, that though not one of these, if tried before a commercial judicature, can be wholly acquitted from imprudence or temerity; yet, that in the eye of all who can consider virtue as distinct from wealth, the fault of two of them, at least, is outweighed by the merit; and that of the third is so much extenuated by the circumstances of his life, as not to deserve a perpetual prison: yet must these, with multitudes equally blameless, languish in confinement, till malevolence shall relent, or the law be changed.

"I am, SIR,

"Your humble servant

"MISARGYRUS."

"Fleet, June 6."

T

GOVERNMENT

NO 63. TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1753.

Pereant illi qui ante nos nostra dixerunt !

DON. APUD JEROM.

Perish those, who have said our good things before us !

THE number of original writers, of writers who discover any traces of native thought, or veins of new expression, is found to be extremely small in every branch of literature. Few possess ability or courage to think for themselves, to trust to their own powers, to rely on their own stock ; and, therefore, the generality creep tamely and cautiously in the track of their predecessors. The quintessence of the largest libraries might be reduced to the compass of a few volumes, if all useless repetitions and acknowledged truths were to be omitted in this process of critical chemistry. A learned Frenchman informs us, that he intended to compile a treatise, περὶ τῶν ἅπαξ εἰρημένων, 'concerning things that had been said but once,' which certainly would have been contained in a very small pamphlet.

It happens unfortunately in poetry, which principally claims the merit of novelty and invention, that this want of originality arises frequently, not from a barrenness and timidity of genius, but from invincible necessity and the nature of things. The works of those who profess an art whose essence is imitation, must needs be stamped with a close resemblance to each other ; since the objects material or animate, extraneous or internal, which they all imitate, lie equally open to the observation of all, and are per-

faithful and just, must be uniform and alike: the first copier may be, perhaps, entitled to the praise of priority; but a succeeding one ought not certainly to be condemned for plagiarism.

I am inclined to think, that notwithstanding the manifold alterations diffused in modern times over the face of nature, by the invention of arts and manufactures, by the extent of commerce, by the improvements in philosophy and mathematics, by the manner of fortifying and fighting, by the important discovery of both the Indies, and, above all, by the total change of religion; yet an epic or dramatic writer, though surrounded with such a multitude of novelties, would find it difficult or impossible to be totally original, and essentially different from Homer and Sophocles. The causes that excite and the operations that exemplify the greater passions, will always have an exact coincidence, though, perhaps, a little diversified by climate or custom: every exasperated hero must rage like Achilles, and every afflicted widow mourn like Andromache: an abandoned Armida will make use of Dido's execrations; and a Jew will nearly resemble a Grecian, when placed almost in the same situation; that is, the Ioas of Racine in his incomparable Athalia, will be very like the Iön of Euripides.

Boileau observes, that a new and extraordinary thought is by no means a thought which no person ever conceived before, or could possibly conceive; on the contrary, it is such a thought as must have occurred to every man in the like case, and have been one of the first in any person's mind upon the same occasion; and it is a maxim of Pope that whatever is very good sense must have been common sense at all times.

But if from the foregoing reflections it may appear difficult to distinguish imitation and plagiarism

from necessary resemblance and unavoidable analogy, yet the following passages of Pope, which, because they have never been taken notice of, may possibly entertain curious and critical readers, seem evidently to be borrowed, though they are improved.

The dying Christian addresses his soul with a fine spirit of poetical enthusiasm.

> Vital spark of heavenly flame!
> Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
> Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
> O the pain, the bliss of dying!——
> Hark! they whisper—Angels say,
> Sister Spirit, come away!

I was surprised to find this animated passage closely copied from one of the vile Pindaric writers in the time of Charles the Second:

> When on my sick bed I languish,
> Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
> Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
> Panting, groaning, speechless, dying!——
> Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
> Be not fearful, come away!
>
> FLATMAN.

Palingenius and Charron furnished him with the two following thoughts in the Essay on Man:

> Superior beings, when of late they saw
> A mortal man unfold all nature's law;
> Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
> And show'd a Newton, as we show an ape.
>
> POPE.

Ulque movet nobis imitatrix simia risum,
Sic nos calicolis, quotics cervice superbâ
Ventosi gradimur.—

Simia cælicolûm, risusque jocusque deorum est
Tunc homo, quum temerè ingenio confidit, et audet
Abdita naturæ scrutari, arcanaque divûm.

PALINGENIUS.

While man exclaims, 'See all things for my use!'
'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose.

POPE.

Man scruples not to say, that he enjoyeth the heavens and the elements, as if all had been made, and still move only for him. In this sense a gosling may say as much, and perhaps with more truth and justness.

CHARRON.

That he hath borrowed not only sentiments but even expressions from Wollaston and Pascal cannot be doubted, if we consider two more passages:

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple nodding to its fall
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

POPE.

If a good man be passing by an infirm old building, just in the article of falling; can it be expected that God should suspend the force of gravitation till he is gone by, in order to his deliverance?

WOLLASTON.

Chaos of thought and passion all confused,
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

POPE.

What a chimera then is man! what a confused chaos! what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all things, yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great depositary and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory and the scandal of the universe!

PASCAL.

The witty allusion to the punishment of avarice,

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides;

is plainly taken from 'The Causes of the Decay of Christian piety,' where that excellent and neglected writer says, 'It has always been held the 'severest treatment of slaves and malefactors,' *damnare ad metalla*, "to force them to dig in the mines:" now this is the covetous man's lot, from which he is never to expect a release.' Cowley has also used the same allusion. The celebrated reflection with which Chartres's epitaph, in the same epistles, concludes, is the property of Bruyere.

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

is a tender and elegant image of filial piety, for which Pope is indebted to Montaigne, who wishes, in one of his essays, to find a son-in-law that may 'kindly cherish his old age, and rock it asleep.' And the character of Helluo the glutton, introduced to exemplify the force and continuance of the ruling passion, who, in the agonies of death, exclaimed,

— Then bring the jowl!

is taken from that tale in Fontaine, which ends,

— Puis qu'il faut que je meure
Sans faire tant de façon,
Qu'on m'apporte tout à l'heure
Le reste de mon poisson.

The conclusion of the epitaph on Gay, where he observes that his honour consists not in being entombed among kings and heroes,

But that the worthy and the good may say,

is adopted from an old Latin elegy on the death of prince Henry.

In several parts of his writings, Pope seems to have formed himself on the model of Boileau; as might appear from a large deduction of particular passages, almost literally translated from that nervous and sensible satirist.

— Happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

POPE.

— *D'une voix legere*
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au severe!

BOILEAU.

Pride, madness, folly, against Dryden rose.
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux.

POPE.

L'ignorance, et l'erreur à ses naissantes pièces,
En habits de marquis, en robes de comtesses,
Venoient pour diffamer son chef d'œuvre nouveau.

BOILEAU.

While I am transcribing these similarities, I feel great uneasiness, lest I should be accused of vainly and impotently endeavouring to cast clouds over the reputation of this exalted and truly original genius, 'whose memory,' to use an expression of Ben Jonson, 'I do honour, on this side idolatry, as much as any;' and lest the reader should be cloyed and disgusted with a cluster of quotations: it happens however, fortunately, that each passage I have produced, contains some important moral truth, or conveys some pleasing image to the mind.

Critics seem agreed in giving greater latitude to the imitation of the ancients than of later writers. To enrich a composition with the sentiments and images of Greece and Rome, is ever esteemed, not only law-

their ideas, with as little scruple as our houses with their statues. And Poussin is not accused of plagiarism, for having painted Agrippina covering her face with both her hands at the death of Germanicus; though Timanthes had represented Agamemnon closely veiled at the sacrifice of his daughter, judiciously leaving the spectator to guess at a sorrow inexpressible, and that mocked the power of the pencil.

Z

No. 64. SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1753.

Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit:
Tempore crevit amor.—

OVID. MET. iv. 59.

Acquaintance grew, the acquaintance they improve
To friendship, friendship ripen'd into love.

EUSDEN.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"YOUR paper of last Tuesday se'nnight, which I did not read till tó-day, determined me to send you an account of my friend Eugenio, by whose distress my mind has been long kept in perpetual agitation: and, perhaps, my narrative may not only illustrate your allegory, but contribute to recover opinion from her defection.

"As Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but those of a man of honour, he avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are are incompatible with that character; religion he supposed to

be a contrivance of priests and politicians, to keep the vulgar in awe; and used by those in the rank of gentlemen, who pretend to acknowledge its obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of spirit. By a conduct regulated upon these principles he gradually reduced a paternal estate of two thousand pounds *per annum* to five hundred. Besides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter: his wife died while they were infants. His younger brother, who had acquired a very considerable fortune in trade, retired unmarried into the country: he knew that the paternal estate was greatly reduced; and, therefore, took the expense of his nephew's education upon himself: after some years had been spent at Westminster school, he sent him to the university, and supported him by a very genteel annuity.

"Eugenio, though his temper was remarkably warm and sprightly, had yet a high relish of literature, and insensibly acquired a strong attachment to a college life. His apartment adjoined to mine, and our acquaintance was soon improved into friendship. I found in him great ardour of benevolence, and a sense of generosity and honour which I had conceived to exist only in romance. With respect to Christianity, indeed, he was as yet a sceptic: but I found it easy to obviate general objections: and, as he had great penetration and sagacity, was superior to prejudice, and habituated to no vice which he wished to countenance by infidelity, he began to believe as soon as he had begun to inquire: the evidence for Revelation at length appeared incontestable; and, without busying himself with the cavils of subtilty against particular doctrines, he determined to adhere inviolably to the precepts as a rule of life, and to trust in the promises as the foundation of hope. The same ardour and firmness, the same generosity and honour, were now exercised with more exalted views, and upon a

more perfect plan. He considered me as his preceptor, and I considered him as my example: our friendship increased every day; and I believe he had conceived a design to follow me into orders. But when he had continued at college about two years, he received a command from his father to come immediately to town; for that his earnest desire to place him in the army was now accomplished, and he had procured him a captain's commission. By the same post he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was strongly urged to continue at college, with promises of succeeding to his whole estate; his father's project was zealously condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence resented. Eugenio, though it was greatly his desire to continue at college, and his interest to oblige his uncle, yet obeyed his father without the least hesitation.

"When he came to town, he discovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father upon this subject: his uncle, not being able to produce any effect upon the father, as a last effort had written to the son; and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been equally ineffectual, he reproached him with folly and ingratitude; and dying soon after by a fall from his horse, it appeared, that in the height of his resentment he had left his whole fortune to a distant relation in Ireland whom he had never seen.

"Under this misfortune, Eugenio comforted himself by reflecting, that he had incurred it by obedience to his father; and though it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expressed his displeasure either by invective or complaint.

"Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agrestis, a gentleman whose character

Agrestis had very just notions of right and wrong, by which he regulated his conduct without any regard to the opinion of others: his integrity was universal and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open; he abhorred whatever had the appearance of disingenuity, he was extremely jealous of his authority, and there was a rough simplicity in his manner which many circumstances of his life had contributed to produce. His father left him a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds; but as the parsimony which enabled him to amass it extended to the education of his son by whom it was to be possessed, he had been taught neither politeness nor literature. He married a lady, whose influence would have polished the rough diamond by degrees; but she died within the first year of her marriage, leaving him a daughter to whom he gave her name Amelia, and transferred all his affection: he, therefore, continued to live in great privacy; and being used to have only servants and dependents about him, he indulged the peculiarities of his humour without that complaisance which becomes insensibly habitual to those who mix in the company of persons whom it is their apparent interest to please, and whose presence is a perpetual restraint upon such irregular starts of temper as would incur contempt, by arrogating a superiority which none would acknowledge. To this disposition his daughter accommodated herself as she grew up, from motives both of affection and duty: as he knew and regretted the defect of his own education, he spared no cost to complete hers; and she is indeed the most accomplished character I ever knew: her obedience is cheerful and implicit, her affection tender and without parade: her looks express the utmost sweetness and sensibility, and yet there is a dignity in her manner which commands respect.

"The intimacy between the father of Eugenio and Agrestis produced a tender friendship between his sister and Amelia, which began in their infancy, and increased with their years.

"Such characters as Amelia and Eugenio could not be long familiarly known to each other, without exciting mutual esteem: the transition from esteem to love, between persons of different sexes, is often imperceptible even to themselves: and, perhaps, was not discovered till long after it had happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the university, she was about eighteen: as her stature and her beauty were greatly increased during this interval, their first effect upon Eugenio was proportionably greater, and he perceived, from whatever cause, a more sensible emotion in her. He had too much discernment not to discover that she loved him; and too much generosity not to conceal his love of her, because he was so much her inferior in fortune: sometimes he reflected upon her partiality with pleasure, and sometimes with regret; but while they were thus mutually conscious to desires which they mutually suppressed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he distinguished himself equally by his courage and humanity: and though he had not much money, and therefore could but seldom display his bounty; yet his concern for the real interest of his men was so apparent, as well in such acts of kindness as were in his power, as in the strict discipline which he maintained among them, that his personal influence was very powerful and extensive. During this absence though he felt his passion for Amelia increase, notwithstanding all his attempts to suppress it; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himself with mentioning her in ge-

neral terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends, when he wrote to his father and his sister.

" When he returned, as his sister's intimacy with Amelia still continued, his opportunities to see her were equally frequent: but the pleasure of those interviews was become yet more tumultuous and confused; and the lovers were both conscious, that their sentiments were every moment involuntarily discovered to each other.

" Amelia had dismissed many suitors, who were not less distinguished by their merit than their rank, because she still hoped to enrich Eugenio with her fortune; and Eugenio persisted in a conduct by which this hope was disappointed, because he would not degrade Amelia by an alliance with dependence and poverty. The objections of duty might, indeed, have been removed by obtaining the consent of Agrestis, but those of honour would still have remained: he was not, however, absolutely without hope; for though he had lost his uncle's fortune by obedience to his father, yet as he had greatly recommended himself to his commanding officer, who was of the highest rank, he believed it possible that he might be advanced to a post in the army, which would justify his pretensions to Amelia, and remove all his difficulties at once.

" Agrestis wondered at the conduct of his daughter, but neither asked nor suspected her motives: for he had always declared, that as he believed she would never marry without his consent, he would never urge her to marry against her own inclination.

" Amelia, therefore, continued to decline every offer, and Eugenio to see her almost every day, without the least intimation of his love, till the beginning of the last winter, when he lost his sister by the small-pox. His interviews with Amelia were now

less frequent, and, therefore, more interesting: he feared, that as he would be seldom in her sight, the assiduities of some fortunate rival might at length exclude him from her remembrance: he did not, however, falter in his resolution, nor did Amelia change her conduct."

No. 65. TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1753.

Et furiis agitatus amor.— VIRG. ÆN. X. 872.

Love, which the furies irritate to rage.

"IT happened that about this time she was addressed by Ventosus, the eldest son of a noble family; who, besides a large estate, had great expectations from his father's influence at court. Ventosus, though he was strongly recommended by Agrestis, and was remarkable for personal accomplishments, was yet received with great coldness by Amelia: he was surprised, mortified, and disappointed; yet he continued his visits, and was very diligent to discover what had prevented his success. One evening, just as he was about to take his leave, after much ineffectual entreaty and complaint, Eugenio unexpectedly entered the room. Ventosus instantly remarked the embarrassment both of his mistress and the stranger, whom he, therefore, supposed to be a rival, and no longer wondered at his own disappointment: these suspicions were every moment confirmed and increased: for his presence produced emotions which could neither be concealed nor mistaken; though by a less penetrating eye than that of jealousy, they might have been overlooked.

"He was now fired with resentment and indignation; and having left the room somewhat abruptly, he was met upon the stairs by Agrestis, with whom he desired to speak a few words in private. Agrestis turned back into another apartment, and Ventosus told him with some warmth, that he did not expect to have found his daughter pre-engaged; and that he could not help thinking himself ill-treated. Agrestis, with equal warmth, required him to explain his meaning; and after some time had been spent in eager altercation, they parted in better temper; Agrestis persuaded that a clandestine love had been carried on between his daughter and Eugenio, and Ventosus convinced that Agrestis had never encouraged the pretensions of his rival.

"Agrestis immediately sent for Amelia, and sternly urged her with many questions, which she could only answer with blushes and tears: her silence and confusion convinced him that Ventosus was not mistaken; and, therefore, desisting from inquiry, he severely reprehended her for the past, and enjoined her never to converse with Eugenio again; to whom he also signified his displeasure, and requested that to prevent further uneasiness he would come no more to his house till Amelia should be married.

"Eugenio, though his love was almost hopeless before, was yet greatly afflicted by this message; because he feared that Amelia had fallen under her father's displeasure, and that now he was become jealous of his authority he might be tempted to abuse it. As to secure her peace was the principal object of his wish, he concealed what had happened from his father, lest a quarrel should be produced between him and Agrestis, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderness would be yet more deeply wounded. When a visit was intended to Agrestis, he always took care to have some engagements at another

place: Agrestis, however, as he had no conception of the principles upon which Eugenio acted, did not doubt but that he had communicated the reason of his absence to his father, and that his father was secretly offended; but as he expressed no resentment, he believed that his ambition had for once restrained the petulance of his pride, that he dissembled to prevent an open rupture, and had still hopes of effecting the purpose which he had concerted with his son.

"A suspicion of ill-will always produces it; but besides this cause of alienation, Agrestis had unjustly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and aversion; he, therefore, treated him with coldness and reserve, supposing that he well knew the cause, and neglected to return his visits without thinking it necessary to assign any reason. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio, who considered it as the caprice of a character which he always despised; he, therefore, retorted the neglect without expostulation: and thus all intercourse between the families was at an end.

"Eugenio in the mean time was inflexible in his purpose: and Amelia, in her next interview with Ventosus, acquainted him that she would see him no more. Ventosus again appealed to her father: but the old gentleman was steady in his principles, notwithstanding his resentment; and told him, that he had exerted all the authority which God and nature had given him in his favour; and that, however provoked, he would never prostitute his child, by compelling her to marry a person who was not the object of her choice.

"Ventosus, who was extremely mortified at this disappointment, was very inquisitive about Eugenio, for whom he still supposed he had been rejected;

he soon learned his situation and circumstances, and his long intimacy with Amelia; he reflected upon the confusion which both had expressed in the accidental interview at which he was present; and was willing to believe, that his rival, however contemptible, had been too successful to be supplanted with honour by a husband: this, however, if he did not believe, he was very diligent to propagate; and to remove the disgrace of a refusal, hinted that for this reason he had abruptly discontinued his addresses, and congratulated himself upon his escape.

"It happened that about six weeks ago, Ventosus, as he was walking in the Mall, with a young officer of distinction, met Amelia in company with several ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit to bow to Amelia with a supercilious respect, which had greatly the air of an insult: of this compliment Amelia, though she looked him in the face, took no notice; by this calm disdain he was at once disappointed and confounded; he was stung by an effort of his own malignity, and his breast swelled with passion which he could not vent. In this agitation of mind, he hastily turned back, and determined, for whatever reason, to follow her. After he had advanced about fifty paces, he saw Eugenio coming forward, who, the moment he perceived Amelia, turned into another walk. This was observed by Ventosus, whose contempt and indignation had now another object, upon which they might without violence to the laws of honour be gratified: he communicated his purpose to his companion, and hastily followed Eugenio. When they had overtaken him, they burst into a horse-laugh, and pushed so rudely by him, that he could scarce recover his step: they did, not however, go on; but stopping suddenly, turned about as if to apologize for the accident, and affected great surprise

at discovering to whom it had happened. Ventosus bowed very low, and with much contemptuous ceremony begged his pardon; telling him at the same time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company. To this insult Eugenio answered, 'That he was not willing to suppose that an affront was intended, and that if the lady he meant was a woman of honour, she ought always to be mentioned with respect.' Ventosus replied, 'That whether the lady he meant was a woman of honour, he would not determine; but he believed she had been very very kind; and was pleased to see that her favours were not forgotten, though they were no longer accepted.' Eugenio was not now master of his temper, but turning suddenly upon Ventosus, struck him with such violence that he fell at his feet: he rose, however, in an instant, and laid his hand upon his sword, but was prevented from drawing it by his companion; and the crowd beginning to gather about them, they parted with mutual expressions of contempt and rage.

"In the morning, the officer who had been in company with Ventosus at the quarrel, delivered a challenge to Eugenio, which he answered by the following billet:

'SIR,

'YOUR behaviour last night has convinced me that you are a scoundrel; and your letter this morning that you are a fool. If I should accept your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a duty to God and to my country, which I deem it infamous to violate; and I am intrusted with a life, which I think cannot without folly be staked against yours. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this

letter, secretly exult in your own safety; but remember that to prevent assassination I have a sword, and to chastise insolence a cane.'

"With this letter, the captain returned to Ventosus, who read it with all the extravagances of rage and disdain: the captain, however, endeavoured to soothe and encourage him; he represented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, whom he ought no otherwise to punish than by removing him from the rank into which he had intruded; and this, he said, would be very easily accomplished. Ventosus at length acquiesced in the sentiments of his friend; and it was soon industriously reported, that Eugenio had struck a person of high rank, and refused him the satisfaction of a gentleman which he had condescended to ask. For not accepting a challenge Eugenio could not be legally punished, because it was made his duty as a soldier by the articles of war; but it drew upon him the contempt of his superior officers, and made them very solicitous to find some pretence to dismiss him. The friends of Ventosus immediately intimated, that the act of violence to which Eugenio had been provoked, was committed within the verge of the court, and was, therefore, a sufficient cause to break him; as for that offence he was liable to be punished with the loss of his hand, by a law which though disused was still in force. This expedient was eagerly adopted, and Eugenio was accordingly deprived of his commission."

No. 66. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1753.

Nolo virum, facili redimit qui sanguine famam:
Hunc volo, laudari, qui sine morte potest.
MART. EP. i. 9. 5.

Not him I prize who poorly gains
From death the palm which blood distains,
But him who wins with nobler strife
An unpolluted wreath of life.

"HE had concealed his quarrel with Ventosus from his father, who was then at the family-seat about twenty miles from London, because he was not willing to acquaint him with the cause: but the effect was such as could not be hidden; and it was now become necessary that he should anticipate the report of others. He, therefore, set out immediately for the country; but his father about the same time arrived in London: some imperfect account had been sent him of the proceedings against Eugenio; and though he concluded from his silence that he had been guilty of some indiscretion, yet he did not suspect an imputation of cowardice; and hoped by his interest to support him against private resentment. When he found that he had missed Eugenio in some of the avenues to town, he went immediately to the gentleman who had procured his commission, from whom he learned all the circumstances of the affair. The moment he had heard that his son had refused a challenge, he was seized with rage so violent, that it had the appearance of distraction: he uttered innumerable oaths and execrations in a voice that was scarce human, declared his son to be unworthy of his name, and solemnly renounced him for ever.

"Eugenio returned to London the same day, but it was late before he arrived; the servant that opened the door told him with tears in his eyes, that his father was gone to bed much disordered, and had commanded that he should no more be admitted into that house. He stood motionless a few moments; and then departing without reply, came directly to me; his looks were wild, his countenance pale, and his eyes swimming in tears: the moment he saw me he threw himself into a chair, and putting a copy of his answer to Ventosus's challenge into my hand, anticipated my inquiries by relating all that had happened.

"After having administered such consolation as I could, I prevailed upon him with much difficulty to go to bed. I sat up the rest of the night, devising various arguments to convince Orgilio, that his son had added new dignity to his character. In the morning, I went to his house, and, after much solicitation, was admited to his chamber. I found him in bed, where he had lain awake all the night; and it was easy to see that his mind was in great agitation. I hoped that this tumult was produced by the struggles of parental tenderness; but the moment I mentioned his son, he fell into an agony of rage that rendered him speechless; and I came away, convinced that the eloquence of an angel upon the same subject would have been without effect. I did not, however, relate these discouraging circumstances to Eugenio: I told him that it would be proper to wait a few days before any further application was made; not only because his father's resentment would probably subside, but because he was now indisposed.

"Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burst into tears. He went every evening, and, knocking softly at the servant's window, inquired how he did; and when he found that his fever was become dangerous, he entreated me to

go yet once more and intercede for him, that he might at least be permitted to see his father, if he might not hope to be forgiven. I went; but when Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a fresh transport of rage, which ended in a delirium. The effect which this incident produced upon Eugenio, who waited at the end of the street for my return, cannot be described: I prevailed upon him to go back to my house, where he sometimes hastily traversed the room, and sometimes sat fixed in a kind of stupid insensibility upon the floor. While he was in one of these fits, news was brought that his father was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill disinherited him, declaring that, by the infamy of his conduct, he had broken his heart.

"Eugenio heard this account without any apparent surprise or emotion, but could not be persuaded to change his posture or receive any food; till his spirits being quite exhausted, sleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

"The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himself up in a horseman's coat that belonged to my servant, and followed the procession at a distance on foot. When the ceremony was over, and the company departed, he threw himself on the grave; and, hiding his face in the dust, wept over it in silence that was interrupted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude upon the solemnity of his sorrow, till the morning dawned: he was surprised, and I thought somewhat confounded to see me; he suffered me, however, to lead him away, but neither of us uttered a word.

"He told me the next day, that he would trouble me a few nights longer for a lodging, and in the mean time think of some means by which he might obtain a subsistence: he was, indeed, totally desti-

he made no complaint, and obstinately refused all pecuniary assistance.

"In less than a week afterwards, having converted his watch, his sword, a snuff-box, and ring, into money, he engaged as a common sailor in a private undertaking to discover the north-west passage to India.

"When he communicated this desperate enterprise, he appeared pefectly composed: 'My dear friend,' said he, 'it has been always my point of honour to obey the commands of God, the prime Author of my being and the ultimate object of my hope, at whatever risk; and I do not repent that I have steadily adhered to this principle at the expense of all that is valuable upon earth: I have suffered the loss of fortune, of love, and of fame; but I have preserved my integrity, and I know that I shall not lose my reward. To these I would, indeed, add the esteem, though not the love of Amelia. She will hear of me as degraded and disinherited, a coward, a vagabond, and a fugitive; and her esteem, I think, I have sufficient reason to give up: grief will wound her deeper than contempt; it is, therefore, best that she should despise me. Some of those, by whom she is addressed, deserve her; and I ought not to withhold a felicity which I cannot enjoy. I shall embark to-morrow; and your friendly embrace is all the good that I expect to receive from this country, when I depart in search of others which are unknown.'

"To this address I was not in a condition to reply; and, perceiving that I was overwhelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, lest his purpose should be shaken, and my weakness should prove contagious.

"On the morrow, I attended him to the ship. He talked to me of indifferent things; and, when we

waited to bring me on shore, and would not again feel the pangs of yesterday for all the kingdoms of the world.

"Such is the friend I have lost! such is the man whom the world has disgraced for refusing a challenge; but none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes, wish that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is surely to be a monster rather than a man.

"It may, perhaps, be questioned, whether I ought thus to have exhibited his story under feigned names; or have a right to attempt that which he forbore. My love to him is, indeed, my motive: but I think my conduct is just, when I consider, that though it is possible that Amelia may, by the perusal of these papers, suffer the most tender, and, therefore, the most exquisite distress by the re-establishment of her esteem for him who most deserves it; yet the world may derive new virtue, from the dignity which the character of Eugenio reflects upon his conduct: his example is truly illustrious; and, as it can scarce fail to excite emulation, it ought not to be concealed.

"I am, SIR,

"Your humble servant,

"BENEVOLUS."

No. 67. TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1753.

Inventas—vitam excoluêre per artes.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 663.

They polish life by useful arts.

THAT familiarity produces neglect, has been long observed. The effect of all external objects, however

great or splendid, ceases with their novelty; the courtier stands without emotion in the royal presence; the rustic tramples under his foot the beauties of the spring with little attention to their colours or their fragrance; and the inhabitant of the coast darts his eye upon the immense diffusion of waters, without awe, wonder, or terror.

Those who have past much of their lives in this great city, look upon its opulence and its multitudes, its extent and variety, with cold indifference; but an inhabitant of the remoter parts of the kingdom is immediately distinguished by a kind of dissipated curiosity, a busy endeavour to divide his attention amongst a thousand objects, and a wild confusion of astonishment and alarm.

The attention of a new comer is generally first struck by the multiplicity of cries that stun him in the streets, and the variety of merchandise and manufactures which the shopkeepers expose on every hand; and he is apt, by unwary bursts of admiration, to excite the merriment and contempt of those who mistake the use of their eyes for effects of their understanding, and confound accidental knowledge with just reasoning.

But, surely, these are subjects on which any man may without reproach employ his meditations: the innumerable occupations, among which the thousands that swarm in the streets of London, are distributed, may furnish employment to minds of every cast, and capacities of every degree. He that contemplates the extent of this wonderful city, finds it difficult to conceive, by what method plenty is maintained in our markets, and how the inhabitants are regularly supplied with the necessaries of life; but when he examines the shops and warehouses, sees the immense

ducts of nature, which are everywhere attracting his eye and soliciting his purse, he will be inclined to conclude, that such quantities cannot easily be exhausted, and that part of mankind must soon stand still for want of employment, till the wares already provided shall be worn out and destroyed.

As Socrates was passing through the fair at Athens, and casting his eyes over the shops and customers, 'How many things are here,' says he, 'that I do not want!' The same sentiment is every moment rising in the mind of him that walks the streets of London, however inferior in philosophy to Socrates: he beholds a thousand shops crowded with goods, of which he can scarcely tell the use, and which, therefore, he is apt to consider as of no value; and, indeed, many of the arts by which families are supported, and wealth is heaped together, are of that minute and superfluous kind, which nothing but experience could evince possible to be prosecuted with advantage, and which as the world might easily want, it could scarcely be expected to encourage.

But so it is, that custom, curiosity, or wantonness, supplies every art with patrons, and finds purchasers for every manufacture; the world is so adjusted, that not only bread, but riches may be obtained without great abilities, or arduous performances: the most unskilful hand and unenlightened mind have sufficient incitements to industry; for he that is resolutely busy can scarcely be in want. There is, indeed, no employment, however despicable, from which a man may not promise himself more than competence, when he sees thousands and myriads raised to dignity, by no other merit than that of contributing to supply their neighbours with the means of sucking smoke through a tube of clay; and others raising contributions upon those, whose elegance disdains the grossness of smoky luxury, by grinding the

same materials into a powder that may at once gratify and impair the smell.

Not only by these popular and modish trifles, but by a thousand unheeded and evanescent kinds of business, are the multitudes of this city preserved from idleness, and consequently from want. In the endless variety of tastes and circumstances that diversify mankind, nothing is so superfluous, but that some one desires it; or so common, but that some one is compelled to buy it. As nothing is useless but because it is in improper hands, what is thrown away by one is gathered up by another; and the refuse of part of mankind furnishes a subordinate class with the materials necessary to their support.

When I look round upon those who are thus variously exerting their qualifications, I cannot but admire the secret concatenation of society, that links together the great and the mean, the illustrious and the obscure; and consider with benevolent satisfaction, that no man, unless his body or mind be totally disabled, has need to suffer the mortification of seeing himself useless or burthensome to the community: he that will diligently labour, in whatever occupation, will deserve the sustenance which he obtains, and the protection which he enjoys; and may lie down every night with the pleasing consciousness of having contributed something to the happiness of life.

Contempt and admiration are equally incident to narrow minds: he whose comprehension can take in the whole subordination of mankind, and whose perspicacity can pierce to the real state of things through the thin veils of fortune or of fashion, will discover meanness in the highest stations, and dignity in the meanest; and find that no man can become venerable but by virtue, or contemptible but by wickedness.

to be so little influenced by example, or so void of honest emulation, as to stand a lazy spectator of incessant labour; or please himself with the mean happiness of a drone, while the active swarms are buzzing about him: no man is without some quality, by the due application of which he might deserve well of the world; and whoever he be that has but little in his power, should be in haste to do that little, lest he be confounded with him that can do nothing.

By this general concurrence of endeavours, arts of every kind have been so long cultivated, that all the wants of man may be immediately supplied; idleness can scarcely form a wish which she may not gratify by the toil of others, or curiosity dream of a toy, which the shops are not ready to afford her.

Happiness is enjoyed only in proportion as it is known: and such is the state or folly of man, that it is known only by experience of its contrary: we who have long lived amidst the conveniences of a town immensely populous, have scarce an idea of a place where desire cannot be gratified by money. In order to have a just sense of this artificial plenty, it is necessary to have passed some time in a distant colony, or those parts of our island which are thinly inhabited: he that has once known how many trades every man in such situations is compelled to exercise, with how much labour the products of nature must be accommodated to human use, how long the loss or defect of any common utensil must be endured, or by what awkward expedients it must be supplied, how far men may wander with money in their hands before any can sell them what they wish to buy, will know how to rate, at its proper value, the plenty and ease of a great city.

But that the happiness of man may still remain imperfect, as wants in this place are easily supplied,

in surveying the shops of London, sees numberless instruments and conveniences, of which, while he did not know them, he never felt the need; and yet, when use has made them familiar, wonders how life could be supported without them. Thus it comes to pass, that our desires always increase with our possessions; the knowledge that something remains yet unenjoyed, impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.

They who have been accustomed to the refinements of science, and multiplications of contrivance, soon lose their confidence in the unassisted powers of nature, forget the paucity of our real necessities, and overlook the easy methods by which they may be supplied. It were a speculation worthy of a philosophical mind, to examine how much is taken away from our native abilities, as well as added to them, by artificial expedients. We are so accustomed to give and receive assistance, that each of us singly can do little for himself; and there is scarce any one among us, however contracted may be his form of life, who does not enjoy the labour of a thousand artists.

But a survey of the various nations that inhabit the earth will inform us, that life may be supported with less assistance; and that the dexterity, which practice enforced by necessity produces, is able to effect much by very scanty means. The nations of Mexico and Peru erected cities and temples without the use of iron; and at this day the rude Indian supplies himself with all the necessaries of life: sent like the rest of mankind naked into the world, as soon as his parents have nursed him up to strength, he is to provide by his own labour for his own support. His first care is to find a sharp flint among

builds his cottage, and hollows his canoe, and from that time lives in a state of plenty and prosperity; he is sheltered from the storms, he is fortified against beasts of prey, he is enabled to pursue the fish of the sea and the deer of the mountains; and as he does not know, does not envy, the happiness of polished nations, where gold can supply the want of fortitude and skill; and he whose laborious ancestors have made him rich, may lie stretched upon a couch, and see all the treasures of all the elements poured down before him.

This picture of a savage life, if it shows how much individuals may perform, shows likewise how much society is to be desired. Though the perseverance and address of the Indian excite our admiration, they nevertheless cannot procure him the conveniences which are enjoyed by the vagrant beggar of a civilized country: he hunts like a wild beast to satisfy his hunger; and when he lies down to rest after a successful chase, cannot pronounce himself secure against the danger of perishing in a few days; he is, perhaps, content with his condition, because he knows not that a better is attainable by man; as he that is born blind does not long for the perception of light, because he cannot conceive the advantages which light would afford him; but hunger, wounds, and weariness are real evils, though he believes them equally incident to all his fellow-creatures; and when a tempest compels him to lie starving in his hut, he cannot justly be concluded equally happy with those whom art has exempted from the power of chance, and who make the foregoing year provide for the following.

To receive and to communicate assistance, constitutes the happiness of human life: man may, indeed, preserve his existence in solitude, but can enjoy it only in society; the greatest understanding of an in-

dividual, doomed to procure food and clothing for himself, will barely supply him with expedients to keep off death from day to day; but as one of a large community, performing only his share of the common business, he gains leisure for intellectual pleasures, and enjoys the happiness of reason and reflection.

T

No. 68. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1753.

Nocet empta dolore voluptas. OVID.

How vain the joy for which our pain must pay.

IT has been remarked, that the play of brutes is always a mock fight; and perhaps this is equally true of all the sports that have been invented by reason for the amusement of mankind. The celebrated games of antiquity were something more; the conflict was often fatal, and the pleasure of the spectators seems to have been proportioned to the danger of the combatants: nor does it appear, that any sport has been since contrived, which can gratify pure benevolence, or entertain without producing an opposition of interest. There are, indeed, many external advantages which it has never been thought immoral to acquire, though an opposition of interest is necessarily implied; advantages, which, like a stake at cards, one party can only gain by the loss of the other: for wealth and poverty, obscurity and distinction, command and servitude, are mutually re-

lative, and the existence of each is by each reciprocally derived and given.

Play, therefore, is not unlawful, merely as a contest; nor can the pleasure of them that win, be imputed to a criminal want of benevolence, in this state of imperfection, merely because it is enjoyed at the expense of those who lose. But as in business, it has never been held lawful to circumvent those whom we desire to excel; so in play, the chance of loss and gain ought to be always equal; at least, each party should be apprised of the force employed against him; and if then he plays against odds, no man has a right to inquire his motive, though a good man would decline to engage him.

There is, however, one species of diversion which has not been generally condemned, though it is produced by an attack upon those who have not voluntarily entered the lists; who find themselves buffeted in the dark, and have neither means of defence nor possibility of advantage.

These feats are achieved by the knights-errant of mirth, and known by the name of Frolics: under this name, indeed, many species of wanton cruelty have been practised, without incurring the infamy, or raising the indignation which they deserve; and it is extremely difficult to fix upon any certain criterion, by which frolics may be distinguished into criminal and innocent. If we could discern effects while they are involved in their causes, and ascertain every remote consequence of our own actions, perhaps these sallies might be allowed under the same restrictions as raillery: the false alarms and ridiculous distress into which others are betrayed to make us sport, should be such only as will be subjects of merriment even to the sufferer when they are past, and remembered neither with resentment nor regret: but as every action may produce effects over which

human power has no influence, and which human sagacity cannot foresee; we should not lightly venture to the verge of evil, nor strike at others though with a reed, lest, like the rod of Moses, it becomes a serpent in our hands.

During the hard frost in the year 1740, four young gentlemen of considerable rank rode into an inn, near one of the principal avenues to this city, at eleven o'clock at night, without any attendant; and having expressed uncommon concern about their horses, and overlooked the provision that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that as they were to set out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket pistol upon the table, which when he entered they appeared to be very solicitous to conceal, and showed some confusion at the surprise. They perceived with great satisfaction, that the fellow was alarmed at his discovery; and having upon various pretences called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a mask with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horseman's coat. They discoursed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a busy and anxious circumspection, urged the man often to drink, and seemed desirous to render him subservient to some purpose which they were unwilling to discover. They endeavoured to conciliate his good-will by extravagant commendations of his dexterity and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity, by asking him many questions: he was, however, still cautious and reserved; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and soon after took an opportunity to ask him at what hour a stage-coach, the passengers of which they intended to humbug, set out in the morning,

whether it was full, and if it was attended with a guard.

The man was now confirmed in his suspicions; and though he had accepted the bribe, resolved to discover the secret. Having evaded the questions with as much art as he could, he went to his master, Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had observed.

Mr. Spiggot immediately got up, and held a consultation with his wife what was to be done. She advised him immediately to send for the constable with proper assistants, and secure them: but he considered, that as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a very considerable sum, which he would become entitled to upon their conviction if he could apprehend them after the fact; he, therefore, very prudently called up four or five of the ostlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his suspicions and designs, engaged them to enlist under his command as an escort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen as he should direct. But mine host also wisely considering, that this expedition would be attended with certain expense, and that the profit which he hoped was contingent, acquainted the passengers with their danger, and proposed that a guard should be hired by voluntary contribution; a proposal, to which, upon a sight of the robbers through the window, they readily agreed. Spiggot was now secured against pecuniary loss at all events, and about three o'clock the knights of the frolic, with infinite satisfaction, beheld five passengers, among whom there was but one gentleman, step into the coach, with the aspect of criminals going to execution; and enjoyed the significant signs which passed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As soon as the coach was gone, the supposed highwaymen paid their reckoning in great haste, and called for their horses: care had already been taken to saddle them; for it was not Mr. Spiggot's desire that the adventurers should go far before they executed their purpose; and, as soon as they departed, he prepared to follow them with his posse. He was, indeed, greatly surprised to see, that they turned the contrary way when they went out of the inn-yard; but he supposed they might choose to take a small circuit to prevent suspicion, as they might easily overtake the coach whenever they would; he determined, however, to keep behind them; and, therefore, instead of going after the coach, followed them at a distance, till, to his utter disappointment, he saw them persist in a different route, and at length turn into an inn in Piccadilly, where several servants in livery appeared to have been waiting for them, and where his curiosity was soon gratified with their characters and their names.

In the mean time the coach proceeded in its journey. The panic of the passengers increased upon perceiving that the guard which they had hired did not come up; and they began to accuse Spiggot of having betrayed them to the robbers for a share of the booty: they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was so dark that a waggon could not have been seen at the distance of twenty yards: every tree was mistaken for a man and horse, the noise of the vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the trampling of pursuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to stop, and to see a pistol thrust in among them with the dreadful injunction, 'Deliver your money.'

'Thus for the distress, however great and unmerited,

will be deemed ridiculous; the sufferers will appear to have ingeniously tormented themselves by the sagacity with which they reasoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their solicitude to prevent mischiefs which none would attempt.

But it happened that when the coach had got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horseman who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerness to the driver to stop: this incident, among persons who had suffered perpetual apprehension and alarm from the moment they set out, produced a proportionate effect. The wife of the gentleman was so terrified, that she sunk down from her seat; and he was so much convinced of his danger, so touched at her distress, and so incensed against the ruffian who had produced it, that, without uttering a word, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and seeing the man parley with the coachman, who had now stopped his horses, he shot him dead upon the spot.

The man, however, who had thus fallen the victim of a frolic, was soon known to be the servant of a lady who had paid earnest for the vacant place in the stage: and having, by some accident, been delayed till it was set out, had followed it in a hackney-coach, and sent him before her to detain it till she came up.

Here the ridicule is at an end; and we are surprised that we did not sooner reflect, that the company had sufficient cause for their fear and their precaution, and that the frolic was nothing more than a lie, which it would have been folly not to believe, and presumption to disregard.

The next day, while the bucks were entertaining a polite circle at White's with an account of the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the catastrophe. A sudden confusion covered every coun-

tenance; and they remained some time silent, looking upon each other, mutually accused, reproached, and condemned.

This favourable moment was improved by a gentleman, who, though sometimes seen in that assembly, is yet eminent for his humanity and his wisdom. 'A man,' said he, 'who found himself bewildered in the intricacies of a labyrinth, when the sun was going down, would think himself happy, if a clue should be put into his hand by which he might be led out in safety: he would not, surely, quit it for a moment, because it might possibly be recovered; and, if he did, would be in perpetual danger of stumbling upon some other wanderer, and bringing a common calamity upon both. In the maze of life we are often bewildered, and darkness and danger surround us; but every one may, at least, secure conscience against the power of accident, by adhering inviolably to that rule, by which we are enjoined to "abstain even from the appearances of evil."

No. 69. TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1753.

Ferè libenter homines id quod volunt credunt.

CÆSAR.

Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.

TULLY has long ago observed, that no man, however weakened by long life, is so conscious of his own decrepitude, as not to imagine that he may yet hold his station in the world for another year.

Of the truth of this remark every day furnishes new confirmation: there is no time of life, in which men for the most part seem less to expect the stroke of death, than when every other eye sees it impending; or are more busy in providing for another year than when it is plain to all but themselves, that at another year they cannot arrive. Though every funeral that passes before their eyes evinces the deceitfulness of such expectations, since every man who is borne to the grave thought himself equally certain of living at least to the next year; the survivor still continues to flatter himself, and is never at a loss for some reason why his life should be protracted, and the voracity of death continue to be pacified with some other prey.

But this is only one of the innumerable artifices practised in the universal conspiracy of mankind against themselves: every age and every condition indulges some darling fallacy; every man amuses himself with projects which he knows to be improbable, and which, therefore, he resolves to pursue without daring to examine them. Whatever any man ardently desires, he very readily believes that he shall some time attain: he whose intemperance has overwhelmed him with diseases, while he languishes in the spring, expects vigour and recovery from the summer sun; and while he melts away in the summer, transfers his hopes to the frosts of winter: he that gazes upon elegance or pleasure, which want of money hinders him from imitating or partaking, comforts himself that the time of distress will soon be at an end; and that every day brings him nearer to a state of happiness; though he knows it has passed not only without acquisition of advantage, but perhaps without endeavours after it, in the formation of schemes that cannot be executed, and in the contemplation of pro-

Such is the general dream in which we all slumber out our time: every man thinks the day coming, in which he shall be gratified with all his wishes, in which he shall leave all these competitors behind, who are now rejoicing like himself in the expectation of victory; the day is always coming to the servile in which they shall be powerful, to the obscure in which they shall be eminent, and to the deformed in which they shall be beautiful.

If any of my readers has looked with so little attention on the world about him, as to imagine this representation exaggerated beyond probability, let him reflect a little upon his own life; let him consider what were his hopes and prospects ten years ago, and what additions he then expected to be made by ten years to his happiness: those years are now elapsed; have they made good the promise that was extorted from them, have they advanced his fortune, enlarged his knowledge, or reformed his conduct, to the degree that was once expected? I am afraid, every man that recollects his hopes must confess his disappointment; and own that day has glided unprofitably after day, and that he is still at the same distance from the point of happiness.

With what consolations can those who have thus miscarried in their chief design, elude the memory of their ill-success? with what amusements can they pacify their discontent, after the loss of so large a portion of life? They can give themselves up again to the same delusions, they can form new schemes of airy gratifications, and fix another period of felicity; they can again resolve to trust the promise which they know will be broken, they can walk in a circle with their eyes shut, and persuade themselves to think that they go forward.

Of every great and complicated event, part depends upon causes out of our power, and part must

be effected by vigour and perseverance. With regard to that which is styled in common language the work of chance, men will always find reasons for confidence or distrust, according to their different tempers or inclinations; and he that has been long accustomed to please himself with possibilities of fortuitous happiness, will not easily or willingly be reclaimed from his mistake. But the effects of human industry and skill are more easily subjected to calculation: whatever can be completed in a year, is divisible into parts, of which each may be performed in the compass of a day; he, therefore, that has passed the day without attention to the task assigned him, may be certain that the lapse of life has brought him no nearer to his object; for, whatever idleness may expect from time, its produce will be only in proportion to the diligence with which it has been used. He that floats lazily down the stream, in pursuit of something borne along by the same current, will find himself indeed move forward; but unless he lays his hand to the oar, and increases his speed by his own labour, must be always at the same distance from that which he is following.

There have happened in every age some contingencies of unexpected and undeserved success, by which those who are determined to believe whatever favours their inclinations, have been encouraged to delight themselves with future advantages; they support confidence by considerations, of which the only proper use is to chase away despair: it is equally absurd to sit down in idleness because some have been enriched without labour, as to leap a precipice because some have fallen and escaped with life, or to put to sea in a storm because some have been driven from a wreck upon the coast to which they are bound.

We are all ready to confess, that belief ought to

be proportioned to evidence or probability: let any man, therefore, compare the number of those who have been thus favoured by fortune, and of those who have failed of their expectations, and he will easily determine with what justness he has registered himself in the lucky catalogue.

But there is no need on these occasions for deep inquiries or laborious calculations; there is a far easier method of distinguishing the hopes of folly from those of reason, of finding the difference between prospects that exist before the eyes, and those that are only painted on a fond imagination. Tom Drowsy had accustomed himself to compute the profit of a darling project, till he had no longer any doubt of its success; it was at last matured by close consideration, all the measures were accurately adjusted, and he wanted only five hundred pounds to become master of a fortune that might be envied by a director of a trading company. Tom was generous and grateful, and was resolved to recompense this small assistance with an ample fortune: he, therefore, deliberated for a time, to whom amongst his friends he should declare his necessities; not that he suspected a refusal, but because he could not suddenly determine which of them would make the best use of riches, and was, therefore, most worthy of his favour. At last his choice was settled: and knowing that in order to borrow he must show the probability of repayment, he prepared for a minute and copious explanation of his project. But here the golden dream was at an end: he soon discovered the impossibility of imposing upon others the notions by which he had so long imposed upon himself; which way soever he turned his thoughts, impossibility and absurdity arose in opposition on every side; even credulity and prejudice were at last forced to give way,

and he grew ashamed of crediting himself what shame would not suffer him to communicate to another.

To this test let every man bring his imaginations before they have been too long predominant in his mind. Whatever is true will bear to be related, whatever is rational will endure to be explained; but when we delight to brood in secret over future happiness, and silently to employ our meditations upon schemes of which we are conscious that the bare mention would expose us to derision and contempt; we should then remember, that we are cheating ourselves by voluntary delusions; and giving up to the unreal mockeries of fancy, those hours in which solid advantages might be attained by sober thought and rational assiduity.

There is, indeed, so little certainty in human affairs, that the most cautious and severe examiner may be allowed to indulge some hopes, which he cannot prove to be much favoured by probability; since after his utmost endeavours to ascertain events, he must often leave the issue in the hands of chance. And so scanty is our present allowance of happiness, that in many situations life could scarcely be supported, if hope were not allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasures borrowed from futurity; and re-animate the languor of dejection to new efforts, by pointing to distant regions of felicity, which yet no resolution or perseverance shall ever reach.

But these, like all other cordials, though they may invigorate in a small quantity, intoxicate in a greater; these pleasures, like the rest, are lawful only in certain circumstances, and to certain degrees; they may be useful in a due subserviency to nobler purposes, but become dangerous and destructive, when once they gain the ascendant in the heart; [illegible]

is likely to deceive us, may be sometimes useful; but to lull our faculties in a lethargy, is poor and despicable.

Vices and errors are differently modified, according to the state of the minds to which they are incident; to indulge hope beyond the warrant of reason, is the failure alike of mean and elevated understandings; but its foundation and its effects are totally different: the man of high courage and great abilities is apt to place too much confidence in himself, and to expect from a vigorous exertion of his powers more than spirit or diligence can attain; between him and his wish he sees obstacles indeed, but he expects to overleap or break them; his mistaken ardour hurries him forward; and though perhaps he misses his end, he nevertheless obtains some collateral good, and performs something useful to mankind and honourable to himself.

The drone of timidity presumes likewise to hope, but without ground and without consequences; the bliss with which he solaces his hours, he always expects from others, though very often he knows not from whom; he folds his arms about him, and sits in expectation of some revolution in the state that shall raise him to greatness, or some golden shower that shall load him with wealth; he dozes away the day in musing upon the morrow; and at the end of life is roused from his dream only to discover that the time of action is past, and that he can now show his wisdom only by repentance.

T

No. 70. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1753.

Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec sumit aut ponit secures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

HOR. CAR. iii. 2. 17.

Stranger to folly and to fear,
With pure untainted honour bright,
Virtue disdains to lend an ear
To the mad people's sense of right.

"MR. ADVENTURER,

"I AM the person whom your correspondent Benevolus has thought fit to mention by the name of Agrestis. There are some particulars in my character, which, perhaps, he has mistaken; but I love plain dealing; and as he did not intend to flatter me I forgive him: perhaps my heart is as warm as another's, and I am no stranger to any principles that would lead a man to do a handsome thing. But to the point. I approve your publishing the story of Eugenio; and I am determined the world shall not lose the sequel of it, in which you are more concerned than perhaps you may imagine.

"You must know, Sir, that I had observed my girl to go moping about of late more than common; though in truth she has been somewhat grave ever since she dismissed Ventosus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and so watching her pretty closely, I catched her last Sunday was se'nnight almost drowned in tears with your paper in her hand. I laid hold of it in an instant, and, putting on my

spectacles, began to read, with a shrewd suspicion that I should find out a secret. Her passion of crying still increased; and when I had looked here and there in the paper, I was convinced that she was by some means deeply interested in the story, which, indeed, appeared to me to be full of misfortune. In short, I pressed her so home upon the subject, that she put the other two papers into my hand, and telling me who were meant by the names, I began to read with great eagerness; though, to confess a truth, I could scarce see the three last pages. Odds my life, thinks I, what an honest fellow this Eugenio is! and leering up at my girl, I thought I never saw her look so like her mother before. I took her about the neck and kissed her; but I did not tell her what I had in my head: however, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and, instantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I inquired the ship's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when she sailed. The doctor, whether he guessed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his skin, and told me with a kind of wild eagerness, that the vessel having met with an accident in going out, was put back, and then lay in the river near Gravesend.

"With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. 'Emmy,' says I, 'the captain was always in my opinion a worthy man; and when I had reason to believe you liked him, I did not resolve to part you because he was without a title or an estate, but because I could not be reconciled to his profession. I was determined you should never marry a cockade, and carry a knapsack; and if he had been a general officer, I would have preferred an honest citizen, who encourages trade and navigation, before him. Besides, I was angry that you should hold a private correspondence, and think to carry

your point without me; but you were greatly misrepresented; so was the captain: he has gallantly removed all my objections at once, he is not now in the army, nor has he ever attempted to subvert my authority; he is a true heart, and I feel that I love him as my son. He is still within reach, and you shall this moment write to him with your own hand, and tell him, that I say he shall be your husband. I have money enough for ye both; and, if I please, I can make him a lord.' The poor child sat with her handkerchief up to her eyes while I was speaking, and I did not immediately perceive, that, upon hearing the captain was not gone, she had fainted. We could scarce keep life in her for above two hours; but at last she a little recovered her spirits, and brought me the following billet:

'TO EUGENIO.

'SIR,

'My dear papa commands me to entreat, that you would immediately come on shore, and from this hour consider his house as your own. He is greatly affected with the story of your generosity and distress, which he has just learned by an accident which I cannot now communicate; and he is determined to make you his heir, without prejudice to,

'SIR,

'Your humble servant,

'AMELIA.'

"When I had perused this epistle, 'Pshaw,' says I, 'put affectionate at the end of it, or else he won't come now.' This made her smile. I was glad to see her look cheerful; and having with some difficulty procured the proper addition, I despatched the letter instantly by my own servant on horseback, and ordered a light chariot and four to follow him, and take

up Eugenio's friend, the doctor, by the way. I will not tell you, Sir, how Eugenio, as he is called, behaved upon the receipt of this letter; it is enough, that in about eight hours he arrived with his friend at my house: neither will I tell you how the lovers behaved when they met; it is enough, that they are to be married next Thursday. I add some particulars for your private inspection in the postscript, that you may give us your company at the wedding. I dare say you will share the happiness of which you have been the instrument; and I assure you that you will be extremely welcome to the company, but to none more than to

"Yours heartily,

"AGRESTIS."

I am extremely obliged to Agrestis for his postscript, but yet more for his letter; which, if I may be allowed to judge by its effect, is the most eloquent performance I ever read: its excellence, I am persuaded, will be universally acknowledged, because it will be felt. I shall, however, add some remarks, which, perhaps, may not occur to every mind, as every mind has not acquired a habit of speculation.

Eugenio's heroic perseverance in virtue, though it appeared to preclude all his hopes of temporal advantage, yet eventually fulfilled them. If he had with less generosity engaged in a clandestine love, either he would have forfeited the esteem of Amelia, or she would have incurred the resentment of her father; if he had succeeded to the remains of his paternal estate, he might still have been suspected by Agrestis; and, if he had continued in the army, however preferred, he would still have been disapproved.

Thus, perhaps, if remote consequences could be

wisdom and the kindness of Divine Prescription; we should see, that the precepts which we are now urged to neglect by our desire of happiness, were given to prevent our being precipitated by error into misery; at least, it would appear, that if some immediate advantage is gained by the individual, an equivalent loss is sustained by society; and as society is only an aggregation of individuals, he who seeks his own advantage at the expense of society, cannot long be exempted from the general calamity which he contributes to produce.

Such is the necessary imperfection of human laws, that many private injuries are perpetrated of which they take no cognizance; but if these were allowed to be punished by the individual against whom they are committed, every man would be judge and executioner in his own cause, and universal anarchy would immediately follow. The laws, therefore, by which this practice is prohibited, ought to be held more sacred than any other; and the violation of them is so far from being necessary to prevent an imputation of cowardice, that they are enforced, even among those in whom cowardice is punished with death, by the following clause in the nineteenth article of war:

"Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid another for refusing a challenge; since, according to these our orders, they do but the duty of soldiers who ought to subject themselves to discipline: and we do acquit and discharge all men who have quarrels offered, or challenges sent to them, of all disgrace or opinion of disadvantage in their obedience hereunto; and whoever shall upbraid them, or offend in this case, shall be punished as a challenger."

It is to be presumed, that of this clause no gentleman in the army is ignorant; and those who by the arrogance of their folly labour to render it ineffec-

tual, should, as enemies to their country, be driven out of it with detestation and contempt.

No. 71. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1753.

—Hominem pagina nostra sapit.

MART. EP. X. 4. 10.

We strive to paint the manners and the mind.

LETTERS written from the heart, and on real occasions, though not always decorated with the flowers of eloquence, must be far more useful and interesting than the studied paragraphs of Pliny, or the pompous declarations of Balsac; as they contain just pictures of life and manners, and are the genuine emanations of nature. Of this kind I shall select a few from the heap I have received from my correspondents, each of which exhibits a different character, not exaggerated and heightened by circumstances that pass the bounds of reality.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"I AM arrived with Sir Nicholas at this melancholy moated mansion. Would I could be annihilated during the insupportable tediousness of summer! We are to sup this evening, after having fished the whole afternoon, by day-light, think of that! in the new arbour. My uncle, poor man, imagines he has a finer and richer prospect from thence, than the

hills, and corn fields. We have been visited by our only neighbour, Mrs. Thrifty, who entertained us with a dull history of the children she has educated at a little school of her own founding, and who values herself for not having been in town these ten years, and for not knowing what a drum means. My sister and I have laid a scheme to plague her, for we have sent her a card, entreating her to make one at Brag next Sunday. For heaven's sake send us your paper weekly, but do not give us so many grave ones; for we want to be diverted after studying Hoyle, which we do for three hours every afternoon with great attention, that the time may not pass away totally useless, and that we may be a match for Lady Shuffle next winter. Let us know what is done at the next jubilee masquerade. How shall I have patience to support my absence from it! And if Madame de Pompadour comes over, as was reported when I left town, impart to us a minute account of the complexion she now wears, and of every article of her dress; any milliner will explain the terms to you. I don't see that you have yet published the little novel I sent you; I assure you it was written by a right honourable: but you, I suppose, think the style colloquial as you call it and the moral trite or trifling. Colonel Caper's Pindaric ode on the E O table, must absolutely be inserted in your very next paper, or else never expect to hear again from

"LETITIA."

"Sombre-Hall, June 18."

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"I APPLY to you as a person of prudence and

enable myself to breed up a numerous family on a small preferment, I have been advised to indulge my natural propensity for poetry, and to write a tragedy: my design is to apprentice my eldest son to a reputable tradesman, with the profits I shall acquire by the representation of my play, being deterred by the inordinate expenses of an university education from making him a scholar. An old gentlewoman in my parish, a great reader of religious controversy, whom celibacy and the reduction of interest have made morosely devout, accidentally hearing of my performance, undertook to censure me, in all companies, with acrimony and zeal, as acting inconsistently with the dignity of my public character, and as a promoter of debauchery and lewdness. She has informed my churchwardens, that the playhouse is the temple of Satan, and that the first Christians were strictly forbidden to enter the theatres, as places impure and contagious. My congregations grow thin; my clerk shakes his head, and fears his master is not so sound as he ought to be. I was lately discoursing on the beautiful parable of the prodigal son, and most unfortunately quoted Erasmus's observation on it, *ex quo quidem argumento posset non inelegans fieri comœdia*—'on which subject a most elegant comedy might be composed'; which has ruined me for ever, and destroyed all the little respect remaining for me in the minds of my parishioners. 'What!' cried they, 'would the parson put the bible into verse? would he make stage-plays out of the Scriptures?' How, Sir, am I to act? Assist me with your advice. Am I for ever to bear unreasonable obloquy, and undeserved reproach? or must I, to regain the good opinion of my people, relinquish all hopes of the five hundred pounds I was to gain by my piece, and generously burn my tragedy in my church-yard, in the face of

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"I HAD almost finished a view of the inside of St. Peter's, at Rome, in butterfly-work, when my cruel parroquet accidentally trod upon the purple emperor, of which the high altar was to have been made. This is the first letter I have written after my dreadful loss; and it is to desire you to put an advertisement at the end of your next paper, signifying, that whoever has any 'purple emperors or swallow tails to dispose of, may hear of a purchaser at Lady Whim's, in New Bond-street.'

"Yours," &c.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"IF you will pay off my milk-score and lodgings, stop my tailor from arresting me, and put twenty pieces in my pocket, I will immediately set out for Lyons on foot, and stay there till I have translated into English the manuscript of Longinus which you talk of in your fifty-first paper. Favour me with a speedy answer, directed to Mr. Quillit, at the cork-cutter's in Wych-street, Drury-lane.

"P. S. Seven booksellers have already applied to me, and offer to pay me very generously for my translation, especially as there is no French one for me to consult.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"YOU affect great tenderness and sensibility whenever you speak of the ladies. I have always despised them as trifling and expensive animals; and have, therefore, enjoyed the delicious liberty of what they idly and opprobriously call an old bachelor. I consider love in no other light, than as the parent

I am, therefore, inexpressibly delighted with a passage of uncommon sense and penetration, which I lately met with in the works of the celebrated Huet; and which, because no English writer has taken notice of it, I beg you will publish for the use of my countrymen, as it will impart to them a method of escaping the despicable lot of living under female tyranny.

'Love,' says this judicious prelate, 'is not only a passion of the soul like hatred and envy, but is also a malady of the body like a fever. It is situated in the blood and the animal spirits, which are extraordinarily inflamed and agitated; and it ought to be treated methodically by the rules of medicine, in order to effect a cure. I am of opinion, that this disorder may easily be subdued by plentiful sweats and copious bleedings, which would carry off the peccant humours, and these violent inflammations, would purge the blood, calm its emotion, and re-establish it in its former natural state. This is not merely groundless conjecture; it is an opinion founded on experience. A great prince, with whom I was intimately acquainted, having conceived a violent passion for a young lady of exalted merit, was obliged to leave her, and to take the field with the army. During this absence, his love was cherished and kept alive by a very frequent and regular intercourse of letters to the end of the campaign; when a dangerous sickness reduced him to extremity. By applying to the most powerful and efficacious drugs physic could boast of, he recovered his health, but lost his passion, which the great evacuations he had used had entirely carried off unknown to him. For imagining that he was as much in love as ever, he found himself unexpectedly cold and indifferent, the first time he beheld again the lady of whom he had been so passionately fond. The like accident befell one of my most inti-

mate friends, who, recovering from a long and stubborn fever, by falling into copious sweats, perceived at the same time that he was cured of a passion, that for some time before had continually teased and grievously tormented him. He had no longer any taste for the object he formerly adored, attempted in vain to renew his gallantries, and found that insensibility and dislike had banished tenderness and respect.'

" I am yours,

" AKALOS."

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

" SIR,

" IN one of your late sermons I am informed, for I never read myself, that you have presumed to speak with ridicule and contempt of the noble order of Bucks. Seven of us agreed last night at the King's Arms, that if you dared to be guilty of the like impudence a second time, we would come in a body and untile your garret, burn your pocket-book of hints, throw your papers, ready written for the press, into a jakes, and drive you out into the Strand in your tattered night-gown and slippers: and you may guess what a fine spectacle the mob will think an animal that so seldom sees the sun as you do. I assure you, that next to a day at Broughton's, or the damnation of a new play, the truest joy of our fraternity is, 'to hunt an author.'

" Yours,

Z " BOB WHIPCLEAN."

No. 72. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1753.

Πολλὰ μεταξὺ πέλει κάλυκος καὶ χείλεος ἄκρου.—PROV. GR.

Many things happen between the cup and the lip.

THE following narrative is by an eastern tradition attributed to one Heli ben Hamet, a moralist of Arabia, who is said to have delivered his precepts in public and periodical orations. This tradition corresponds with the manner in which the narrative is introduced; and, indeed, it may possibly have no other foundation: but the tradition itself, however founded, is sufficient authority to consider Heli as the literary Adventurer of a remote age and nation; and as only one number of his work is extant, I shall not scruple to incorporate it with my own.

"Dost thou ask a torch to discover the brightness of the morning? Dost thou appeal to argument for proofs of divine perfection? Look down to the earth on which thou standest, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee. Thou beholdest splendour, abundance, and beauty; is not He who produced them, mighty? Thou considerest; is not He who formed thy understanding, wise? Thou enjoyest; is not He who gratifies thy senses, good? Can aught have limited His bounty but His wisdom? or can defects in His sagacity be discovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and resignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whose heart has rebelled in secret, and whose wish has silently accused thy Maker.

"I rose early in the morning to meditate, that I might, without presumption, hope to be heard. I left my habitation, and, turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I passed, till the extreme heat of the sun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention. The weariness which I had insensibly contracted by the length of my walk, became in a

ter, I suddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood, in which Rhedi the hermit investigates the secrets of nature, and ascribes glory to God. The hope of improving my meditation by his wisdom, gave me new vigour: I soon reached the wood, I was refreshed by the shade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was absent. I had not, however, waited long, before I discovered him through the trees at some distance, advancing towards me, with a person whose appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never seen.

"When they came near, I rose up, and laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myself with reverence before them. Rhedi saluted me by my name, and presented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the ground. Having looked stedfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and blessed me: 'Heli,' said he, 'those who desire knowledge that they may teach virtue, shall not be disappointed: sit down, I will relate events which yet thou knowest but in part, and disclose secrets of Providence from which thou mayest derive instruction.' We sat down, and I listened as to the counsel of an angel, or the music of paradise.

"Amana, the daughter of Sanbad the shepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had passed the desert arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink: those which came first to the wells, belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandise of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with her veil, which the servant of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

"Amana provoked by the indignity, and encou-

raged by the presence of others, struck him with the staff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himself with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately hasted to the well. The veil of Amana had fallen off in the struggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty: the lovely confusion of offended modesty that glowed upon her cheek, the disdain that swelled her bosom, and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her beauty: they were graces which Nouraddin had never seen— and produced a tumult in his breast which he had never felt; for Nouraddin, though he had now great possessions, was yet a youth, and a stranger to woman: the merchandise which he was transporting, had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the sudden accession of independence and wealth did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of desire: he, therefore, demanded Amana of her parents; his message was received with gratitude and joy; and Nouraddin, after a short time, carried her back to Egypt, having first punished the servant, by whom she had been insulted at the well, with his own hand.

"But he delayed the solemnities of marriage, till the time of mourning for his father should expire; and the gratification of a passion which he could not suppress, was without much difficulty suspended, now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happiness which he believed to be secured; and supposed that it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed as possession is longer delayed.

"During this interval Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation; her ambition

was at an end, and she became susceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obscurity of her birth only because it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured incessantly to supply the defect: she received his instruction not only with gratitude, but delight; while he spoke she gazed upon him with esteem and reverence, and had no wish but to return the happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

"At this time Osmin the caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Osmin, thou knowest, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the desert: to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpose of his mind; but his wish was still unsatisfied, and his life was wretched. His seraglio was filled with beauty; but the power of beauty he had exhausted: he became outrageous to revive desire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only set over his women, but his kingdom, with menaces and execration. Nardic, therefore, caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful virgin within two days, should stand in the presence of the caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

"Caled, the servant who had been beaten by Nouraddin, returned with him to Egypt; the sullen ferocity of his temper was increased by the desire of revenge, and the gloom of discontent was deepened by despair: but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aspect like lightning in the darkness of a storm; the offence which he had committed against Amana, enabled him to revenge the punishment which it produced. He knew that she was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near: he, therefore, hastened to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who in the midst of

magnificence and servility, the flattery of dependent ambition, and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

"When Caled was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him: 'By the smile of my lord,' said he, 'let another be distinguished from the slaves who mingle in obscurity, and let his favour elevate another from the dust; but let my service be accepted, and let the desire of Osmin be satisfied with beauty. Amana will shortly be espoused by Nouraddin; but of Amana the sovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haste, therefore, to demand her; she is now with him in the house, to which I will conduct the messenger of thy will.'

"Nardic received this intelligence with transports of joy; a mandate was instantly written to Nouraddin; it was sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force sufficient to compel obedience.

"On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired; he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his person; his features were brightened with the gladness of his heart; he had invited his friends to the festival of his marriage, and the evening was to accomplish his wishes: the evening also was expected by Amana, with a joy which she did not labour to suppress; and she was hiding her blushes in the breast of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

"The domestics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin, being instantly acquainted with the event, rushed out of the apartment of Amana with disorder and trepidation. When he saw Caled, he was moved with anger and disdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and, with looks of insolence and

triumph, presented the mandate. Nouraddin, seeing the royal signet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an agony of suspense and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguish which he suffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents: at the name of Amana he started, as if he had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

"Caled proceeded to execute his commission without remorse; he was not to be moved by swooning, expostulation, entreaty, or tears: but having conducted Amana to the seraglio, presented her to Nardic with exultation and hope. Nardic, whose wish was flattered by her stature and her shape, lifted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and solicitude: but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end: he prostrated himself before her, as a person on whose pleasure his life would from that moment depend. She was conducted to the chamber of the women, and Caled was the same hour invested with his new dignity; an apartment was assigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

"Nouraddin, when he recovered his sensibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the seraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and stupidity: he passed the night in agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhausted, and in the morning he locked himself into the chamber of Amana, and threw himself on a sofa, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no sustenance.

No. 73. TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1753.

—*Naminibus vota exaudita malignis.*

JUV. SAT. X. 111.

Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour.

DRYDEN.

"WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to despair, Nardic's description of Amana had roused Osmin from his apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and satiated with enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion: he perceived, indeed, that she was in tears, and that his presence covered her with confusion: yet he believed that her terrors would be easily removed, that by kindness she might be soothed to familiarity, and by caresses excited to dalliance: but the moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and entreated to be heard with an importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist: he, therefore, raised her from the ground, and, supporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed: 'Let my Lord,' said she, 'dismiss a wretch who is not worthy of his presence, and compassionate the distress which is not susceptible of delight. I am the daughter of a shepherd, betrothed to the merchant Nouraddin, from whom my body has been forced by the perfidy of a slave, and to whom my soul is united by indissoluble bonds. O! let not the terrors of thy frown be upon me! Shall the sovereign of Egypt stoop to

tain the worthless theft of treachery and revenge? or shall he, for whom ten thousand languish with desire, rejoice in the sufferance of one alienated mind?' Osmin, whose breast had by turns been inflamed with desire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of Amana and listened to her voice, now suddenly threw her from him, and departed without reply.

"When he was alone, he remained a few moments in suspense: but the passions which eloquence had repressed, soon became again predominant; and he commanded Amana to be told, that if within three hours she did not come prepared to gratify his wishes, he would cast the head of the slave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

"The eunuch by whom this message was delivered, and the women who had returned to Amana when the caliph retired, were touched with pity at her distress, and trembled at her danger: the evils which they could scarce hope to prevent, they were yet solicitous to delay; and, therefore, advised her to request three days of preparation, that she might sufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind, to make a just estimate of her own happiness; and with this request to send, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of sherbet, in which a pearl had been dissolved, and of which she had first drank herself.

"To this advice, after some throes of desperation, she at length consented, and prepared to put it in execution.

"At the time when this resolution was taken, Nouraddin suddenly started from a restless slumber; he was again stung by an instantaneous reflection upon his own misery; and indulged the discontent of his mind in this exclamation: 'If wisdom and goodness do indeed preside over the works of Omnipotence, whence is oppression, injustice, and cruelty? As

Nouraddin alone has a right to Amana, why is Amana in the power of Osmin? O that now the justice of Heaven would appear in my behalf! O that from this hour I was Osmin, and Osmin Nouraddin!' The moment he had uttered this wish, his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length dissipated by a burst of thunder; and a being, whose appearance was more than human, stood before him. 'Nouraddin,' said the vision, 'I am of the region above thee; but my business is with the children of the earth. Thou hast wished to be Osmin, and as far as this wish is possible it shall be accomplished; thou shalt be enabled to assume his appearance, and to exercise his power. I know not yet whether I am permitted to conceal Osmin under the appearance of Nouraddin, but till to-morrow he shall not interrupt thee.'

"Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by astonishment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the presence of a friend; and was about to express his gratitude and joy, when the genius bound a talisman on his left arm, and acquainted him with its power: 'As often as this bracelet,' said he, 'shall be applied to the region of thy heart, thou shalt be alternately changed in appearance from Nouraddin to Osmin, and from Osmin to Nouraddin.' The genius then suddenly disappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the possession of Amana, instantly applied the stud of the bracelet to his breast, and the next moment found himself alone in an apartment of the seraglio.

"During this interval, the caliph, who was expecting the issue of his message to Amana, became restless and impatient: he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace; and

eyes fixed on the clear surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this soliloquy; 'What is my felicity, and what is my power? I am wretched, by the want of that which the caprice of woman has bestowed upon my slave. I can gratify revenge, but not desire; I can withhold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to myself. Why have I not power to assume the form in which I might enjoy my wishes? I will at least enjoy them in thought. If I was Nouraddin, I should be clasped with transport to the bosom of Amana.' He then resigned himself to the power of imagination, and was again silent; but the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the genius who had just transported Nouraddin to his palace. This wish, therefore, was instantly fulfilled; and his eyes being still fixed upon the water, he perceived with sudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal caresses of Amana; the tumult of his mind was increased by the prodigy; and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he hasted instantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door, to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard that was now commanded by Caled; a tumult ensued, and Caled being hastily called, believed that Nouraddin, in the frenzy of desperation, had scaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, instantly stabbed him with his poniard, but at the same time received that of the caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor; the ty-

him in oppression, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

"In the mean time, the man who was believed to be slain, reposed in security upon a sofa; and Amana, by the direction of her women had prepared the message and the bowl. They were now despatched to the caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He understood by the message that Amana was yet inviolate: in the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied, he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that Amana should be brought into his presence.

"In obedience to this command, she was conducted by her women to the door, but she entered alone pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a smile, the characters which grief, dread, and aversion, had written in her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and springing forward, threw his arms about her in an ecstasy of tenderness and joy; which was still heightened when he perceived, that in the character of Osmin those embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardour: he, therefore, retreating backward a few paces, applied the talisman again to his breast, and having recovered his own form, would have rushed again into her arms; but she started from him in confusion and terror. He smiled at the effect of the prodigy; and sustaining her in his bosom, repeated some tender incidents which were known to no other; told her by what means he had intercepted her message; and urged her immediately to escape, that they might possess all their desires in each other, and leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whose likeness he had been enabled to assume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at

him with a fixed attention, till her suspicion and doubts were removed; then suddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven, imprecated curses upon her head, till her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

"Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable distress, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cause. 'In the bowl,' said she, 'which thou hast intercepted, there was death. I wished, when I took it from my lips, that the draught which remained might be poison: a powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible hand, and a voice whispered me, that him who drank the potion it would inevitably destroy.'

"Nouraddin, to whose heart the fatal malignity had now spread, perceived that his dissolution would be sudden: his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim: he stretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was distorted by an ineffectual effort to speak; impenetrable darkness came upon him; he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the talisman again smote his breast; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impressed upon the features of Osmin. Amana, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last transformation, rushed out of the apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The seraglio was alarmed in a moment: the body, which was mistaken for that of Osmin, was examined by the physicians; the effects of poison were evident; Amana was immediately suspected; and, by the command of Shomar, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

"'Such,' said the companion of Rhedi, 'was the end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Osmin and Caled, from whose destiny I have withdrawn the veil: let

the world consider it, and be wise. Be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge clothe thee with humility.'

"While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary sage, who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he rose like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

"I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment: but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulness of superior virtue; and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. 'Hamet,' said he, 'the voice which thou hast heard is the voice of Zachis the genius; by whose power the wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province of Zachis to punish impatience and presumption, by fulfilling the desires of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and presume to direct the hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast heard, to preserve others from his power.

"Now, therefore, let virtue suffer adversity with patience, and vice dread to incur the misery she would inflict, for by him who repines at the scale of Heaven, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword will turn the point upon his own bosom."

No. 74. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1753.

Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro.— HOR. CAR. i. 34. 2.

I miss'd my end, and lost my way,
By crack-brain'd wisdom led astray.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"IT has long been charged by one part of mankind upon the other, that they will not take advice; that counsel and instruction are generally thrown away; and that, in defiance both of admonition and example, all claim the right to choose their own measures, and to regulate their own lives.

"That there is something in advice very useful and salutary, seems to be equally confessed on all hands: since even those that reject it, allow for the most part that rejection to be wrong, but charge the fault upon the unskilful manner in which it is given; they admit the efficacy of the medicine, but abhor the nauseousness of the vehicle.

"Thus mankind have gone on from century to century: some have been advising others how to act, and some have been teaching the advisers how to advise; yet very little alteration has been made in the world. As we must all by the law of nature enter life in ignorance, we must all make our way through it by the light of our own experience; and, for any security that advice has been yet able to afford, must endeavour after succes at the hazard of miscarriage, and learn to do right by venturing to do wrong.

"By advice I would not be understood to mean, the everlasting and invariable principles of moral and religious truth, from which no change of external circumstances can justify any deviation; but such directions as respect merely the prudential part of conduct, and which may be followed or neglected without any violation of essential duties.

"It is, indeed, not so frequently to make us good as to make us wise, that our friends employ the of-

ficiousness of counsel; and among the rejectors of advice, who are mentioned by the grave and sententious with so much acrimony, you will not so often find the vicious and abandoned, as the pert and the petulant, the vivacious and the giddy.

"As the great end of female education is to get a husband, this likewise is the general subject of female advice; and the dreadful denunciation against those volatile girls, who will not listen patiently to the lectures of wrinkled wisdom, is, that they will die unmarried, or throw themselves away upon some worthless fellow, who will never be able to keep them a coach.

"I being naturally of a ductile and easy temper, without strong desires or quick resentments, was always a favourite amongst the elderly ladies, because I never rebelled against seniority, nor could be charged with thinking myself wise before my time; but heard every opinion with submissive silence, professed myself ready to learn from all who seemed inclined to teach me, paid the same grateful acknowledgements for precepts contradictory to each other, and if any controversy arose, was careful to side with her who presided in the company.

"Of this compliance I very early found the advantage; for my aunt Matilda left me a very large addition to my fortune, for this reason chiefly, as she herself declared, because I was not above hearing good counsel, but would sit from morning till night to be instructed, while my sister Sukey, who was a year younger than myself, and was, therefore, in greater want of information, was so much conceited of her own knowledge, that whenever the good lady in the ardour of benevolence reproved or instructed her, she would pout or titter, interrupt her with questions, or embarrass her with objections.

"I had no design to supplant my sister by this

complaisant attention; nor, when the consequence of my obsequiousness came to be known, did Sukey so much envy as despise me: I was, however, very well pleased with my success; and having received, from the concurrent opinion of all mankind, a notion, that to be rich was to be great and happy, I thought I had obtained my advantages at an easy rate, and resolved to continue the same passive attention, since I found myself so powerfully recommended by it to kindness and esteem.

"The desire of advising has a very extensive prevalence; and since advice cannot be given but to those that will hear it, a patient listener is necessary to the accommodation of all those who desire to be confirmed in the opinion of their own wisdom: a patient listener, however, is not always to be had; the present age, whatever age is present, is so vitiated and disordered that young people are readier to talk than to attend, and good counsel is only thrown away upon those who are full of their own perfections.

"I was, therefore, in this scarcity of good sense, a general favourite; and seldom saw a day in which some sober matron did not invite me to her house, or take me out in her chariot, for the sake of instructing me how to keep my character in this censorious age, how to conduct myself in the time of courtship, how to stipulate for a settlement, how to manage a husband of every character, regulate my family, and educate my children.

"We are all naturally credulous in our own favour. Having been so often caressed and applauded for my docility, I was willing to believe myself really enlightened by instruction, and completely qualified for the task of life. I did not doubt but I was entering the world with a mind furnished against all exigencies, with expedients to extricate myself from every difficulty, and sagacity to provide against every

danger; I was, therefore, in haste to give some specimen of my prudence, and to show that this liberality of instruction had not been idly lavished upon a mind incapable of improvement.

"My purpose, for why should I deny it? was, like that of other women, to obtain a husband of rank and fortune superior to my own; and in this I had the concurrence of all those that had assumed the province of directing me. That the woman was undone who married below herself, was universally agreed: and though some ventured to assert, that the richer man ought invariably to be preferred, and that money was a sufficient compensation for a defective ancestry; yet the majority declared warmly for a gentleman, and were of opinion that upstarts should not be encouraged.

"With regard to other qualifications I had an irreconcileable variety of instructions. I was sometimes told that deformity was no defect in a man; and that he who was not encouraged to intrigue by an opinion of his person, was more likely to value the tenderness of his wife: but a grave widow directed me to choose a man who might imagine himself agreeable to me, for that the deformed were always insupportably vigilant, and apt to sink into sullenness, or burst into rage, if they found their wife's eye wandering for a moment to a good face or a handsome shape.

"They were, however, all unanimous in warning me, with repeated cautions, against all thoughts of union with a wit, as a being with whom no happiness could possibly be enjoyed: men of every other kind I was taught to govern, but a wit was an animal for whom no arts of taming had been yet discovered: the woman whom he could once get within his power, was considered as lost to all hope of dominion or of quiet: for he would detect artifice and

defeat allurement; and if once he discovered any failure of conduct, would believe his own eyes, in defiance of tears, caresses, and protestations.

"In pursuance of these sage principles, I proceeded to form my schemes; and while I was yet in the first bloom of youth, was taken out at an assembly by Mr. Frisk. I am afraid my cheeks glowed, and my eyes sparkled; for I observed the looks of all my superintendents fixed anxiously upon me; and I was next day cautioned against him from all hands, as a man of the most dangerous and formidable kind, who had writ verses on one lady, and then forsaken her only because she could not read them, and had lampooned another for no other fault than defaming his sister.

"Having been hitherto accustomed to obey, I ventured to dismiss Mr. Frisk, who happily did not think me worth the labour of a lampoon. I was then addressed by Mr. Sturdy, and congratulated by all my friends on the manors of which I was shortly to be lady: but Sturdy's conversation was so gross, that after the third visit I could endure him no longer; and incurred, by dismissing him, the censure of all my friends, who declared that my nicety was greater than my prudence, and that they feared it would be my fate at last to be wretched with a wit.

"By a wit, however, I was never afterwards attacked, but lovers of every other class, or pretended lovers, I have often had; and, notwithstanding the advice constantly given me, to have no regard in my choice to my own inclinations, I could not forbear to discard some for vice, and some for rudeness. I was once loudly censured for refusing an old gentleman who offered an enormous jointure, and died of the phthisic a year after; and was so baited with in-

hand to Drone the stock-jobber, had not the reduction of interest made him afraid of the expenses of matrimony.

"Some, indeed, I was permitted to encourage; but miscarried of the main end, by treating them according to the rules of art which had been prescribed me. Altilis, an old maid, infused into me so much haughtiness and reserve, that some of my lovers withdrew themselves from my frown, and returned no more; others were driven away, by the demands of settlement which the widow Trapland directed me to make; and I have learned, by many experiments, that to ask advice is to lose opportunity.

"I am, SIR,
"Your humble servant,
"PERDITA."

T—

No. 75. TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1753.

— Quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssem.
HOR. EPIST. i. 2. 17.

To show what pious wisdom's power can do,
The poet sets Ulysses in our view.
FRANCIS.

I HAVE frequently wondered at the common practice of our instructors of youth, in making their pupils far more intimately acquainted with the Iliad, than with the Odyssey, of Homer. This absurd custom, which seems to arise from the supposed superiority of the former poem, has inclined me to make some reflections on the excellence of the latter; a task I

am the more readily induced to undertake, as so little is performed in the dissertation prefixed by Broome to Pope's translation of this work, which one may venture to pronounce is confused, defective, and dull. Those who receive all their opinions in criticism from custom and authority, and never dare to consult the decisions of reason, and the voice of nature and truth, must not accuse me of being affectedly paradoxical, if I endeavour to maintain that the Odyssey excels the Iliad in many respects; and that for several reasons young scholars should peruse it early and attentively.

The moral of this poem is more extensively useful than that of the Iliad; which, indeed, by displaying the dire effects of discord among rulers, may rectify the conduct of princes, and may be called the Manual of Monarchs: whereas the patience, the prudence, the wisdom, the temperance, and fortitude of Ulysses, afford a pattern, the utility of which is not confined within the compass of courts and palaces, but descends and diffuses its influence over common life and daily practice. If the fairest examples ought to be placed before us in an age prone to imitation, if patriotism be preferable to implacability, if an eager desire to return to one's country and family be more manly and noble than an eager desire to be revenged of an enemy, then should our eyes rather be fixed on Ulysses than Ackilles. Unexperienced minds, too easily captivated with the fire and fury of a gallant general, are apt to prefer courage to constancy, and firmness to humanity. We do not behold the destroyers of peace, and the murderers of mankind with the detestation due to their crimes; because we have been inured almost from our infancy to listen to the praises that have been wantonly lavished on them by the most exquisite poetry: 'The Muses,' to apply

decorated the bloody sword with wreaths of myrtle.' Let the Iliad be ever ranked at the head of human compositions for its spirit and sublimity; but let not the milder, and, perhaps, more insinuating and attractive beauties of the Odyssey be despised and overlooked. In the one we are placed amidst the rage of storms and tempests:

Ὡς δ' ὑπὸ λαίλαπι πᾶσα κελαινὴ βέβριθε χθὼν
Ἤματ' ὀπωρινῷ, ὅτε λαβρότατον χέει ὕδωρ
Ζεὺς, ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἄνδρεσσι κοτεσσάμενος χαλεπήνῃ.
ILIAD. Π. 384.

As when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant showers; —
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies.
POPE.

In the other, all is tranquil and sedate, and calmly delightful:

— Οὔτε ποτ' ὄμβρος,
Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ Ζεφύροιο λιγυπνείοντας ἀήτας
Ὠκεανὸς ἀνίησιν, ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους.
ODYSS. Δ. 506.

Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime:
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or shake the fleecy snow:
But from the breezy deep, the Blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
POPE.

Accordingly, to distinguish the very different natures of these poems, it was anciently the practice of those who publicly recited them, to represent the Iliad, in allusion to the bloodshed it described, in a robe of scarlet; and the Odyssey, on account of the voyages it relates, in an azure vestment.

The predominant passion of Ulysses being the love of his country, for the sake of which he even refuses immortality, the poet has taken every occasion to dis-

play it in the liveliest and most striking colours. The first time we behold the hero, we find him disconsolately sitting on the solitary shore, sighing to return to Ithaca,

Νόστον ὀδυρομένῳ. E. 153.

weeping incessantly, and still casting his eyes upon the sea,

Πόντον ἐπ' ἀτρύγετον δερκέσκετο, δάκρυα λείβων.
ODYSS. E. 84. 158.

'While a goddess,' says Minerva, at the very beginning of the poem, 'by her power and her allurements, detains him from Ithaca, he is dying with desire to see even so much as the smoke arise from his much-loved island:' *tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora!* While the luxurious Phæacians were enjoying a delicious banquet, he attended not to their mirth and music, for the time approached when he was to return to Ithaca: they had prepared a ship for him to set sail in the very next morning; and the thoughts of his approaching happiness having engrossed all his soul,

He sate, and eyed the sun, and wish'd the night —

—Δὴ γὰρ μενέαινε νέεσθαι.
ODYSS. N. 30.

To represent his impatience more strongly, the poet adds a most expressive simile, suited to the simplicity of ancient times: 'the setting of the sun,' says he, 'was as welcome and grateful to Ulysses, as it is to a well-laboured ploughman, who earnestly waits for its decline, that he may return to his supper, Δόρπον ἐποίχεσθαι, while his weary knees are painful to him as he walks along.'

— βλάπτεται δέ τε γούνατ' ἰόντι.
ib. 34.

'Notwithstanding all the pleasures and endearments I received from Calypso, yet,' says our hero, 'I perpetually bedewed with my tears the garments which this immortal beauty gave to me.'

— Εἵματα δ' αἰεὶ
Δάκρυσι δεύεσκον, τά μοι ἄμβροτα δῶκε Καλυψώ.
H. 259.

We are presented in every page with fresh instances of this love of his country; and his whole behaviour convinces us,

Ὡς οὐδὲν γλυκίον ἧς πατρίδος, οὐδὲ τοκήων. I. 34.

This generous sentiment runs like a golden vein throughout the whole poem.

If this animating example were duly and deeply inculcated, how strong an impression would it necessarily make upon the yielding minds of youth, when melted and mollified by the warmth of such exalted poetry!

Nor is the Odyssey less exellent and useful, in the amiable pictures it affords of private affections and domestic tendernesses,

— and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother. — MILTON.

When Ulysses descends into the infernal regions, it is finely contrived that he should meet his aged mother Anticlea. After his first sorrow and surprise, he eagerly inquires into the causes of her death, and adds, 'Doth my father yet live? Does my son possess my dominions, or does he groan under the tyranny of some usurper, who thinks I shall never return? Is my wife still constant to my bed? or hath some noble Grecian married her?'—These questions are the very voice of nature and affection. Anticlea answers, that 'she herself died with grief for the loss of Ulysses; that Laertes languishes away life in so-

litude and sorrow for him; and that Penelope perpetually and inconsolably bewails his absence, and sighs for his return.'

When the hero, disguised like a stranger, has the first interview with his father, whom he finds diverting his cares with rural amusements in his little garden, he informs him that he had seen his son in his travels, but now despairs of beholding him again. Upon this the sorrow of Laertes is inexpressible: Ulysses can counterfeit no longer, but exclaims ardently,

> I, I am he! O father, rise! behold
> Thy son!

And the discovery of himself to Telemachus, in the sixteenth book, in a speech of short and broken exclamations, is equally tender and pathetic.

The duties of universal benevolence, of charity, and of hospitality, that unknown and unpractised virtue, are perpetually inculcated with more emphasis and elegance than in any ancient philosopher, and I wish I could not add than in any modern. Ulysses meets with a friendly reception in all the various nations to which he is driven; who declare their inviolable obligations to protect and cherish the stranger and the wanderer. Above all, how amiable is the behaviour of Eumeus to his unknown master, who asks for his charity. 'It is not lawful for me,' says the Δῖος Ὑφορβος, 'I dare not despise any stranger or indigent man, even if he were much meaner than thou appearest to be; for the poor and strangers are sent to us by Jupiter!' 'Keep,' says Epictetus, continually in thy memory, what Eumeus speaks in Homer to the disguised Ulysses.' I am sensible, that many superficial French critics have endeavoured to ridicule all that passes at the lodge of Eumeus, as

poetry: but let them attend to the following observation of the greatest genius of their nation: 'Since it is delightful,' says Fenelon, 'to see in one of Titian's landscapes, the goats climbing up a hanging rock, or to behold in one of Tenier's pieces a country feast and rustic dances; it is no wonder, that we are pleased with such natural descriptions as we find in the Odyssey. This simplicity of manners seems to recal the golden age. I am more pleased with honest Eumeus, than with the polite heroes of Clelia or Cleopatra.' The moral precepts with which every page of the Odyssey is pregnant, are equally noble. Plato's wish is here accomplished; for we behold Virtue personally appearing to the sons of men, in her most awful and most alluring charms.

The remaining reasons, why the Odyssey is equal, if not superior to the Iliad, and why it is a poem most peculiarly proper for the perusal of youth, are —because the great variety of events and scenes it contains, interest and engage the attention more than the Iliad; because characters and images drawn from familiar life, are more useful to the generality of readers, and are also more difficult to be drawn: and because the conduct of this poem, considered as the most perfect of Epopees, is more artful and judicious than that of the other. The discussion of these beauties will make the subject of some ensuing paper.

Z

No. 76. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1753.

Duc me, Parens, celsique dominator poli.
Quocunque placuit; nulla parendi mora est;
Adsum impiger. Fac nolle; comitabor gemens,

Conduct me, thou of beings cause divine,
Where'er I'm destined in thy great design!
Active, I follow on: for should my will
Resist, I'm impious; but must follow still.

HARRIS.

BOZALDAB, caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. 'Can that God be benevolent,' he cried, 'who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity?' 'Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, who ye pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of Hope: and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power

those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it no longer.'

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom: when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished caliph, and said with a majestic smile, 'Follow me to the top of this mountain.'

'Look from hence,' said the awful conductor; 'I am Caloc, the angel of Peace; look from hence into the valley.'

Bozaldab opened his eyes, and beheld a barren a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of Heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

'Inhabitant of heaven,' cried Bozaldab, 'suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.'

'Peace,' said the angel, 'and observe.'

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered

to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket? No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, entreated and implored in vain.

'Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practised?' exclaimed Bozaldab.—'Look again,' said the angel, 'and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched: he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor: he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious; he has now learned, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene.'

The caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajahs of fifty nations.

and with ambassadors in various habits and of different complexions: on which sat Aboram, the much-lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Houri.

'Gracious Alla!—it is my son,' cried the caliph.—'O let me hold him to my heart!' 'Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision,' replied the angel: 'I am now showing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth.' 'And why,' returned Bozaldab, 'was he not permitted to continue? Why was not I suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?' 'Consider the sequel,' replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance: his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

'Happy,' said Caloc, 'is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others.

'It is enough,' cried Bozaldab; 'I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience!—From what

dreadful evil has my son been rescued by a death, which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!'

'Cast away the dagger,' replied the heavenly messenger, 'which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity.'

The angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

Z

No. 77. TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1753.

—*Peccare docentes*
Fallax historias monet. HOR. CAR. iii. 7. 19.

To taint th'attentive mind she tries
With tales of exemplary vice.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am

induce me to give it, will have as much weight with you as they have with me: I shall, therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however insignificant and unentertaining, affords a lesson of the highest importance; a lesson, the value of which I have experienced, and may, therefore, recommend.

"I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchased with the portion that was allotted him, a genteel post under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old; and my father who was excessively fond of me, determined to be himself my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, should not want the improvements of a liberal education.

"He was a man of sense, with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a free-liver, and perhaps for that reason took some pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary his daughter should be restrained from those liberties which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition, for so he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to choose virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connexion with immortality, I was not led to consider a future state either with hope or fear: my father indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always

intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or false, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; because the virtue which secured happiness in the present state, would also secure it in a future; a future state, therefore, I wholly disregarded, and, to confess a truth, disbelieved; for I thought I could plainly discover that it was disbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his sentiments. As I had no very turbulent passions, a ductile and good disposition, and the highest reverence for his understanding, as well as the tenderest affection for him, he found it an easy task to make me adopt every sentiment and opinion which he proposed to me as his own; especially, as he took care to support his principles by the authority and arguments of the best writers against Christianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make use of all the philosophy I had been taught, by his death; which not only deprived me of a parent I most ardently loved, but with him of all the ease and affluence to which I had been accustomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; consequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helplessness of genteel life, a taste for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and sensibility that has doubled all my sufferings. In this distress a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his house, and declared he would take the same care of me as if I had been his own child. When the first transports of my grief were abated, I found myself in an easy situation, and, from the natural cheerfulness of my temper, I was beginning once more to taste of happiness. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow understanding and illiberal education, was a little disgusted with me

still more so, when, happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that some of them were what he called blasphemy, and tended, as he imagined to make me an atheist. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to disguise or disavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a deist and an atheist, my arguments only served to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phrase, believed neither God nor devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the established faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reason, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmost concern; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good nature for that protection which I had flattered myself I should owe to his love. I comforted myself, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride in suffering this persecution from ignorance and folly, only because I was superior to vulgar errors and popular superstition; and that Christianity deserved these appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to 'adorn the doctrine which he professed to believe.'

"I had lived a few months under the painful sensibility of receiving continual benefits from a person whose esteem and affection I had lost, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for some unexpected good fortune, told me, he had just had a proposal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not possibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom

man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himself sufficiently authorized to pronounce as he did, that I could not possibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me insuperable; it was that the person whom he proposed to me as a companion, the guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: his understanding was low, his sentiments mean and indelicate, and his manners unpolite and unpleasing.—'What stuff is all this,' interrupted my uncle, 'sentiments indelicate! unpolite! his understanding, forsooth, not equal to your own! Ah, child, if you had less romance, conceit, and arrogance, and more true discretion and prudence, it would do you more good than all the fine books you have confounded your poor head with, and, what is worse, perhaps, ruined your poor soul. I own, it went a little against my conscience to accept my honest friend's kind offer, and give him such a pagan for his wife. But how know I whether 'the believing husband may not convert the unbelieving wife'?—As to your flighty objections, they are such nonsense; that I wonder you can suppose me fool enough to be deceived by them. No, child, wise as you are, you cannot impose upon a man who has lived as many years in the world as I have. I see your motive; you have some infidel libertine rake in your eye, with whom you would go headlong to perdition. But I shall take care not to have your soul to answer for as well as your person. Either I shall dispose of you to an honest man that may convert you, or you shall dispose of yourself how you please for me; for I disclaim all further care or trouble about you: so I leave you to consider,

titles me to some little influence over you, and whether you choose to seek protection where you can find it, or accept of the happy lot Providence has cut out for you.'

"He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and I seriously set myself to consider, as he bade me, which of the two states he had set before me I ought to choose—to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conscience, or to expose myself to all the distresses of friendless poverty and unprotected youth. After some hours deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have suffered extremely in accepting a husband, at least indifferent to me, yet as my heart was perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it; but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would not have been philosophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness; and that those things which are generally esteemed evils, could have no power to disturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risks, rather than depart from this glorious principle; I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of showing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all accidental circumstances of distress.

"I communicated my resolution to my uncle, assuring him at the same time of my everlasting gra-

induced me to offend or disobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reason and conscience disapproved; that supposing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet still those of virtue were greater, and I could not resolve to purchase the one by a violation of the other; that a false vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the highest injustice to enter into so solemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man should possess my person, who could not obtain the first place in my heart.

"I was surprised that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent. At length the gathering storm burst over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were condemned as romantic absurdities, which I could not myself believe; I was accused of designing to deceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such design, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could sooner have believed the grossest contradiction, than that a young woman could so strenuously refuse one man without being prepossessed in favour of another. As I thought myself injured by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the justice of his resentment, and against my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he said would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low courtesy left the room.

"In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: however, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of man; and as he had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him. I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: 'And what, in the devil's name, my dear cousin, could make a woman of your sense behave so like an idiot? What! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle, refuse an excellent match, and reduce yourself to beggary, because truly you were not in love? Surely, one might have expected better from you even at fifteen. Who is it, pray, that marries the person of their choice? For my own part, who have rather a better title to please myself with a good fifteen hundred a year, than you who have not a shilling, I found it would not do, and that there was something more to be sought after in a wife than a pretty face or a genius? Do you think I cared three farthings for the woman I married? No, faith. But her thirty thousand pounds

were worth having; with that I can purchase a seraglio of beauties, and indulge my taste in every kind of pleasure. And pray what is it to me, whether my wife has beauty, or wit, or elegance, when her money will supply me with all that in others? You, cousin, had an opportunity of being as happy as I am: the men, believe me, would not like you a bit the worse for being married; on the contrary, you would find, that for one who took notice of you as a single woman, twenty would be your admirers and humble servants when there was no danger of being taken in. Thus you might have gratified all your passions, made an elegant figure in life, and have chosen out some gentle swain as romantic and poetical as you pleased for your cecisbee. The good John Trot husband would have been easily managed, and——' Here my indignation could be detained no longer, and I was leaving the room in disdain, when he caught me by the hand—'Nay, pr'ythee, my dear cousin, none of these violent airs. I thought you and I had known one another better. Let the poor souls, who are taught by the priests and their nurses to be afraid of hell-fire, and to think they shall go to the devil for following nature and making life agreeable, be as outrageously virtuous as they please: you have too much sense to be frighted at bugbears; you know that the term of your existence is but short; and it is highly reasonable to make it as pleasant as possible.'—I was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but bursting from his hold, told him I would take care not to give him a second opportunity of insulting my distress, and affronting my understanding; and so left his house

No. 78. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1753.

— *Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*

JUV. SAT. viii. 84.

Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.

"I WENT home mortified and disappointed. My spirits sunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to stir out of my lodging, or to see a human face. At length I resolved to try, whether indigence and friendship were really incompatible, and whether I should meet with the same treatment from a female friend, whose affection had been the principal pleasure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle Amanda, whose heart seems capable of every tender and generous sentiment, will do justice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tenderness will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude, her praises and endearments will compensate all my hardships. Amanda was a single woman of a moderate independent fortune, which I heard she was going to bestow on a young officer, who had little or nothing besides his commission. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refusing a mercenary match, since she herself had chosen from motives so opposite to those which are called prudent. She had been in the country some months, so that my misfortunes had not reached her ear till I myself had related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and answered me with politeness enough, but with a coldness that chilled my very heart. 'You are sensible, my dear Fidelia,' said she, 'that I never pretended to set my understanding in competition with yours. I knew

my own inferiority; and though many of your notions and opinions appeared to me very strange and particular, I never attempted to dispute them with you. To be sure, you know best; but it seems to me a very odd conduct for one in your situation to give offence to so good an uncle;, first by maintaining doctrines which may be very true for aught I know, but which are very contrary to the received opinions we are brought up in, and therefore are apt to shock a common understanding; and secondly, to renounce his protection, and throw yourself into the wide world, rather than marry the man he chose for you; to whom, after all, I do not find you had any real objection, nor any antipathy to his person.' 'Antipathy, my dear!' said I; 'are there not many degrees between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and beholding him with abhorrence and aversion? The first is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife, a duty voluntarily taken upon herself, and engaged in under the most solemn contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my friendless, unprovided state, since they are the consequences of a virtuous action, they cannot really be evils, nor can they disturb that happiness which is the gift of virtue. 'I am heartily glad,' answered she, 'that you have found the art of making yourself happy by the force of imagination! I wish your enthusiasm may continue; and that you may still be further convinced, by your own experience, of the folly of mankind, in supposing poverty and disgrace to be evils.'

"I was cut to the soul by the unkind manner which accompanied this sarcasm, and was going to remonstrate against her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who, in spite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and

The beauty and gracefulness of his person caught my eye, and the politeness of his address and the elegance of his compliments soon prejudiced me in favour of his understanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his most intimate friend, and seemed desirous to give credit to his friend's judgement by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded so well, that Amanda was wholly engrossed by the pleasure of his conversation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new guest; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I arose to leave her, she pressed me so earnestly to stay dinner, that I could not, without discovering how much I resented her behaviour, refuse. This, however, I should probably have done, as I was naturally disposed to show every sentiment of my heart, had not a secret wish arose there to know a little more of this agreeable stranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my resentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The conversation grew more and more pleasing: I took my share in it, and had more than my share of the charming stranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreserved, Amanda dropped hints in the course of the conversation relating to my story, my sentiments, and unhappy situation. Sir George Freelove, for that was the young gentleman's name, listened greedily to all that was said of me, and seemed to eye me with earnest curiosity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George insisted on attending me to my lodgings; I strongly refused it, not without a sensation which more properly belonged to the female than the philosopher, and which I condemned in myself as arising from dishonest pride. I could not without pain suffer the polite Sir George, upon so short an acquaintance, to discover the meanness of my abode.

To avoid this, I sent for a chair; but was confused to find, that Sir George and his servants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to dispute; he himself walked before, and his servants followed it. I was covered with blushes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little shop-door, and took leave with as profound respect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thousand different thoughts kept me from closing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the soul: I found that I must look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one person whom I could call my friend. My heart felt desolate and forlorn; I knew not what course to take for my future subsistence; the pain which my pride had just given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the passions of humanity, and that I should feel too sensibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to subdue this pride, and called to my assistance the examples of ancient sages and philosophers, who despised riches and honours, and felt no inconveniences from the malice of fortune. I had almost reasoned myself into a contempt for the world, and fancied myself superior to its smiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found that however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being despised by him was insupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rags, perhaps, were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and respect of mankind: at least, the philosopher's schemes and wishes were very

possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice. I scorned the thought of imposing on him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

"In the midst of these reflections, I was surprised the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learned from my friend, that the unkindness and tyranny of an uncle had cast me into uneasy circumstances; and that he could not know that so much beauty and merit were so unworthily treated by fortune, without earnestly wishing to be the instrument of doing me more justice. He entreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happiness of mine; and was going on with the most fervent offers of service, when I interrupted him by saying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that respect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented such offers of service from a stranger, as could only be justified by a long experienced friendship; that I was not in a situation to receive visits, and must decline his acquaintance, which, nevertheless, in a happier part of my life would have given me pleasure.

"He now had recourse to all the arts of his sex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his passion, protesting the most inviolable respect, and im-

would not punish him so severely as to deny him the liberty of seeing me, and making himself more and more worthy of my esteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only just fortitude enough to persevere in refusing his visits, and to insist on his leaving me, which at last he did; but it was after such a profusion of tenderness, prayers, and protestations, that it was some time before I could recall my reason enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own situation, which, compared, left me but little doubt of his dishonourable views.

"I determined never more to admit him to my presence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reason applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected that that consciousness would make me happy, but I found it otherwise; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed an idea of; I discovered that my heart was entangled in a passion which must for ever be combated, or indulged at the expense of virtue. I now considered riches as truly desirable, since they would have placed me above disgraceful attempts, and given me reasonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freelove. I was discontented and unhappy, but surprised and disappointed to find myself so, since hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myself with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

"I resolved, however, to try still further the power of virtue to confer happiness, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had stronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practised in the arts of seduc-

tion, to be discouraged by a first repulse: every day produced either some new attempt to see me, or a letter full of the most passionate protestations and entreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters should be taken in from him; he had so many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands so unlike, that I was surprised into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I stirred out he was sure to be in my way, and to employ the most artful tongue that ever insnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reason and awakening my passions.

"My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly destroyed. Whenever I was with him, I summoned all my fortitude, and constantly repeated my commands that he should avoid me. His disobedience called for my resentment, and, in spite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much disdain, as I thought his unworthy designs deserved. But the moment he left me, all my resolution forsook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured against the Sovereign Ruler of all things, for making me subject to passions which I could not subdue, yet must not indulge: I compared my own situation with that of my libertine cousin, whose pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and detestation, who gave the reins to every desire; whose house was the seat of plenty, mirth, and delight; whose face was ever covered with smiles, and whose heart seemed free from sorrow and care. Is not this man, said I, happier than I am? And if so, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not sacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily sacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compensation she offers me? What are my prospects in this world but poverty, mortification, disappointment, and grief,

—every wish of my heart denied, every passion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are these the blessings with which Heaven distinguishes its favourites? Can the King of heaven want power or will to distinguish them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the sport of chance, the prey of wickedness and malice? Surely, no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miserable than that of the vicious? I myself have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and see no likelihood of my being otherwise in this world—and all beyond the grave is eternal darkness. Yet why do I say, that I have no prospect of happiness? Does not the most engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can bestow? Will not he protect me from every insult of the proud world that scoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour fourth the means of every pleasure, even of that highest and truest of all pleasures, the power of relieving the sufferings of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of distress into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happiness to all arround me? Is not this a state far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happiness the laudable pursuit of reason? Is it not then laudable to pursue it by the most probable means? Have I not been accusing Providence of unkindness, whilst I myself only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have mistaken the path of virtue: it must be that which leads to happiness. The path which I am in, is full of thorns and briers, and terminates in impenetrable darkness; but I see another that is strewed with flowers, and bright with the sun-shine of prosperity: this, surely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happiness. Hither then let me turn my weary steps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright

me from felicity. It is surely impossible that I should offend God, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to resist. He has allotted me a short and precarious existence, and has placed before me good and evil.—What is good but pleasure? What is evil but pain? Reason and nature direct me to choose the first, and avoid the last. I sought for happiness in what is called virtue, but I found it not: shall I not try the other experiment; since I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

"Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderness of error, and thus had I almost reasoned myself out of every principle of morality, by pursuing, through all their consequences, the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and prescriptions for felicity, the talismans of truth, by which I should be secured in the storms of adversity, and listen, without danger, to the sirens of temptation; when, in the fatal hour of my presumption, sitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the side of passion, almost distracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falsehood, I saw Sir George Freelove at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not necessary to describe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciously implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by false reasoning, and which now tottered from the foundation; suffice it that I submit to the humiliation I have so well deserved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reason, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakness and prejudice, the still voice of conscience, which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the sacrifice to passion and sophistry; that my boasted philosophy, and

too much flattered understanding, preserved me not from the lowest depth of infamy, which the weakest of my sex with humility and religion would have avoided.

"I now experienced a new kind of wretchedness. My vile seducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the shameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and lavishing his fortune in procuring me pleasures which I could not taste, and pomp which seemed an insult on my disgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulness of accepting offered pleasures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my understanding was darkened, but the sense of guilt was not lost. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it so, suffered the most intolerable mortification and disgust, every time I reflected on my infamous situation. Every eye seemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant seducer. O depth of misery! to be conscious of deserving the contempt of him I loved, and for whose sake I was become contemptible to myself!"

Y

No. 79. TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1753.

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens: sibi qui imperiosus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis: et in seipso totus, teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari.

HOR. SAT. ii. 7. 83.

Who then is free?—The wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself: whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire;
Who boldly answers to his warm desire;
Who can ambtion's vainest gifts despise;
Firm in himself who on himself relies;
Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force.

FRANCIS.

"THIS was the state of my mind during a year which I passed in Sir George's house. His fondness was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no other object to share my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderness, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centred in him. The first dawnings of unkindness were but too visible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealousy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learned at length, that my false lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately resolved to leave him; but could not do it without first venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me insolence, which, though I had deserved, I had not learned to bear. I returned with scorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my sin, and the trappings of my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of resentment and despair.

"I returned to my old lodgings; but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a postchaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night,

"My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupefied during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have stopped at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paltry inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time: they were all confused and distracted. A short phrensy must have filled up those hours of which my memory retains such imperfect traces. I remember only, that, without having pulled off my clothes, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

"My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where, after having walked some time, the freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened my reason. My reason, my memory, my anguish, and despair, returned together! Every circumstance of my past life was present to my mind; but most the idea of my faithless lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in spite of all its guilt and and all its wrongs, retained the tenderest and most ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguish of resentment, and completed my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful: poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppression and the taunts of insolence, was before my eyes. I who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been be-

loved, respected, and admired, was now the outcast of human nature, despised and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had most loved! hateful to myself, belonging to no one, exposed to wrongs and insults from all!

"I tried to find out the cause of this dismal change, and how far I was myself the occasion of it. My conduct with respect to Sir George, though I spontaneously condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would justify. But as my principles could not preserve me from vice, neither could they sustain me in adversity: conscience was not to be perverted by the sophistry which had beclouded my reason. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, should acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermost distress I was neither sustained by the consciousness of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward: whether I looked backward or forward, all was confusion and anguish, distraction and despair. I accused the Supreme Being of cruelty and injustice, who, though he gave me not sufficient encouragement to resist desire, yet punished me with the consequences of indulgence. If there is a God, cried I, he must be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardless of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeservedly miserable either from chance or design, but fly to that annihilation in which all my prospects terminate. Take back, said I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, the hateful gift of existence, and let my dust no more be animated to suffering, and exalted to misery.

"So saying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of some person very near me made me turn my eyes to see whence it came. I was accosted by an elderly clergyman, who,

what I was about to do? At first I was sullen, and refused to answer him; but by degrees the compassion he showed, and the tenderness with which he treated me, softened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

"'O! Madam,' said he, 'these are gracious signs, and unlike those which first drew my attention, and made me watch you unobserved, fearing some fatal purpose in your mind. What must be the thoughts which could make a face like yours appear the picture of horror! I was taking my morning walk, and have seen you a considerable time; sometimes stopping and wringing your hands, sometimes quickening your pace, and sometimes walking slow with your eyes fixed on the ground, till you raised them to Heaven, with looks not of supplication and piety, but rather of accusation and defiance. For pity tell me how is it that you have quarrelled with yourself, with life, nay even with Heaven? Recall your reason and your hope, and let this seasonable prevention of your fatal purpose be an earnest to you of good things to come, of God's mercy not yet alienated from you, and stooping from his throne to save your soul from perdition.'

"The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me so much relief, that I found myself able to speak, and desirous to express my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprising pleasure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story, and every thought of my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence; and, stopping me short, told me, he would lead me to one who should preach patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

"As we talked he led me to his own house, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a cheerful placid countenance, who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. She saw I was distressed, and her compassion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to take some refreshment, her husband gave her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he had found me. 'This poor lady,' said he, 'from the fault of her education and principles, sees every thing through a gloomy medium: she accuses Providence and hates her existence for those evils, which are the common lot of mankind in this short state of trial. You, my dear, who are one of the greatest sufferers I have known, are best qualified to cure her of her faulty impatience; and to convince her, by your own example, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find its reward. She thinks no one so unhappy as herself: but if she knew all that you have gone through, she would surely be sensible, that if you are happier than she, it is only because your principles are better.'

"'Indeed, my dear madam,' said she, 'that is the only advantage I have over you; but that, indeed, outweighs every thing else. It is now but ten days since I followed to the grave my only son, the survivor of eight children, who were all equally the objects of my fondest love. My heart is no less tender than your own, nor my affections less warm. For a whole year before the death of my last darling, I watched the fatal progress of his disease, and saw him suffer the most amazing pains. Nor was poverty,

that dreaded evil to which you could not submit, wanting to my trials. Though my husband is by his profession a gentleman, his income is so small that I and my children have often wanted necessaries; and though I had always a weakly constitution, I have helped to support my family by the labour of my own hands. At this time I am consuming, by daily tortures, with a cancer which must shortly be my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper assistance, though nothing could preserve my life; but I have not the means to obtain that assistance.'——'O hold,' interrupted I, 'my soul is shocked at the enumeration of such intolerable sufferings. How is it that you support them? Why do I not see you in despair like mine, renounce your existence, and put yourself out of the reach of torment? But above all tell me, how it is possible for you to preserve, amidst such complicated misery, that appearance of cheerfulness and serene complacency which shines so remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?'

"'That cheerfulness and complacency,' answered the good woman, 'I feel in my heart. My mind is not only serene, but often experiences the highest emotions of joy and exultation, that the brightest hopes can give.' 'And whence,' said I 'do you derive this astonishing art of extracting joy from misery, and of smiling amidst all the terrors of pain, sorrow, poverty, and death?' She was silent a moment; then stepping to her closet, reached a bible, which she put into my hands. 'See there,' said she, 'the volume in which I learn this art. Here I am taught, that everlasting glory is in store for all who will accept it upon the terms that Infinite Perfection has prescribed; here I am promised consolation, assistance, and support from the Lord of Life; and here

meant to fit me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. This happiness is at hand. The short remainder of my life seems but a point beyond which opens the glorious prospect of immortality. Thus encouraged, how should I be dejected? Thus supported, how should I sink? With such prospects, such assured hopes, how can I be otherwise than happy?'

"While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion, which was capable of producing such effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple pressed me with so much unaffected kindness, to make their little parsonage my asylum till I could better dispose of myself, that I accepted their offer. Here, with the assistance of the clergyman, who is a plain, sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied the Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of their anthority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the intrinsic arguments of their truth superfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propose, together with the striking example I had before my eyes of their salutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

"During the time of my abode here, I have been witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in a female character, she showed more dauntless intrepidity than the sternest philosopher or the proudest hero. No torment could shake the constancy of her

but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smile of ecstasy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the sacred writings, 'O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?'

"I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor and get my bread in a service, to which he has recommended me, in a neighbouring family. A state of servitude, to which once I could not resolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, Christianity has subdued, though philosophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a Christian, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me to the dust; but the full assurances that are given me by the Saviour of the World, of the divine pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus without any change for the better in my outward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleased with, my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endless glory and happiness.

"O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into those truths which most concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt for the Sacred Oracles of God; tell them these amazing effects of the power of Christianity: tell them this truth which experience has taught me, that, 'Though vice is constantly attended by misery, virtue itself

animated with the hopes of eternal bliss in the world to come.'

" I am, &c.

Y " FIDELIA."

No. 80. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1753.

Non desunt crassi quidam, qui studiosos ab hujusmodi libris deterreant, ceu poëticis, ut vocant, et ad morum integritatem officientibus. Ego vero dignos censeo quos et omnibus in ludis prælegant adolescentiæ literatores: et sibi legant relegantque senes.

ERASMUS.

There are not wanting persons so dull and insensible, as to deter students from reading books of this kind, which, they say, are poetical, and pernicious to the purity of morals; but I am of opinion, that they are not only worthy to be read by the instructors of youth in their schools, but that the old and experienced should again and again peruse them.

GREATNESS, novelty, and beauty, are usually and justly reckoned the three principal sources of the pleasures that strike the imagination. If the Iliad be allowed to abound in objects that may be referred to the first species, yet the Odyssey may boast a greater number of images that are beautiful and uncommon. The vast variety of scenes perpetually shifting before us, the train of unexpected events, and the many sudden turns of fortune in this diversified poem, must more deeply engage the reader, and keep his attention more alive and active than the martial uniformity of the Iliad. The continual glare of a single colour that unchangeably predo-

deed, presume to say with Voltaire, that among the greatest admirers of antiquity, there is scarce one to be found, who could ever read the Iliad with that eagerness and rapture, which a woman feels when she peruses the novel of Zayde; but will, however, venture to affirm, that the *speciosa miracula* of the Odyssey, are better calculated to excite our curiosity and wonder, and to allure us forward with unextinguished impatience to the catastrophe, than the perpetual tumult and terror that reign through the Iliad.

The boundless exuberance of his imagination, his unwearied spirit and fire, ἀκάματον πῦρ, has enabled Homer to diversify the descriptions of his battles with many circumstances of great variety: sometimes, by specifying the different characters, ages, professions, or nations, of his dying heroes: sometimes by describing different kinds of wounds and deaths; and sometimes by tender and pathetic strokes, which remind the reader of the aged parent who is fondly expecting the return of his son just murdered, of the desolate condition of the widows who will now be enslaved, and of the children that will be dashed against the stones. But, notwithstanding this delicate art and address in the poet, the subject remains the same; and from this sameness, it will, I fear, grow tedious and insipid to impartial readers; these small modifications and adjuncts are not sufficiently efficacious to give the grace of novelty to repetition, and to make tautology delightful; the battles, are, indeed, nobly, and variously painted, yet still they are only battles. But when we accompany Ulysses through the manifold perils he underwent by sea and land, and visit with him the str—ge nations to which the anger of Neptune has driven him, all whose manners and

turesque terms; when we survey the wondrous monsters he encountered and escaped,

> *Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim;*
> HOR. ARS POET. 145.
>
> Antiphates his hideous feast devour,
> Charybdis bark, and Polyphemus roar: FRANCIS.

when we see him refuse the charms of Calypso, and the cup of Circe; when we descend with him into hell, and hear him converse with all the glorious heroes that assisted at the Trojan war; when, after struggling with ten thousand difficulties unforeseen and almost unsurmountable, he is at last restored to the peaceable possession of his kingdom and his queen; when such objects as these are displayed, so new and so interesting; when all the descriptions, incidents, scenes, and persons, differ so widely from each other: then it is that poetry becomes 'a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,' and a feast of such an exalted nature, as to produce neither satiety nor disgust.

But, besides its variety, the Odyssey is the most amusing and entertaining of all other poems, on account of the pictures it preserves to us of ancient manners, customs, laws, and politics, and of the domestic life of the heroic ages. The more any nation becomes polished, the more the genuine feelings of nature are disguised, and their manners are consequently less adapted to bear a faithful description. Good breeding is founded on the dissimulation or suppression of such sentiments as may probably provoke or offend those with whom we converse. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by the moderns, are not suited to the dignity and simplicity of the Epic Muse.

per prepared for Ulysses at the Phæacian court; the gardens of Alcinous are much fitter for description than those of Versailles; and Nausicaa, descending to the river to wash her garments, and dancing afterwards upon the banks with her fellow virgins, like Diana amidst her nymphs,

Ῥεῖα δ' ἀριγνώτη πέλεται, καλαὶ δέ τε πᾶσαι.

ODYSS. Z. 108.

Though all are fair, she shines above the rest,

is a far more graceful figure, than the most glittering lady in the drawing-room, with a complexion plastered to repair the vigils of cards, and a shape violated by a stiff brocade and an immeasurable hoop. The compliment also which Ulysses pays to this innocent unadorned beauty, especially when he compares her to a young palm-tree of Delos, contains more gallantry and elegance than the most applauded sonnet of the politest French marquis that ever rhymed. However indelicate I may be esteemed, I freely confess I had rather sit in the grotto of Calypso, than in the most pompous saloon of Louis XV. The tea and the card-tables can be introduced with propriety and success only in the mock-heroic, as they have been very happily in the Rape of the Lock; but the present modes of life must be forgotten when we attempt any thing in the serious or sublime poetry; for heroism disdains the luxurious refinements, the false delicacy and state of modern ages. The primeval, I was about to say patriarchal, simplicity of manners displayed in the Odyssey, is a perpetual source of true poetry, is inexpressibly pleasing to all who are uncorrupted by the business and the vanities of life, and may therefore prove equally instructive and captivating to young

common critics, as certain and indisputable, that images and characters of peaceful and domestic life are not so difficult to be drawn, as pictures of war and fury. I own myself of a quite contrary opinion; and think the description of Andromache parting with Hector in the Iliad, and the tender circumstance of the child Astyanax starting back from his father's helmet, and clinging to the bosom of his nurse, are as great efforts of the imagination of Homer, as the dreadful picture of Achilles fighting with the rivers, or dragging the carcase of Hector at his chariot-wheels: the behaviour of Hecuba, when she points to the breast that had suckled her dear Hector, is as finely conceived as the most gallant exploits of Diomede and Ajax: the natural is as strong an evidence of true genius, as the sublime. It is in such images the Odyssey abounds: the superior utility of which, as they more nearly concern and more strongly affect us, need not be pointed out. Let Longinus admire the majesty of Neptune whirling his chariot over the deep, surrounded by sea monsters that gambolled before their king; the description of the dog Argus, creeping to the feet of his master, whom he alone knew in his disguise, and expiring with joy for his return, is so inexpressibly pathetic, that it equals, if not exceeds any of the magnificent and bolder images which that excellent critic hath produced in his treatise on the sublime. He justly commends the prayer of Ajax, who, when he was surrounded with a thick darkness that prevented the display of his prowess, begs of Jupiter only to remove the clouds that involved him; 'and then,' says he, 'destroy me if thou wilt in the day light;' ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον. But surely the reflections which Ulysses makes to Amphinomus, the most vir-

mendations, if we consider their propriety, solemnity, and truth. Our hero, in the disguise of a beggar, had just been spurned at and ridiculed by the rest of the riotous lovers, but is kindly relieved by Amphinomus, whose behaviour is finely contrasted to the brutality of his brethren. Upon which Ulysses says, 'Hear me, O Amphinomus! and ponder the words I shall speak unto thee. Of all creatures that breathe or creep upon the earth, the most weak and impotent is man. For he never thinks that evil shall befall him at another season, while the gods bestow on him strength and happiness. But when the immortal gods afflict him with adversity, he bears it with unwillingness and repining. Such is the mind of the inhabitants of earth, that it changes as Jupiter sends happiness or misery. I once numbered myself among the happy, and, elated with prosperity and pride, and, relying on my family and friends, committed many acts of injustice. But let no man be proud or unjust, but receive whatever gifts the gods bestow on him with humility and silence.' I chose to translate this sententious passage as literally as possible, to preserve the air of its venerable simplicity and striking solemnity. If we recollect the speaker, and the occasion of the speech, we cannot fail of being deeply affected. Can we, therefore, forbear giving our assent to the truth of the title which Alcidamas, according to Aristotle in his Rhetoric, bestows on the Odyssey; who calls it 'a beautiful mirror of human life,'. *καλὸν ἀνθρωπίνου βίου κάτοπτρον.*

Homer, in the Iliad, resembles the river Nile, when it descends in a cataract that deafens and astonishes the neighbouring inhabitants. In the Odyssey, he is still like the same Nile, when its genial inundations gently diffuse fertility and fatness

No. 81. TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1753.

Nil desperandum.— HOR. CAR. i. 7. 27.

Avaunt, despair.

I HAVE sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable, that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself: it is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly; but since a fallible being will always make some deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly useless to inquire towards which side it is safer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind seem to favour him who errs by underrating his own powers: he is considered as a modest and harmless member of society, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after such splendour of reputation as may dim the lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves; he is no man's rival, and, therefore, may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished, in order to an accurate discussion of this question, as it relates to persons or to things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot with

to decide too hastily in our own favour: but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: if he should not fully complete his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him: and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency, can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success, will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man should, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are, perhaps, in every man, greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able, at the instigation of necessity, to do what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalized themselves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preserve, by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits: there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those, whose extensive abilities have dignified

flamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themistocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton; of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

'Virtue,' says Virgil, 'is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form:' the person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university to dispute with him on a certain day: offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed, three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confesses, that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning.

by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the pope and cardinals the same success. Afterwards he contracted, at Venice, an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle, and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose, of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expense of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music, he danced with uncommon gracefulness, and on the day after his disputation at Paris, exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France, where at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much

was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke, with some reluctance, consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon seems to have been single rapier, which was then newly introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

inquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.

The duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vicentio di Gonzaga, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for as he was one night, in the time of Carnival, rambling about the streets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor skill in this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who, throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton, falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince; who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the Admirable Crichton brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: the court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

T

No. 82. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1753.

Nunc scio quid sit amor. —

VIRG. ECL. viii. 43.

Now know I what is love.

THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended but secured: 'The Art of being Pretty.'

But though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who have long since determined, that beauty ought rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness or the distinction of merit.

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities, which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wished at least, that beauty was in some degree dependent upon sentiment and manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer: and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must surely ap-

of beauty which is expressed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common estimation, these are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces, the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency: so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the fea-

thing not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; if is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, affectation; it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it cannot deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax; so that the expression remains when the passion is suspended; thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor: 'It is,' to use an eastern metaphor, 'like the towers of a city, not only an ornament, but a defence;' if it excites desire, it at once controls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man

a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be disengenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the most sordid infidelity, and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But 'the hope of the hypocrite must perish.' When the factitious beauty has laid by her smiles; when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the graces, but in the school of virtue; and that those who wish to be lovely, must learn early to be good.

No. 83. TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1753.

Illic enim debet toto animo à poëtâ in dissolutionem nodi, agi; cæca præcipua fabulæ pars est quæ requirit plurimum diligentiæ

lution of his plot, which is the principal part of the fable, and requires the utmost diligence and care.

Of the three only perfect epopees, which, in the compass of so many ages, human wit has been able to produce, the conduct and constitution of the Odyssey seem to be the most artificial and judicious.

Aristotle observes, that there are two kinds of fables, the simple and the complex. A fable in tragic or epic poetry is denominated simple, when the events it contains follow each other in a continued and unbroken tenor, without a recognition or discovery, and without a peripetie or unexpected change of fortune. A fable is called complex, when it contains both a discovery and a peripetie. And this great critic, whose knowledge of human nature was consummate, determines, that fables of the latter species far excel those of the former, because they more deeply interest and more irresistibly move the reader, by adding surprise and astonishment to every other passion which they excite.

The philosopher, agreeably to this observation, prefers the Œdipus of Sophocles, and the Iphigenia in Tauris and Alcestes of Euripides, to the Ajax, Philoctetes, and Medea of the same writers, and to the Prometheus of Æschylus: because these last are all uncomplicated fables; that is, the evils and misfortunes that befall the personages represented in these dramas are unchangeably continued from the beginning to the end of each piece. For the same reasons, the Athalia of Racine, and the Meropes of Maffei and Voltaire, are beyond comparison the most affecting stories that have been handled by any modern tragic writer: the discoveries, that Joas is the king of Israel, and that Egistus is the son of Merope,

nins, and contribute to place these two poems at the head of dramatic compositions.

The fable of the Odyssey being complex, and containing a discovery and a change in the fortune of its hero, is, upon this single consideration, exclusive of its other beauties, if we follow the principles of Aristotle, much superior to the fables of the Iliad and the Æneid, which are both simple and unadorned with a peripetie or recognition. The naked story of this poem, stripped of all its ornaments, and of the very names of the characters, is exhibited by Aristotle in the following passage, which is almost literally translated:

'A man is for several years absent from his home; Neptune continually watches and persecutes him; his retinue being destroyed, he remains alone: but while his estate is wasting by the suitors of his wife, and his son's life is plotted against, he himself suddenly arrives, after many storms at sea, discovers himself to some of his friends, falls on the suitors, establishes himself in safety, and destroys his enemies. This is what is essential to the fable; the episodes make up the rest.'

From these observations on the nature of the fable of the Odyssey in general, we may proceed to consider it more minutely. The two chief parts of every epic fable are its intrigue or plot, and its solution or unravelling. The intrigue is formed by a complication of different interests, which keep the mind of the reader in a pleasing suspense, and fill him with anxious wishes to see the obstacles that oppose the designs of the hero happily removed. The solution consists in removing these difficulties, in satisfying the curiosity of the reader by the completion of the intended action, and in leaving his

rally and easily out of the very essence and subject of the poem itself, should not be deduced from circumstances foreign and extrinsical, should be at the same time probable yet wonderful.

The anger of Neptune, who resented the punishment which Ulysses had inflicted on his son Polypheme, induces him to prevent the return of the hero to Ithaca, by driving him from country to country by violent tempests: and from this indignation of Neptune is formed the intrigue of the Odyssey in the first part of the poem; that is, in plain prose, 'what more natural and usual obstacle do they encounter who take long voyages, than the violence of winds and storms?' The plot of the second part of the poem is founded on circumstances equally probable and natural; on the unavoidable effects of the long absence of a master, whose return was despaired of, the insolence of his servants, the dangers to which his wife and his son were exposed, the ruin of his estate, and the disorder of his kingdom.

The address and art of Homer in the gradual solution of this plot, by the most probable and easy expedients, are equally worthy our admiration and applause. Ulysses is driven by a tempest to the island of the Phæacians, where he is generously and hospitably received. During a banquet which Alcinous the king has prepared for him, the poet most artfully contrives that the bard Demodocus should sing the destruction of Troy. At the recital of his past labours, and at hearing the names of his old companions, from whom he was now separated, our hero could no longer contain himself, but burst into tears and weeps bitterly. The curiosity of Alcinous being excited by this unaccountable sorrow, he entreats Ulysses to discover who he is, and what he has suffered; which request furnishes a most proper

series of adventures in the four following books, an occasion much more natural than that which induces Æneas to communicate his history to Dido. By this judicious conduct, Homer taught his successors the artful manner of entering abruptly into the midst of the action; and of making the reader acquainted with the previous circumstances by a narrative from the hero. The Phæacians, a people fond of strange and amusing tales, resolve to fit out a ship for the distressed hero, as a reward for the entertainment he has given them. When he arrives in Ithaca, his absence, his age, and his travels, render him totally unknown to all but his faithful dog Argus: he then puts on a disguise, that he may be the better enabled to surprise and to punish the riotous suitors, and to re-establish the tranquillity of his kingdom. The reader thinks that Ulysses is frequently on the point of being discovered, particularly when he engages in the shooting-match with the suitors, and when he enters into conversation with Penelope in the nineteenth book, and personates a fictitious character; but he is still judiciously disappointed, and the suspense is kept up as long as possible. And at last, when his nurse Euryclea discovers him by the scar in his thigh, it is a circumstance so simple and so natural, that notwithstanding Aristotle places these recognitions by signs and tokens, below those that are effected by reasoning, as in the Œdipus and Iphigenia; yet ought it ever to be remembered, that Homer was the original from whom this striking method of unravelling a fable, by a discovery and a peripetie, was manifestly borrowed. The doubts and fears of Penelope lest Ulysses was not in reality her husband, and the tenderness and endearments that ensue upon her conviction that he is, render the surprise and satisfaction of the reader complete.

hibits the finest lessons of morality, the most entertaining variety of scenes and events, the most lively and natural pictures of civil and domestic life, the truest representation of the manners and customs of antiquity, and the justest pattern of a legitimate epopee; and is therefore peculiarly useful to those who are animated by the noble ambition of adorning humanity by living or by writing well.

Z

No. 84. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1753.

—Tolle periclum,
Jam vaga prosilict frænis natura remotis.

HOR. SAT. ii. 7. 73.

But take the danger and the shame away,
And vagrant Nature bounds upon her prey.

FRANCIS.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"IT has been observed, I think, by Sir William Temple, and after him by almost every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the rest of the world. This is ascribed to the liberty prevailing amongst us, which gives every man the privilege of being wise or foolish his own way, and preserves him from the necessity of hypocrisy or the servility of imitation.

"That the position itself is true, I am not completely satisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries, can happen to very few;

and in life, as in every thing else beheld at a distance, there appears an even uniformity: the petty discriminations which diversify the natural character, are not discoverable but by a close inspection; we, therefore, find them most at home, because there we have most opportunities of remarking them. Much less am I convinced, that this peculiar diversification, if it be real, is the consequence of peculiar liberty; for where is the government to be found that superintends individuals with so much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without restraint? Can it enter into a reasonable mind to imagine that men of every other nation are not equally masters of their own time or houses with ourselves, and equally at liberty to be parsimonious or profuse, frolic or sullen, abstinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly necessary to the full play of predominant humours; but such liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

"How readily the predominant passion snatches an interval of liberty, and how fast it expands itself, when the weight of restraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to discover, as I took a journey into the country in a stage-coach; which, as every journey is a kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can display no such extraordinary assembly as Cervantes has collected at Don Quixote's inn,

"In a stage-coach the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one should, therefore, imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from

are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more appearently indulged.

"On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered, and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the first ceremony was despatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.

"It is always observable that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended the more difficult it is to find any thing to say. We began now to wish for conversation; but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity, or first propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for this expedition with a scarlet surtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in silence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I suppose, understood by all the company as an invitation to ask the time of the day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture; and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was past five and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

"His condescension was thrown away; we continued all obdurate; the ladies held up their heads; I amused myself with watching their behaviour: and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to show that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune and

"Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for our repast; and all began at once to recompense themselves for the constraint of silence, by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last, what every one had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we were persuaded to sit round the same table; when the gentleman in the red surtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see so little merriment among us; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himself one of the company. 'I remember,' says he, 'it was on just such a morning as this, that I and my lord Mumble and the duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble: we called at a little house as it might be this; and my landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so jocular and facetious, and made so many merry answers to our questions, that we were all ready to burst with laughter. At last the good woman happening to overhear me whisper the duke and call him by his title, was so surprised and confounded, that we could scarcely get a word from her; and the duke never met me from that day to this, but he talks of the little house, and quarrels with me for terrifying the landlady.'

"He had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this narrative must have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a distant part of the table, began to remark 'the inconveniences of travelling, and the difficulty which they who never sat at home without a great number of attendants

travelled in disguise, and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condescension to poor innkeepers, and the allowance which they made for any defect in their entertainment; that for her part, while people were civil and meant well, it was never her custom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own house.'

"A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last newspaper; and having perused it awhile with deep pensiveness, 'It is impossible,' says he, 'for any man to guess how to act with regard to the stocks: last week it was the general opinion that they would fall; and I sold out twenty thousand pounds in order to a purchase: they have now risen unexpectedly; and I make no doubt but at my return to London I shall risk thirty thousand pounds among them again.'

"A young mam, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us, that 'he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks; that for his part he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which they were established, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds but to put it out upon land-security, till he could light upon an estate in his own country.'

"It might be expected, that upon these glimpses

the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved, and they discover the dignity of each other; yet it happened that none of these hints made much impression on the company; every one was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest; all continued their haughtiness in hopes to enforce their claims; and all grew every hour more sullen, because they found their representations of themselves without effect.

"Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in superciliousness and neglect; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the sauciness of the rest.

"At length the journey was at an end; and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered, that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved; the man who deals so largely in the funds, is the clerk of a broker in 'Change-alley; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange; and the young man, who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of the women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

"I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practising a fraud, which, as the event showed, had been already practised too often to succeed, and by the success of which no advantage could have been ob-

honours which must perish with the breath that paid them.

"But, Mr. Adventurer, let not those who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a stage-coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the same advantage of the ignorance of his fellow-travellers, disguises himself in counterfeited merit, and hears those praises with complacency which his conscience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himself, while he thinks he is deceiving others; and forgets that the time is at hand when every illusion shall cease, when fictitious excellence shall be torn away, and all must be shown to all in their real state.

"I am, SIR,

T "Your humble servant,

"VIATOR."

No. 85. TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1753.

—Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer.—

HOR. ARS POET. 412.

The youth who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must use, and every toil sustain.

FRANCIS.

IT is observed by Bacon, that 'reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man.'

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our

regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practised it with undisputed success?

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expense of judgement, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavouring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given those, who venture to condemn that which they do not know.

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard, to believe, that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of na-

expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors—and such a declaration has been lately made—nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his own performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried; or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of those whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Persius has justly observed, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which are concealed from it; with respect to others it is nothing, because

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to consider, how he shall most widely diffuse and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts, 'besprent,' as Pope expresses it, 'with learned dust,' and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present; but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms opacum and pellucidum, told us, after some hesitation, that opacum was, as one might say, opake, and that pellucidum signified pellucid. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reasoner facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true it is, that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chymistry before him, are useless to the greater part of students, because they presuppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to

same inquiries; and expect that shorts hints and obscure allusions will produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a recluse life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestable truths: but when he comes into the world among men, who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and, being placed in various situations, view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who, having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies, his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practised, to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frighted by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived, how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the acute absurd; how often stupidity will elude the force of ar-

gument, by involving itself in its own gloom; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters, the learning of the recluse usually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force: thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangement or distinction; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocination as silences others: and seldom recall to a close examination, that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used, lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against the fallacies which it practises on others: in conver-

writing, we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in due proportions, is therefore the business of a man of letters. For all these there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable, and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed: it is, however, reasonable, to have perfection in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

T

No. 86. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1753.

Concubitu prohibere vago.—

HOR. ARS POET. 398.

The wandering wish of lawless love suppress.

FRANCIS.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"To indulge that restless impatience, which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you

logy or introduction, may, perhaps, be favourably received in an Adventurer.

"My mother died when I was very young; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar-school, and afterwards removed me to the university. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the university, even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices: I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained by a general sense of right and wrong; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry; and, having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

"My father died in the same year with Queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the university and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expenses with the economy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience, and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of encumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a

piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage: but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence, and felicity, of life.

"In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or encumbered myself with an illegitimate offspring; when a girl about eighteen, just arrived from the country, was hired as a chamber-maid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged: the native beauty of health and simplicity in this young creature had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded.

"I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and, therefore, made no proposal of removing her into lodgings; but, after a few months, she found herself with child, a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion: however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new encumbrance: for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myself at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination; though I should

further trouble about her; but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till shecould be subservient to my pleasure no longer: the child, however, I would have sent away; but she entreated me to let her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist. After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop in the suburbs, which I furnished, at the expense of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware, commodities of which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shopkeeper in the country: she reported that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea, and that hispay, which she had been empowered to receive by his will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour, in the station in which I found her; and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

"But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected: her affection for me was too tender and delicate; she often wept, in spite of all her efforts against it; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl, with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify: my visits, therefore, became less frequent: but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me, otherwise than by tears of tenderness, when she saw me again.

"After the first year I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curiosity than

small pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this account, so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched; and at first conceived a design to rescue the child from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up: but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement, which I had always considered as resembling, in some degree, the shackles of matrimony. I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more, and contented myself with stroling from one prostitute to another, of whom I had seen many generations perish; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I found with less trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life.

"A few weeks ago I celebrated my sixtieth birth-day, with some friends at a tavern; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I saw a hackney coach stop at the door of a house, which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private, and of the first class. Just as I came up, a girl stepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in, without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's: she hesitated, with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented: she soon became more free; and I was not less pleased with her

a softness and mdesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by hbitual prostitution.

" We had drak a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to goto bed, when, to my unspeakable confusion and asonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew he to be my child ; for I remembered, that the poor gil, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only nemorial she would ever have of a father. I was insantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and therefore felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my diorder with surprise and concern: she inquired with n officious solicitude, what sudden illness had seized ne ; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked cagerlyin my face, still inquisitive what could be done to rlieve me. I remained some time torpid: but was son roused by the reflection, that I was receiving the aresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the owest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lst, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. suddenly started up ; first held her at a distance ;then catching her in my arms, strove to speak, lt burst into tears. I saw that she was confoundd and terrified ; and as soon as I could recover my peech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the seret.

" It is impossibleto express the effect it had upon her : she stood motinless a few minutes; then clasped her hands togetier, and looked up in an agony, which not to have sen is not to conceive. The tears at length started fron her eyes ; she recollected herself, called me father, threw herself upon her knees,

embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart, by asking my blessing.

"We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I may perhaps hereafter communicate; and the next day I took lodgings for her about six miles from town. I visit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I proposed to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future: but, alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the past not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those, upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity from which by miracle I have rescued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution had been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye; had been etched to the bosom with transport, in the prattling simplicity of infancy; had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monster is he, by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived! And yet, so dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the restraint which is come upon me; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been roused, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment bursting for utterance: but I want words. Farewell.

"AGAMUS."

No. 87. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1753.

Iracundior es paulò; minùs aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum; rideri possit, eò quòd
Rusticiùs tonsa toga defluit, et malè laxus
In pede calceus hæret:—at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hc sub corpore.—

HOR. SAT. i. 3. 29.

Your friend is passionate; perhaps unfit
For the brisk etulance of modern wit:
His hair ill cu his robe that awkward flows,
Or his large sbes, to raillery expose
The man.—
But underneatl this rough uncouth disguise
A genius of exensive knowledge lies.

FRANCIS.

THERE are many accomplishments, which, though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by small abiities, are yet of great importance in our common intecourse with men. Of this kind is that general courcsy, which is called good breeding; a name, by wlich as an artificial excellence, it is at once characterized and recommended.

Good breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity—a passion almost universally predominant—is more highly prized by the majority than any other; andhe who wants it, though he may be preserved from contempt by incontestable superiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In some instances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt;

virtue nor wisdom can desire to associate: and good breeding may generally be practised upon more easy and more honourable terms, than acquiescence in the detraction of malice or the adulation of servility, the obscenity of a lecher or the blasphemy of an infidel. Disagreeable truths may be suppressed; and when they can be suppressed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boast of vanity may be suffered without severe reprehension, and the prattle of absurdity may be heard without expressions of contempt.

It happens, indeed, somewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good breeding, however necessary, is obstructed by the possession of more valuable talents; and that great integrity, delicacy, sensibility, and spirit, exalted genius, and extensive learning, frequently render men ill bred.

Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and contemporary, Dante Alighieri, one of the most exalted and original geniuses that ever appeared, being banished his country, and having retired to the court of a prince which was then the sanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at first in great esteem; but became daily less acceptable to his patron by the severity of his manners and the freedom of his speech. There were at the same court many players and buffoons, gamesters and debauchees, one of whom, distinguished by his impudence, ribaldry, and obscenity, was greatly caressed by the rest; which the prince suspecting Dante not to be pleased with, ordered the man to be brought before him, and having highly extolled him, turned to Dante, and said, 'I wonder that this person, who is by some deemed a fool, and by others a madman, should yet be so generally pleasing, and so generally beloved; when you, who are cele-

cease to wonder,' replied Dante, 'if you considered, that a conformity of character is the source of friendship.' This sarcasm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenness of wit, was intolerable; and Dante was immediately disgraced and banished.

But by this answer, though the indignation which produced it was founded on virtue, Dante probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others; it was the petulant reproach of resentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the still voice of reason, which is heard with complacency and reverence: if Dante intended reformation, his answer was not wise; if he did not intend reformation, his answer was not good.

Great delicacy, sensibility, and penetration, do not less obstruct the practice of good breeding than integrity. 'Persons thus qualified, not only discover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more disgusted with the faults and failings which they discover: the common topics of conversation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at whist, the history of a ball at Turbridge or Bath, a description of lady Fanny's jewels and lady Kitty's vapours, the journals of a horse-race or a cock-match, and disquisitions on the game act or the scarcity of partridges, are subjects upon which men of delicate taste do not always choose to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they should remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reason and the prevalence of vanity; that if they sit silent and reserved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be despised and hated by those whom they hate and despise; and with better reason, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To

hear with patience, and to answer with civility, seems to comprehend all the good breeding of conversation; and in proportion as this is easy, silence and inattention are without excuse.

He, who does not practise good breeding, will not find himself considered as the object of good breeding by others. There is, however, a species of rusticity, which it is not less absurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this species of ill breeding is become almost proverbially the characteristic of a scholar; nor should it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an abstruse science, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the soul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgement, in the close pursuit of their several objects, should have studied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to shine at a rout and in the schools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an astronomer, should be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought strange to those who duly consider the narrowness of our faculties, and the impossibility of attaining universal excellence.

Equally excuseable, for the same reasons, are that absence of mind, and that forgetfulness of place and person, to which scholars are so frequently subject. When Louis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled, 'Yes,' replied Boileau, in the presence of Madam Maintenon, 'he performed tolerably well in the despicable pieces of Scarron, which are now deservedly forgotten even in the provinces.'

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has some peculiar temptation and propensity to evil, let not the man of uprightness and honesty be morose and surly in his practise of virtue; let not him,

is not free, indulge perpetual pecvishness and discontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuse for not condescending to the common offices and duties of civil life: for as no man should be wellbred, at the expense of his virtue; no man should practice virtue, so as to deter others from imitation.

Z

No. 88. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1753.

—Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam.—

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 466.

—She seems alone,
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark.—

DRYDEN.

NEWTON, whose power of investigating nature few will deny to have been superior to their own, confesses, that he cannot account for gravitation, the first principle of his system, as a property communicable to matter; or conceive the phænomena supposed to be the effects of such a principle, to be otherwise produced, than by the immediate and perpetual influence of the Almighty: and, perhaps, those who most attentively consider the phænomena of the moral and natural world, will be most inclined to admit the agency of invisible beings.

luntary effort, that we neither know of what we shall dream, nor whether we shall dream at all.

The human mind does not, indeed, appear to have any power equal to such an effect; for the ideas conceived in dreams, without the intervention of sensible objects, are much more perfect and strong than can be formed at other times by the utmost effort of the most lively imagination: and it can scarce be supposed, that the mind is more vigorous when we sleep, than when we are awake; especially if it be true, as I have before remarked, that 'in sleep the power of memory is wholly suspended, and the understanding is employed only about such objects as present themselves, without comparing the past with the present;' except we judge of the soul by a maxim which some deep philosophers have held concerning horses, that when the tail is cut off, the rest of the members become more strong.

In lunacy, as in dreams, ideas are conceived which material objects do not excite; and which the force of imagination, exerted by a voluntary effort, cannot form; but the mind of the lunatic, besides being impressed with the images of things that do not fall under the cognizance of his senses, is prevented from receiving corresponding images from those that do. When the visionary monarch looks round upon his clothes which he has decorated with the spoils of his bed, his mind does not conceive the ideas of rags and straw, but of velvet, embroidery, and gold: and when he gazes at the bounds of his cell, the image impressed upon his mind is not that of a naked wall which encloses an area of ten feet square, but of wainscot, and painting, and tapestry, the bounds of a spacious apartment adorned with magnificent furniture, and crowded with splendid dependents.

perversion of the understanding does not necessarily imply: he either sits torpid in despair, or is busied in the contrivance or the execution of mischief. But if lunacy is ultimately produced by mere material causes, it is difficult to show, why misery or malevolence should always be complicated with absurdity; why madness should not sometimes produce instances of frantic and extravagant kindness, of a benevolent purpose formed upon erroneous principles and pursued by ridiculous means, and of an honest and harmless cheerfulness arising from the fancied felicity of others.

A lunatic is, indeed, sometimes merry, but the merry lunatic is never kind; his sport is always mischief; and mischief is rather aggravated than atoned by wantonness; his disposition is always evil in proportion to the height of his phrensy; and upon this occasion it may be remarked, that if every approach to madness is a deviation to ill, every deviation to ill may be considered as an approach to madness.

Among other unaccountable phænomena in lunacy, is the invincible absurdity of opinion with respect to some single object, while the mind operates with its full vigour upon every other; it sometimes happens, that when this object is presented to the mind, reason is thrown quite out of her seat, and the perversion of the understanding for a time becomes general; but sometimes it still continues to be perverted but in part, and the absurdity itself is defended with all the force of regular argumentation.

A most extraordinary instance of this kind may now be communicated to the public, without injury to a good man, or a good cause which he successfully maintained.

Mr. Simon Browne, a dissenting teacher of exemplary life and eminent intellectual abilities, after

having been some time seized with melancholy, desisted from the duties of his function, and could not be persuaded to join in any act of worship either public or private. His friends often urged him to account for this change in his conduct, at which they expressed the utmost grief and astonishment; and after much importunity he told them, 'that he had fallen under the sensible displeasure of God, who had caused his rational soul gradually to perish, and left him only an animal life in common with brutes; that it was, therefore, profane for him to pray, and incongruous to be present at the prayers of others.'

In this opinion, however absurd, he was inflexible, at a time when all the powers of his mind subsisted in their full vigour, when his conceptions were clear, and his reasoning strong.

Being once importuned to say grace at the table of a friend, he excused himself many times; but the request being still repeated, and the company kept standing, he discovered evident tokens of distress, and after some irresolute gestures and hesitation, expressed with great fervour this ejaculation: 'Most merciful and Almighty God, let thy Spirit, which moved upon the face of the waters when there was no light, descend upon me; that from this darkness there may rise up a man to praise thee!'

But the most astonishing proof both of his intellectual excellence and defect, is, 'A defence of the Religion of Nature and the Christian Revelation, in answer to Tindal's Christianity as old as the Creation' and his dedication of it to the late queen. The book is universally allowed to be the best which that controversy produced, and the dedication is as follows:

"MADAM,

"OF all the extraordinary things that have been

tendered to your royal hands since your first happy arrival in Britain, it may be boldly said, what now bespeaks your Majesty's acceptance is the chief.

"Not in itself indeed; it is a trifle unworthy your exalted rank, and what will hardly prove an entertaining amusement to one of your Majesty's deep penetration, exact judgement, and fine taste.

"But on account of the author, who is the first being of the kind, and yet without a name.

"He was once a man; and of some little name; but of no worth, as his present unparalled case makes but too manifest; for by the immediate hand of an avenging God, his very thinking substance has for more than seven years been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing. None, no not the least remembrance of its very ruins, remains, not the shadow of an idea is left, nor any sense that, so much as one single one, perfect or imperfect, whole or diminished, ever did appear to a mind within him, or was perceived by it.

"Such a present from such a thing, however worthless in itself, may not be wholly unacceptable to your majesty, the author being such as history cannot parallel: and if the fact, which is real and no fiction, nor wrong conceit, obtains credit, it must be recorded as the most memorable and indeed astonishing event in the reign of George the Second, that a tract composed by such a thing was presented to the illustrious Caroline; his royal consort needs not be added; fame, if I am not misinformed, will tell that with pleasure to all succeeding times.

"He has been informed, that your Majesty's piety is as genuine and eminent, as your excellent qualities are great and conspicuous. This can, indeed, be truly known to the great Searcher of hearts only;

he alone, who can look into them, can discern if they are sincere, and the main intention corresponds with the appearance; and your Majesty cannot take it amiss, if such an author hints, that His secret approbation is of infinitely greater value than the commendation of men, who may be easily mistaken and are too apt to flatter their superiors.

"But if he had been told the truth, such a case as his will certainly strike your Majesty with astonishment, and may raise that commiseration in your royal breast which he has in vain endeavoured to excite in those of his friends; who by the most unreasonable and ill founded conceit in the world, have imagined, that a thinking being could for seven years together live a stranger to its own powers, exercises, operations, and state, and to what the great God has been doing in it and to it.

"If your majesty, in your most retired address to the King of kings, should think of so singular a case, you may, perhaps, make it your devout request, that the reign of your beloved sovereign and consort may be renowned to all posterity by the recovery of a soul now in the utmost ruin, the restoration of one utterly lost at present amongst men.

"And should this case affect your royal breast, you will recommend it to the piety and prayers of all the truly devout, who have the honour to be known to your Majesty: many such doubtless there are: though courts are not usually the places where the devout resort, or where devotion reigns. And it is not improbable, that multitudes of the pious throughout the land may take a case to heart, that under your Majesty's patronage comes thus recommended.

"Could such a favour as this restoration be obtained from Heaven by the prayers of your Majesty, with what a transport of gratitude would the re-

covered being throw himself at your Majesty's feet, and, adoring the Divine Power and Grace, profess himself,

"Madam, Your Majesty's most obliged
"and dutiful servant."

This dedication, which is no where feeble or absurd, but in places where the object of his phrensy was immediately before him, his friends found means to suppress; wisely considering, that a book, to which it should be prefixed, would certainly be condemned without examination; for few would have required stronger evidence of its inutility, than that the author, by his dedication, appeared to be mad. The copy, however, was preserved, and has been transcribed into the blank leaves before one of the books which is now in the library of a friend to this undertaking, who is not less distinguished by his merit than his rank, and who recommended it as a literary curiosity, which was in danger of being lost for want of a repository in which it might be preserved.

No. 89. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1753.

Præcipua tamen ejus in commovendâ miseratione virtus, ut quidam in hac eum parte omnibus ejusdem operis auctoribus præferant.
QUINTILIAN.

His great excellence was in moving compassion, with respect to which many give him the first place of all the writers of that kind.

"TO THE ADVENTURER.

"SIR,

"IT is usual for scholars to lament, with indiscriminating regret, the devastations committed on ancient

libraries, by accident and time, by superstition, ignorance, and gothicism; but the loss is very far from being in all cases equally irreparable, as the want of some kinds of books may be much more easily supplied than that of others. By the interruption that sometimes happens in the succession of philosophical opinions, the mind is emancipated from traditionary systems, recovers its native elasticity which had been benumbed by custom, begins to examine with freedom and fresh vigour, and to follow truth instead of authority. The loss of writings, therefore, in which reasoning is concerned, is not, perhaps, so great an evil to mankind, as of those which describe characters and facts.

"To be deprived of the last books of Livy, of the satires of Archilochus, and the comedies of Menander, is a greater misfortune to the republic of literature, than if the logic and the physics of Aristotle had never descended to posterity.

"Two of your predecessors, Mr. Adventurer, of great judgement and genius, very justly thought that they should adorn their lucubrations by publishing, one of them a fragment of Sappho, and the other an old Grecian hymn to the goddess Health; and, indeed, I conceive it to be a very important use of your paper, to bring into common light those beautiful remains of ancient art, which, by their present situation, are deprived of that universal admiration they so justly deserve, and are only the secret enjoyment of a few curious readers. In imitation, therefore, of the examples I have just mentioned, I shall send you, for the instruction and entertainment of your readers, a fragment of Simonides and of Menander.

"Simonides was celebrated by the ancients for the sweetness, correctness, and purity of his style, and his

cient panegyric that Plato often mentions him with approbation. Dionysius places him among those polished writers, who excel in a smooth volubility, and flow on, like plenteous and perennial rivers, in a course of even and uninterrupted harmony.

" It is to this excellent critic that we are indebted for the preservation of the following passage, the tenderness and elegance of which scarcely need be pointed out to those who have taste and sensibility. Danaë, being by her merciless father enclosed in a chest, and thrown into the sea with her child, the poet proceeds thus far to relate her distress :

"Οτε λάρναξι ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ ἄνεμος
Βρέμῃ πνέων, κινηθεῖσα τε λίμνα
Δείματι ἤριπεν' οὔδ' ἀδιάνταισι
Παρειαῖς, ἀμφί τε Περσεῖ βάλε
Φίλαν χέρα, εἶπέν τε Ὤ-τέκνος,
Οἷον ἔχω πόνον. σὺ δ' ἀωτεῖς, γαλαθηνῷ τ'
Ἴσοῤ κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι,
Χαλκεογόμφῳ δὲ, νυκτιλαμπεῖ,
Κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ· τὺ δ' αὐαλίαν
Ὑπερβὰς τὰν κόμαν βαθεῖαν
Παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,
Οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθόγγαν, πορφυρέᾳ
Κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.
Εἰ δέ τοι δεινὰν τόγε δεινὸν ἦν,
Καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν
Ὑπεῖχες οὖας, κέλομαι, εὕδε, βρέφος,
Εὑδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὑδέτω ἄμετρον κακόν.

GAISFORD. POET. MIN. vol. i. 361. ed. 1814.

" " When the raging wind began to roar, and the waves to beat so violently on the chest, as to threaten to overset it, she threw her arm fondly around Perseus, and said, the tears trickling down her cheeks, O my son, what sorrows do I undergo ! But thou art wrapt in a deep slumber ; thou sleepest soundly like a sucking child, in this joyless habitation, in this dark and dreadful night, lighted only by the glimmerings of the moon ! Covered with thy purple man-

tle, thou regardest not the waves that dash around thee, nor the whistling of the winds. O thou beauteous babe! If thou wert sensible of this calamity, thou wouldest bend thy tender ears to my complaints. Sleep on, I beseech thee, O my child! Sleep with him, O ye billows! and sleep, likewise, my distress!'

"Those who would form a full idea of the delicacy of the Greek, should attentively consider the following happy imitation of it, which, I have reason to believe, is not so extensively known or so warmly admired as it deserves; and which, indeed, far excels the original.

"The poet, having pathetically painted a great princess taking leave of an affectionate husband on his death-bed, and endeavouring afterwards to comfort her inconsolable family, adds the following particular.

His conatibus occupata, ocellos
Guttis lucidulis adhuc madentes
Convertit, puerum sopore vinctum
Quâ nutrix placido sinû fovebat;
'Dormis,' inquit, 'O miselle, nec te
Vultus exanimes, silentiumque
Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo
Fratrûm tangeris, aut meo dolore;
Nec sentis patre destitutus illo,
Qui gestans genibusve brachiove,
Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam,
Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.
Tu dormis, volitantque qui solebant
Risus, in roseis tuis labellis.—
Dormi, parvule! nec mali dolores
Qui matrem cruciant tuæ quietis
Rumpant somnia.—Quando, quando, tales
Redibunt oculis meis sopores!'

"The contrast betwixt the insensibility of the infant, and the agony of the mother; her observing

to affect him, the sorrows of his little brothers, the many mournful countenances, and the dismal silence that reigned throughout the court; the circumstances of the father playing with the child on his knees or in his arms, and teaching him to speak; are such delicate master-strokes of nature and parental tenderness, as show the author is intimately acquainted with the human heart, and with those little touches of passion that are best calculated to move it. The affectionate wish of *dormi, parvule,* is plainly imitated from the fragment of Simonides; but the sudden exclamation that follows,—'when, O when, shall I sleep like this infant!' is entirely the property of the author, and worthy of, though not excelled by, any of the ancients. It is making the most artful, and the most striking use of the slumbers of the child, to aggravate and heighten by comparison, the restlessness of the mother's sorrow; it is the finest and strongest way of saying, 'My grief will never cease,' that has ever been used. I think it not exaggeration to affirm, that in this little poem are united the pathetic of Euripides, and the elegance of Catullus. It affords a judicious example of the manner in which the ancients ought to be imitated; not by using their expressions and epithets, which is the common method, but by catching a portion of their spirit, and adapting their images and ways of thinking to new subjects. The generality of those who have proposed Catullus for their pattern, even the best of the modern Latin poets of Italy, seem to think they have accomplished their design by introducing many florid diminutives, such as *tenellula,* and *columbula*—but there is a purity and severity of style, a temperate and austere manner in Catullus, which nearly resembles that of his contemporary Lucretius, and is happily copied by the author of the poem, which has produced these reflections. Whenever, therefore, we

sit down to compose, we should ask ourselves, in the words of Longinus, a little altered, 'How would Homer or Plato, Demosthenes or Thucydides, have expressed themselves on this occasion; allowing for the alteration of our customs, and the different idioms of our respective languages?' This would be following the ancients, without tamely treading in their footsteps: this would be making the same glorious use of them that Racine has done of Euripides in his Phædra and Iphigenia, and that Milton has done of the Prometheus of Æschylus, in the character of Satan.

"If you should happen not to lay aside this paper among the refuse of your correspondence, as the offspring of pedantry, and a blind fondness for antiquity; or rather, if your readers can endure the sight of so much Greek, though ever so Attic; I may, perhaps, trouble you again with a few reflections on the character of Menander.

"I am,

Z "MR. ADVENTURER,

"Yours,

"PALÆOPHILUS."

No. 90. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1753.

Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Æthereum sensum, atque aurai simplicis ignem.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 746.

— By length of time,
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;
No speck is left of their habitual stains,
But the pure ether of the soul remains.

DRYDEN.

" TO THE ADVENTURER.

" SIR,

" NOTHING sooner quells the ridiculous triumph of human vanity, than reading those passages of the greatest writers, in which they seem deprived of that noble spirit that inspires them in other parts; and where, instead of invention and grandeur we meet with nothing but flatness and insipidity.

" The pain I have felt in observing a lofty genius thus sink beneath itself has often made me wish, that these unworthy stains could be blotted from their works, and leave them perfect and immaculate.

" I went to bed a few nights ago, full of these thoughts, and closed the evening, as I frequently do, with reading a few lines in Virgil. I accidentally opened that part of the sixth book, where Anchises recounts to his son the various methods of purgation which the soul undergoes in the next world, to cleanse it from the filth it has contracted by its connexion with the body, and to deliver the pure ethereal essence from the vicious tincture of mortality. This was so much like my evening's speculation, that it insensibly mixed and incorporated with it, and, as soon as I fell asleep, formed itself into the following dream.

" I found myself in an instant in the midst of a temple, which was built with all that magnificent simplicity that distinguishes the productions of the ancients. At the east end, was raised an altar, on each side of which stood a priest, who seemed preparing to sacrifice. On the altar was kindled a fire, from which arose the brightest flame I had ever beheld. The light which it dispensed, though remarkably strong and clear, was not quivering and dazzling, but steady and uniform, and diffused a purple

radiance through the whole edifice, not unlike the first appearance of the morning.

"While I stood fixed in admiration, my attention was awakened by the blast of a trumpet that shook the whole temple; but it carried a certain sweetness in its sound, which mellowed and tempered the natural shrillness of that instrument. After it had sounded thrice, the being who blew it, habited according to the description of Fame by the ancients, issued a proclamation to the following purpose: 'By command of Apollo and the Muses, all who have ever made any pretensions to fame by their writings, are enjoined to sacrifice upon the altar in this temple those parts of their works, which have hitherto been preserved to their infamy, that their names may descend spotless and unsullied to posterity. For this purpose, Aristotle and Longinus are appointed chief priests, who are to see that no improper oblations are made, and no proper ones concealed; and for the more easy performance of this office, they are allowed to choose, as their assistants, whomsoever they shall think worthy of their function.'

"As soon as this proclamation was made, I turned my eyes with inexpressible delight towards the two priests; but was soon robbed of the pleasure of looking at them by a crowd of people running up to offer their service. These I found to be a group of French critics; but their offers were rejected by both priests with the utmost indignation, and their whole works were thrown on the altar, and reduced to ashes in an instant. The two priests then looked round, and chose, with a few others, Horace and Quintilian from among the Romans, and Addison from the English, as their principal assistants.

"The first who came forward with his offering

to be Homer. He approached the altar with great majesty, and delivered to Longinus those parts of his Odyssey which have been censured as improbable fictions, and the ridiculous narratives of old age. Longinus was preparing for the sacrifice, but observing that Aristotle did not seem willing to assist him in the office, he returned them to the venerable old bard with great deference, saying, that 'they were, indeed, the tales of old age, but it was the old age of Homer.'

"Virgil appeared next, and approached the altar with a modest dignity in his gait and countenance peculiar to himself; and, to the surprise of all, committed his whole Æneid to the flames. But it was immediately rescued by two Romans, whom I found to be Tucca and Varius, who ran with precipitation to the altar, delivered the poem from destruction, and carried off the author between them, repeating that glorious boast of about forty lines at the beginning of the third Georgic:

— Tentanda via est; quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.
Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c.

New ways I must attempt, my grovelling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame. DRYDEN.

"After him most of the Greek and Roman authors proceeded to the altar, and surrendered with great modesty and humility the most faulty part of their works. One circumstance was observable, that the sacrifice always increased in proportion as the author had ventured to deviate from a judicious imitation of Homer. The latter Roman authors, who seemed almost to have lost sight of him, made so large offerings, that some of their works, which were before very voluminous, shrunk into the compass of a primer.

"It gave me the highest satisfaction to see philo-

sophy thus cleared from erroneous principles, history purged of falsehood, poetry of fustian, and nothing left in each but genius, sense, and truth.

"I marked with particular attention the several offerings of the most eminent English writers. Chaucer gave up his obscenity, and then delivered his works to Dryden, to clear them from the rubbish that encumbered them. Dryden executed his task with great address, 'and,' as Addison says of Virgil in his Georgics, 'tossed about his dung with an air of gracefulness:' he not only repaired the injuries of time, but threw in a thousand new graces. He then advanced towards the altar himself, and delivered up a large packet, which contained many plays, and some poems. The packet had a label affixed to it, which bore this inscription, 'To Poverty.'

"Shakspeare carried to the altar a long string of puns, marked, 'The Taste of the Age,' a small parcel of bombast, and a pretty large bundle of incorrectness. Notwithstanding the ingenuous air with which he made this offering, some officiates at the altar accused him of concealing certain pieces, and mentioned The London Prodigal, Sir Thomas Cromwell, the Yorkshire Tragedy, &c. The poet replied, 'that as those pieces were unworthy to be preserved, he should see them consumed to ashes with great pleasure; but that he was wholly innocent of their original.' The two chief priests interposed in this dispute, and dismissed the poet with many compliments; Longinus observing that the pieces in question could not possibly be his, for that the failings of Shakspeare were like those of Homer, 'whose genius, whenever it subsided, might be compared to the ebbing of the ocean, which left a mark upon its shores, to show to what a height it was sometimes

added, 'that although Shakspeare was quite ignorant of that exact economy of the stage, which is so remarkable in the Greek writers, yet the mere strength of his genius had in many points carried him infinitely beyond them.'

"Milton gave up a few errors in his Paradise Lost, and the sacrifice was attended with great decency by Addison. Otway and Rowe threw their comedies upon the altar, and Beaumont and Fletcher the two last acts of many of their pieces. They were followed by Tom D'Urfey, Etherege, Wycherley, and several other dramatic writers, who made such large contributions, that they set the altar in a blaze.

"Among these I was surprised to see an author with much politeness in his behaviour, and spirit in his countenance, tottering under an unwieldy burthen. As he approached, I discovered him to be Sir John Vanbrugh, and could not but smile, when, on his committing his heavy load to the flames, it proved to be 'his skill in architecture.'

"Pope advanced towards Addison, and delivered with great humility those lines written expressly against him, so remarkable for their excellence and their cruelty, repeating this couplet:

> Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
> That tends to make one worthy man my foe.

"The ingenuous critic insisted on taking them again: 'for,' said he, 'my associates at the altar, particularly Horace, would never permit a line of so excellent a satirist to be consumed. The many compliments paid me in other parts of your works, amply compensate for this slight indignity. And be assured, that no little pique or misunderstanding shall ever make me a foe to genius.' Pope bowed in some confusion, and promised to substitute a ficti-

tious name at least, which was all that was left in his power. He then retired, after having made a sacrifice of a little packet of antitheses, and some parts of his translation of Homer.

"During the course of these oblations, I was charmed with the candour, decency, and judgement, with which all the priests discharged their different functions. They behaved with such dignity, that it reminded me of those ages when the offices of king and priest centred in the same person. Whenever any of the assistants were at a loss in any particular circumstances, they applied to Aristotle, who settled the whole business in an instant.

"But the reflections which this pleasing scene produced, were soon interrupted by a tumultuous noise at the gate of the temple; when suddenly a rude illiterate multitude rushed in, led by Tindal, Morgan, Chubb, and Bolingbroke. The chiefs, whose countenances were impressed with rage which art could not conceal, forced their way to the altar, and, amidst the joyful acclamations of their followers, threw a large volume into the fire. But the triumph was short, and joy and acclamation gave way to silence and astonishment: the volume lay unhurt in the midst of the fire, and as the flames played innocently about it, I could discover written in letters of gold these words, 'The Bible.' At that instant, my ears were ravished with the sound of more than mortal music accompanying a hymn sung by invisible beings, of which I well remember the following verses:

'The words of the Lord are pure words: even as the silver, which in the earth is tried, and purified seven times in the fire.

'More to be desired are they than gold; yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.'

"The united melody of instruments and voices which formed a concert so exquisite, that, as Milton says, 'it might create a soul under the ribs of death,' threw me into such ecstasies, that I was awakened by their violence.

& "I am, SIR,

"Your humble servant,

"CRITO."

No. 91. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1753.

—Facto pius et sceleratus eodem.

OVID. MET. iii. 5.

Thus was the father pious to a crime.

ADDISON.

IT is contended by those who reject Christianity, that if revelation had been necessary as a rule of life to mankind, it would have been universal; and they are, upon this principle, compelled to affirm that only to be a rule of life, which is universally known.

But no rule of life is universally known, except the dictates of conscience. With respect to particular actions, opinion determines whether they are good or ill; and conscience approves or disapproves, in consequence of this determination, whether it be in favour of truth or falsehood. Nor can the errors of conscience be always imputed to a criminal neglect of inquiry; those by whom a system of moral truths was discovered through the gloom of paganism, have been considered as prodigies, and regarded by successive ages with astonishment and admiration; and that which immortalised one among many millions

can scarce be thought possible to all. Men do not usually shut their eyes against their immediate interest, however they may be thought to wink against their duty; and so little does either appear to be discoverable by the light of nature, that where the Divine Prescription has either been withheld or corrupted, superstition has rendered piety cruel, and error has armed virtue against herself; misery has been cultivated by those who have not incurred guilt; and though all men had been innocent, they might still have been wretched.

In the reign of Yamodin the Magnificent, the kingdom of Golconda was depopulated by a pestilence; and after every other attempt to propitiate the gods had failed, it was believed, according to the superstition of the country, that they required the sacrifice of a virgin of royal blood.

It happened that at this time there was no virgin of the royal blood, but Tamira the daughter of Yamodin, whom he had betrothed to one of the princes of his court, intending that he should succeed to the throne; for Yamodin had no son, and he was not willing that his empire should descend to a woman.

Yamodin considered himself not less the father of his people than of Tamira; and, therefore, with whatever reluctance, determined to redeem the life of the public with that of the individual. He prostrated himself in the temple, and invoked his principal idol as the fountain of life: 'From thee,' said he, 'I have derived my being, and the life which I have propagated is thine: when I am about to restore it, let me remember with gratitude, that I possessed it by thy bounty; and let thy mercy accept it as a ransom for my people.'

Orders were given for the sacrifice on the next day, and Tamira was permitted to dispose of the interval as she pleased. She received the intimation of her

father's pleasure without much surprise; because, as she knew the custom of her country, she scarce hoped that the demand of her life would have been delayed so long: she fortified herself against the terrors of death, by anticipating the honours that would be paid to her memory; and had just triumphed over the desire of life, when, upon perceiving her lover enter the apartment, she lost her fortitude in a moment, and burst into tears.

When they were alone, after his eyes had like hers, overflowed with silent sorrow, he took her hand, and with a look of inexpressible anxiety and tenderness told her, that one expedient was yet left, by which her life might be preserved; that he had bribed a priest to his interest, by whom the ceremonies of marriage might be immediately performed: that on the morrow, as she would be no longer a virgin, the propitiation of the gods could not be effected by her death; and that her father, though for political purposes he might appear to be displeased, would yet secretly rejoice at an event, which, without his concurrence, had delivered him from the dreadful obligation of sacrificing an only child, through whom he hoped to transmit dominion to his posterity.

To this proposal Tamira, whose attachment to life was now strengthened by love, and in whose bosom the regret of precluded pleasure had succeeded to the hope of glory, at length consented; but she consented with all the timidity, reluctance, and confusion, which are produced by a consciousness of guilt; and the prince himself introduced the man, who was to accomplish the purpose both of his ambition and his love, with apparent tremor and hesitation.

On the morrow, when the priest stood ready at the altar to receive the victim, and the king commanded his daughter to be brought forth, the prince produced her as his wife. Yamodin stood some moments in

suspense; and then dismissing the assembly, retired to his palace. After having remained about two hours in private, he sent for the prince. 'The gods,' said he, 'though they continue the pestilence, have yet in mercy rescued my people from the oppression of a tyrant, who appears to consider the life of millions as nothing in competition with the indulgence of his lust, his avarice, or his ambition.' Yamodin then commanded him to be put to death, and the sentence was executed the same hour.

Tamira now repented in unutterable distress of a crime, by which the pleasures not only of possession but of hope were precluded; her attachment to life was broken, by the very means which she had taken to preserve it; and as an atonement for the forfeit of her virginity, she determined to submit to that law of marriage, from which as a princess only she was exempted, and to throw herself on the pile by which the body of her husband was to be consumed. To this her father consented: their ashes were scattered to the winds, and their names were forbidden to be repeated.

If by these events it is evident that Yamodin discerned no law which would have justified the preservation of his daughter; and if it is absurd to suppose his integrity to be vicious, because he had less power and opportunity to obtain knowledge than Plato; it will follow, that, by whatever rule the oblation of human sacrifice may be condemned, the conduct of Yamodin which would have produced such sacrifice was morally right, and that of the prince which prevented it was morally wrong; that the consent of Tamira to the marriage was vicious, and that her suicide was heroic virtue, though in her marriage she concurred with a general law of nature, and by her death opposed it: for moral right and wrong are terms that are wholly relative to the agent

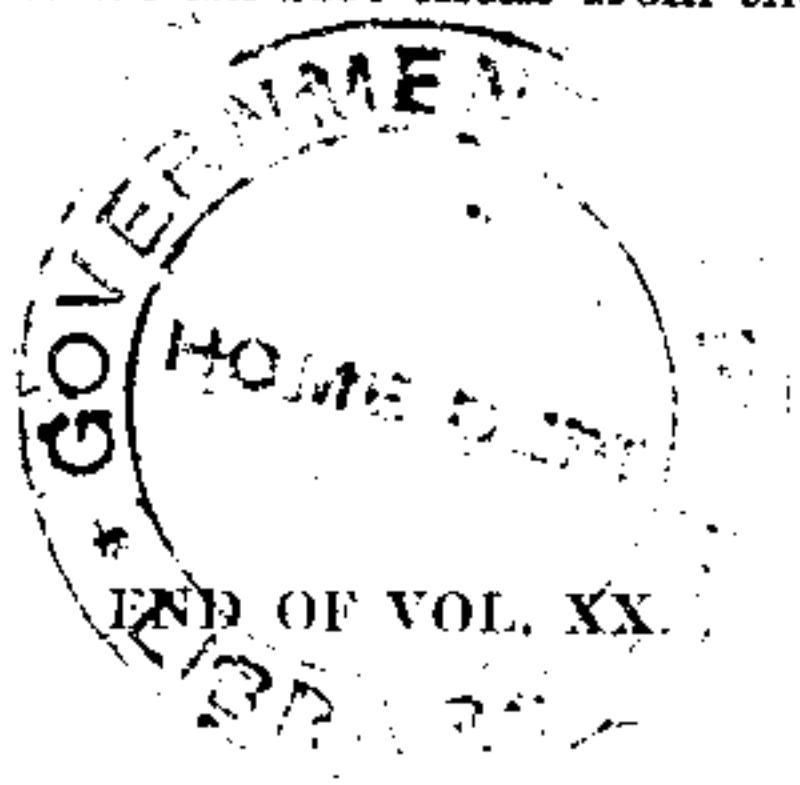
by whom the action is performed, and not to the action itself considered abstractedly, for abstractedly it can be right or wrong only in a natural sense. It appears, therefore, that Revelation is necessary to the establishment even of natural religion, and that it is more rational to suppose it has been vouchsafed in part than not at all.

It may, perhaps, be asked, of what use then is conscience as a guide of life, since in these instances it appears not to coincide with the Divine Law, but to oppose it; to condemn that which is enjoined, and approve that which is forbidden: but to this question the answer is easy.

The end which conscience approves is always good, though she sometimes mistakes the means: the end which Yamodin proposed, was deliverance from a pestilence; but he did not nor could know, that this end was not to be obtained by human sacrifice; and the end which conscience condemns, is always ill: for the end proposed by the prince, was private gain by public loss. By conscience, then, all men are restrained from intentional ill, and directed in their choice of the end though not of the means: it infallibly directs us to avoid guilt, but is not intended to secure us from error; it is not, therefore, either useless as a law to ourselves, nor yet sufficient to regulate our conduct with respect to others; it may sting with remorse, but it cannot cheer us with hope. It is by Revelation alone, that virtue and happiness are connected: by Revelation, 'we are led into all truth;' conscience is directed to effect its purpose, and repentance is encouraged by the hope of pardon. If this sun is risen upon our hemisphere, let us not consider it only as the object of speculation and inquiry; let us rejoice in its influence, and walk by its light; regarding rather with contempt than indignation, those who are only solicitous to discover, why its ra-

distance is not further diffused; and wilfully shut their eyes against it because they see others stumble to which it has been denied.

It is not necessary to inquire, what would be determined at the Great Tribunal, concerning a heathen who lived in every instance obeyed the dictates of conscience, however erroneous; because it will readily be granted that no such moral perfection was ever found among men: but it is easy to ascertain the fate of those, 'who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;' who violate the law that has been written upon the heart, and reject that which has been offered them from above; who though their sins are as scarlet, cavil at the terms on which they might be white as snow; and though their iniquities have been multiplied without number, revile the hand that would blot them from the register of Heaven.



END OF VOL. XX.

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